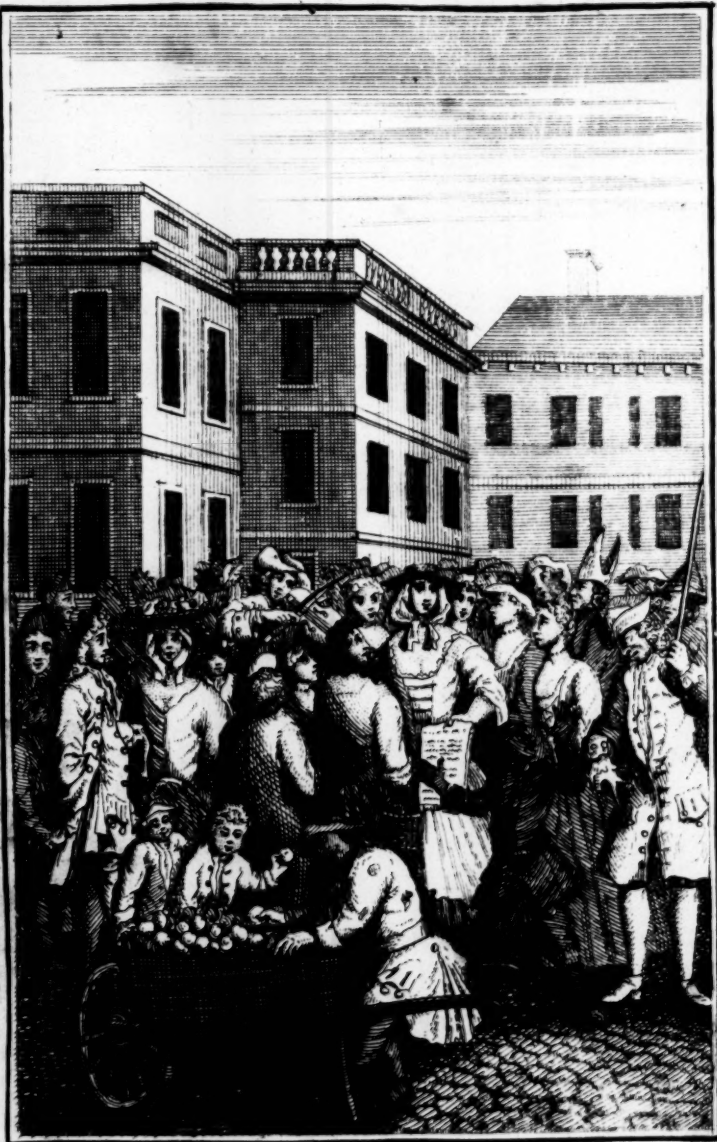


*J Pine & Sulp.*



*J Pine & Sulp.*



A  
COLLECTION  
OF OLD  
BALLADS.

Corrected from the best and most  
Ancient COPIES Extant.

WITH  
INTRODUCTIONS  
HISTORICAL and CRITICAL.

---

*Illustrated with* COPPER PLATES.

---

VOL. II.

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— *Celebrare Domestica facta.*

---

LONDON:

Printed for J. Roberts, and D. Leach; and sold by  
J. Brotherton in Cornhill; A. Bettesworth, and  
J. Batley in Pater-Noster-Row; J. Pemberton in  
Fleetstreet; J. Woodman in Bowstreet, Covent-Garden;  
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# COLLECTION

WILLIAM D. S.

General and Special Collections

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GENERAL

INTRODUCTIONS

Historical and Critical

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VOLUME II

General Collections

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General Collections



THE  
PREFACE  
TO THE  
SECOND VOLUME  
OF  
BALLADS.



*I* has often been ob-  
serv'd, and I am a-  
fraid with too much  
Justice, that Authors  
are a most ungrateful Set of  
People : They flatter, they cringe  
A 3 for

*for Applause; if they fail of it, the World's a damn'd World, and those that dwell therein illiterate Fools; if they succeed, no Thanks to their Readers, they have nothing more than what their Merit justly entitles them to.*

*I would willingly be thought an Exception from this general Rule; and therefore in my first Preface I declined courting my Readers, but cannot in my Second decline returning my sincere Thanks for the Reception this Undertaking has met with. It has had the good Fortune to be commended by some Persons of the nicest Taste; and I am apt to flatter my self, has pleased the Generality of the Town. I think the best Way of judging of that is by the Sale of a Book: And though we*  
*printed*

printed a large Edition for such a Trifle, and in less than Two Months time put it to the Press again, yet could we not get our second Edition out before it was really wanted.

But my Thanks are in a particular Manner due to a Gentleman, who deserves the Thanks of every true Englishman. His publick Actions are at present foreign to my Purpose; but though it may not be proper in this Place to take notice of his Eloquence in the Senate, or noble Behaviour in the State; yet must I be guilty of the greatest Ingratitude, to pass over his Goodness in his private Character. For what other Motive could have induced him to recommend this Work? And to his Recommendation

I am well assured it owes great Part of its Success. I had not at that Time the Honour of being known to him, but being inform'd that a Second Volume was going to the Press, he could condescend to take Notice of the Author, and to think him worthy of his generous Encouragement. I wish I durst name him, but I had rather deny my self that Honour and Pleasure, than offend; for he has convinc'd me, that he is as industrious to conceal a generous Action, as he is ready to do it. Would all our Great Men were of his Temper, we should see Learning flourish; for if he would take notice of the Author of such a Trifle, what might not Writers of the first Rank expect, amongst whom I never had Vanity enough to place my self.

Whilst



*Whilst I am mentioning my Obligations, I must not forget those Gentlemen, who were so kind as to send us what old Ballads they had in their Possession. Those who desired it, have had theirs safely returned; the rest I shall take particular Care of, till I have receiv'd some Orders about them.*

*Nor is it my Intent to express my Gratitude barely in Words, I have endeavour'd to do it otherways. I hope the Collection of English Historical Ballads, which make up half this Book, will answer what I promised at the End of my First Volume. The Songs I am sure are old and scarce; and I believe some of 'em will be thought very valuable. Those who have no Relish for these antique Pieces, may, in the other half*

A 5

of

*of the Book, meet with Variety of Entertainment; there are serious and humourous Ballads, Scotch Songs; and something I hope to hit every Taste.*

*I must confess that in my First Volume I was not altogether so careful, either in my Introductions, or the Choice of my Ballads; but I flatter my self that I have made some Amends in this: One Thing I am sure of, I have used my utmost Endeavours to please. In this Collection too my Readers will find about Twenty more Songs than in the other.*

*There are many who perhaps will think it ridiculous enough to enter seriously into a Dissertation upon Ballads; and therefore I shall say*  
as

as little as possibly I can. And here I believe, it would be no difficult Matter to prove, that our Old Songs especially those which we may properly call Historical, are written by the greatest and most polite Wits of their Age. There are many of 'em in which we cannot possibly find a Fault. Their Language is the purest that was used in their Days, purer than was used by several great Writers after their Time. And I cannot but observe here, that when the great Sir Philip Sidney commends the Old Song of Chevy Chace, his Commendation is in a much ruder Stile than the Ballad it self; nor can we in this and many more of our Songs find one Piece of false, or as a modern Author calls it, Gothick Wit; no wile Conceit, no Low Pun, or double Entendre; but  
the

*the whole is of a Piece, apparell'd in Majestick Simplicity, and the true Poetical Genius appears in every Line.*

Mr. Addison's Criticism upon Chevy-Chace is so full, that it would be impertinent to add any Thing: But I am surprized, that after he shew'd us, that the Thoughts throughout are such as may be met with in Virgil, he should add, that he does not from thence infer, that the Poet, whoever he was, proposed to himself an Imitation of those Passages. I never doubted but that the Authors of this Song, and of several in this and the former Volume, were perfectly acquainted with the Ancients, whose Thoughts they do not only borrow, but sometimes their very Expressions. You see  
the

*the Bards indulging themselves in all the Liberties of the Epick Writers ; and though by many Circumstances they shew you that they are strictly acquainted with History, yet do they often, after the Manner of the Ancients, deviate from it when it conduces to the Beauty or Moral of their Poem. And if we may give any Guess at these old Bards, we may reasonably suppose them to be Men born with all the Talents requisite to form a great Poet, to which was join'd the best of Educations, but wanting Leisure or Inclination for greater Works, they contented themselves with giving the World a small Specimen of their Talents.*

*This Hypothesis to a thinking Man must appear very rational, I  
had*

*had almost said infallible. Had the Writers in Question ow'd all to Learning, and nothing to Nature, we should frequently in our Ballads instead of that remarkable Simplicity have met with stiff Pedantry ; whilst on the other Hand, had not the Geni-  
us been improved by Learning, we should have seen the Writer oft-  
en limping and falling from a bold Flight to a low Conceit ; and per-  
haps with the noblest Sentiments  
• mixing a wretched Pun ; a Thing  
too frequently to be met with in the  
Works of Shakespear and Dave-  
nant.*

*It is expected , perhaps , that I  
should let the World know, whether  
I intend to proceed in my Collection ;  
but the World must first let me know,  
whether they intend to proceed in  
their*



*their Encouragement. But lest any one should fear that I design to load 'em with Books, I shall assure my Readers, that I have at present Materials only for one Volume more; and in this I have reserv'd not only a sufficient Number of Historical, but a very fine Collection of old Drinking Songs.*



their Encouragement. But lest any  
 one should fear that I design to load  
 my new Books, I shall assure my  
 Readers, that I have at present  
 Manuscripts only for one Volume more;  
 and in this I have respect not only  
 to a sufficient Number of Historical  
 but a very fine Collection of old  
 Drinking Songs.





A  
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O F  
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THE MEADOW  
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THE SEA

---

ERRATUM.

Page 110. Line 14. for *Charles* read *James*.

And our Readers are desired to correct any Error of that Kind, which may have escaped the Corrector of the Press.

---

A COPI









A  
COLLECTION  
OF OLD  
BALLADS.

VOL. II.

- I. An old Ballad of a Duke of *Cornwall's* Daughter ; who , after her Marriage to a King of *Albion*, was divorc'd for the Sake of a Favourite Mistress : And her Exemplary Revenge on them both.

---

To the Tune of, *In Greece, &c.*

---

*I know not whether I had best treat the following Subject as History or Fable : Our Poet indeed has the Authority of several Historians for what he has advanc'd ; but all the*

VOL. II.

B

Ac-

*Accounts we have of those early Times are very fabulous ; however, such as they be , I shall give 'em my Readers : Brutus, the Son of Silvius, the Son of † Ascanius, the Son of Æneas, having at Fifteen Years of Age slain his Father with an Arrow, was banish'd his Country. His Adventures before he arrived in England are foreign to my Purpose: I shall just take Notice, that having in Greece overcome King Pandrasus, he marry'd his Daughter Innogen ; and that Monarch supplying him with Ships , he sail'd in quest of his Fortune. On the Tyrrhene Shore he met a Party of Trojans, who with their Leader Corineus join'd him. Some of our Historians are so particular as to tell us, they first landed at Totness in Devonshire ; and several Battels they fought with the People of Albion, (for so was the Island then call'd) who were a Remnant of the Giants : And having at length defeated them, that Part of the Island we now call Cornwall fell to Corineus, whilst Brutus built Trinovantum or Troja nova, now London ; and govern'd the rest of the Isle the Space of Four and Twenty Years. At his Death he left Three Sons, Lochrine, Albanact, and*

---

† The Roman Historians differ in this Point, and will not allow *Silvius* to be the Son of *Ascanius* : But as I was got upon a *British* Story I thought it properest to follow our *British* Writers.

*Camber. The Eldest was contracted to Guendolen, the Daughter of Corineus, and had that Part of the Island which lies between the Rivers now call'd Humber and Severn, and the British Sea, or South Coast; and this Tract of Land was distinguish'd by the Name of Loegria: The Second reign'd over Scotland, then Albania, to which at that Time belong'd whatever lay on t'other Side the Humber; and to the Youngest, Cambria or Wales was allotted, which contain'd all the Land on t'other Side the Severn.*

*Mean while, Humber, King of the Huns, invaded Scotland with a Fleet, and landing his Forces, march'd up against Albanaet, whom he slew in Battel, and forc'd his People to seek Refuge in Loegria. Upon this, Locrine and his Brother march'd out against him; and Humber being overthrown, in his Flight was drowned in that River, which to this Day retains his Name. In his Voyage to Scotland, he had made it his Business every where to waste the Sea Coasts, and had brought a great many Captives with him; amongst the rest Estrildis, a German or Scythian Princess of infinite Beauty, with whom Locrine fell desperately in Love, and would have married her; but Corineus, to whose Daughter he was contracted, not able to bear the Affront, oblig'd him to perform*

his Contract ; and Locrine, who dreaded his Power, was forc'd to comply. Nor was it indeed wonderful, that any one should stand in Awe of Corineus, who is said to have wrestled with Gog-magog, a Giant of Twelve Cubits high ; and tho' that Monster by squeezing him broke Three of his Ribs, yet did the other, by main Force, take him upon his Shoulder, and carry him to the next high Rock, from whence he threw him into the Sea ; and from hence comes the Appellation of the Cornish Hugg, which our Wrestlers use to this Day.

By Guendolen, Locrine had a Son call'd Madan, who was sent into Cornwall to be educated by his Grandfather ; but notwithstanding this, he still lov'd and kept Company with Estrildis, and often pretending to retire to some private Sacrifice, he went to visit his fair Captive, by subterraneous Passages which he had made for that Purpose ; and by her he had a Daughter beauteous as her Mother, named Sabra. Seven Years this amorous Commerce was carried on ; at the End of which Time Corineus dying, Locrine divorc'd his Daughter, and marrying Estrildis, made her his Queen. Enraged at this Treatment, Guendolen retired into Cornwall, where raising an Army, she march'd against her Husband. At the River Sture the Two Hosts met ; the King's Army was dis-



discomfited, he himself in the Battel slain  
with an Arrow, and Estrildis with her  
Daughter made Prisoners. The Queen im-  
mediately commanded that this fair One  
with her Mother should be thrown into the  
River; and to leave a Monument of her  
Rage to Posterity, she order'd that the Stream  
should ever after bear the Name of the beau-  
teous Maid: But it has since been chang'd  
from Sabra to Sabrina or Severn; which  
done, she took the Regency upon her, go-  
vern'd Fifteen Years, then resigning the  
Kingdom to her Son Madan, she again re-  
tired into Cornwall. And this, if you  
will believe the same Historians, happen'd  
in the Days of the Prophet Samuel, 2909  
Years after the Creation of the World.



**W**HEN Humber in his wrathful Rage  
King Albanact in Field had slain,  
Whose bloody Broils for to assuage,  
King Locrin then apply'd his  
Pain;

And with a Host of Britain's stout,  
At length he found King Humber out.

At Vantage great he met him then,  
And with his Host beset him so,  
That he destroy'd his warlike Men,  
And Humber's Power did overthrow:  
And Humber which for Fear did fly,  
Leapt into a River desp'rately;

And being drowned in the Deep,  
 He left a Lady there alive,  
 Which sadly did lament and weep,  
 For fear they should her Life deprive.  
 But by her Face that was so fair,  
 The King was caught in *Cupid's* Snare :

He took this Lady to his Love,  
 Who secretly did keep it still;  
 So that the Queen did quickly prove  
 The King did bear her most good Will :  
 Which though by Wedlock late begun,  
 He had by her a gallant Son.

Queen *Guendolin* was griev'd in Mind,  
 To see the King was alter'd so :  
 At length the Cause she chanc'd to find,  
 Which brought her to much bitter Woe.  
 For *Estrild* was his Joy (God wot)  
 By whom a Daughter he begot.

The Duke of *Cornwall* being dead,  
 The Father of that gallant Queen ;  
 The King with Lust being overlaid,  
 His lawful Wife he cast off clean :  
 Who with her dear and tender Son,  
 For Succour did in *Cornwall* run.

Then *Locrin* crowned *Estrild* bright,  
 And made of her his lawful Wife :  
 With her which was his Heart's Delight,  
 He sweetly thought to lead his Life.  
 Thus *Guendolin*, as one forlorn,  
 Did hold her wretched Life in Scorn.

But when the *Cornish* Men did know,  
 The great Abuse she did endure,  
 With her a Number great did go,  
 Which she by Prayer did procure.

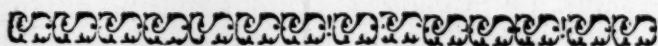
In Battel then they march'd along,  
For to redress this grievous Wrong ;

And near a River called *Store*,  
The King with all his Host she met ;  
Where both the Armies fought full sore,  
But yet the Queen the Field did get :  
Yet e're they did the Conquest gain,  
The King was with an Arrow slain.

Then *Guendolin* did take in Hand,  
Until her Son was come to Age,  
The Government of all the Land :  
But first her Fury to assuage,  
She did command her Soldiers wild,  
To drown both *Esrild* and her Child.

Incontinent then did they bring  
Fair *Esrild* to the River-side,  
And *Sabrine*, Daughter to a King,  
Whom *Guendolin* could not abide ;  
Who being bound together fast,  
Into the River there were cast :

And ever since that running Stream  
Wherein the Ladies drowned were,  
Is called *Savern* through the Realm,  
Because that *Sabrine* died there.  
Thus those that did to Lewdness bend,  
Were brought unto a woful End.



## II. A Lamentable Song of the Death of King *Leir* and his Three Daugh- ters.

---

To the Tune of, *Flying Fame.*

---

*Leir the Son of Bladud, who built the City of Bath, a descendant in direct Male Line from Brutus, came to the Crown about the Year of the World 3105; and built the Town of Caer-Leir, now Leicester. This Monarch had Three Daughters but never a Son, and amongst them he determin'd to divide his Kingdom, not equally, but according to the Love they bore him. To this End calling 'em together, he ask'd 'em how well they loved him. Gonoril, the Eldest, knowing her Father's weak Side, call'd Heaven to witness she lov'd him above her Soul; for which he promised to give her and her Husband, whom she should chuse, the third Part of his Kingdom. Regan seeing this, pretended she had not Words sufficient to express her self, but she lov'd him above all Creatures. The same Question was put to his*  
fa-

favourite Cordeilla; but she who abhor'd Flattery, answer'd, "Father, my Love towards you is as my Duty bids; What should a Father seek? What can a Child promise more? "They who pretend beyond this, Flatter." But this sincere Speech very much displeased the old King, who was almost grown to Tears of Dotage: And he press'd his Daughter to recall her Words before 'twas too late; and again asks her how well she loves him; to which she reply'd, not with a Design of offending him, but of reflecting on the flattering Speeches of her Sisters: "Two Ways only I have to answer what you require; the former, your Command is I should recant; accept then this other which is left me, Look how much you have, so much is your Value, and so much I love you." Enraged at these Words, the deluded old King vow'd she should have no Part in his Kingdom: And soon after this he married Gonoril to Maglaunus, Duke of Albania, and Regan to Hennis Duke of Cornwall, giving the Half of his Kingdom betwixt them, and promising the other half at his Death. Tho' thus disinherited, yet did the Fame of Cordeilla's Beauty spread far and near; and Aganippus a potent King among the Gauls married her without a Dowry.

Mean while Leir's Two Eldest Daughters encroach upon him by Degrees, till they had

got every Foot of Land, which he had reserv'd for himself : But the Conditions of his parting with it , was , that he should always be splendidly entertained at Goneril's Court, and have a Retinue of 60 Knights to wait upon him. However , this was soon thought too chargeable, and their Number was reduced to Thirty. Unable to brook the Affront , he hastned to Regan's Court , where a Dispute arising between his Knights, and some others, they were reduced to Five. Upon this he hastens back to Goneril ; but she refuses to receive him , unless he be contented with One Follower. In this distress'd Condition he bethought himself of his once lov'd Cordeilla ; and crossing the Sea , he lay Incog. at the first Town he came to, Moneyless , and almost bare of Cloaths , and dispatch'd his one Attendant to his Daughter, who receiv'd the Message with true filial Piety, and keeping his Arrival still a Secret, she sent a trusty Servant to him, with Money to provide whatever he wanted, and to get him a suitable Retinue, with which he advanced toward her Court, whilst Aganippus, with all his Barons , went out to meet him ; who during his Stay with him, would not act as King, leaving the sole Management of his Dominion to his Father-in-Law. Mean while, Cordeilla rais'd a powerful Army, return'd with her Father, conquer'd the whole



whole Kingdom, and set him again upon the Throne, where he reign'd peaceably the Space of Three Years; and was by Cordeilla, after his Death, buried with Royal Pomp in Leicester; who then taking Possession of the Kingdom reign'd Five Years. But now Marganus and Cunedu, her two Sisters Sons being grown up, levied War against her; and having conquered, cast her into Prison, where some say she put an End to her own Life. I have heard two strong Objections made to this Piece of History; to wit, That Shakespear, than whom no Poet ever had a stricter Regard to History, has put Cordeilla to Death before her Father Lear; and Mr. Tate, having in his Tragedy alter'd this Circumstance, is very much blamed for it by Mr. Addison. To these I answer, That Shakespear has not rank'd his Tragedy of King Lear amongst his historical Plays, but has taken the Story to work it as he thought fit, with the usual poetical Licences: And indeed has done nothing more than hastening the Catastrophe; and has made Cordelia to be found dead in Prison eight Years sooner than History tells us she was: A Licence used by above half our Dramatick Writers. And Mr. Addison in his Observations, is not talking as an Historian, but as a Critick; and commending the Catastrophe of Shakespear as the most proper to  
raise



*raise Terror and Commiseration, and to leave a pleasing Anguish in the Mind. I cannot be certain directly to the Time when this Ballad was written, but that it was some Years before the Play of Shakespear, appears from several Circumstances, which to mention would swell my Introduction too far beyond its usual length.*

**K**ING *Leir* once ruled in this Land,  
 With Princely Power and Peace,  
 And had all Things with Hearts content,  
 That might his Joys increase :  
 Amongst those Things that Nature gave,  
 Three Daughters fair had he,  
 So Princely seeming beautiful,  
 As fairer could not be.

So on a Time it pleas'd the King,  
 A Question thus to move,  
 Which of his Daughters to his Grace,  
 Could shew the dearest Love :  
 For to my Age you bring Content ;  
 Quoth he, then let me hear  
 Which of you Three in plighted Troth,  
 The kindest will appear.

To whom the Eldest thus began,  
 Dear Father mind, quoth she,  
 Before your Face to do you good,  
 My Blood shall rendred be :  
 And for your Sake my bleeding Heart  
 Shall here be cut in twain,  
 E'er that I see your reverend Age  
 The smallest Grief sustain.

And

And so will I, the second said,  
 Dear Father, for your Sake,  
 The worst of all Extremities  
 I'll gently undertake ;  
 And serve your Highness Night and Day,  
 With Diligence and Love ;  
 That sweet Content and Quietness  
 Discomforts may remove.

In doing so you glad my Soul,  
 The aged King reply'd ;  
 But what say'st thou, my youngest Girl,  
 How is thy Love ally'd ?  
 My Love (quoth young *Cordelia* then)  
 Which to your Grace I owe,  
 Shall be the Duty of a Child,  
 And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,  
 Than doth thy Duty bind ?  
 I well perceive thy Love is small,  
 When as no more I find :  
 Henceforth I banish thee my Court,  
 Thou art no Child of mine :  
 Nor any Part of this my Realm,  
 By favour shall be thine.

Thy eldest Sisters Loves are more,  
 Than well I can demand,  
 To whom I equally bestow  
 My Kingdom and my Land :  
 My pompous State and all my Goods,  
 That lovingly I may  
 With those thy Sisters be maintain'd,  
 Until my dying Day,

Thus flattering Speeches won Renown,  
 By these two Sisters here ;  
 The third had causeless Banishment,  
 Yet was her Love more dear :

For poor *Cordelia* patiently,  
 Went wandering up and down,  
 Unhelp'd, unpitied, gentle Maid,  
 Through many an *English* Town.

Until at last in famous *France*,  
 She gentler Fortunes found ;  
 Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd,  
 The fairest on the Ground :  
 Where when the King her Virtues heard,  
 And this fair Lady seen,  
 With full Consent of all his Court,  
 He made his Wife and Queen.

Her Father, old King *Leir* this while,  
 With his two Daughters staid,  
 Forgetful of their promis'd Loves,  
 Full soon the same deny'd ;  
 And living in Queen *Ragan's* Court,  
 The Eldest of the twain,  
 She took from him his chiefest Means,  
 And most of all his Train.

For whereas twenty Men were wont  
 To wait with bended Knee :  
 She gave Allowance but to Ten,  
 And after scarce to Three :  
 Nay, one she thought too much for him,  
 So took she all away,  
 In hope that in her Court, good King,  
 He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,  
 In giving all I have  
 Unto my Children, and to beg  
 For what I lately gave :  
 I'll go unto my *Gonorel*,  
 My second Child, I know,  
 Will be more kind and pitiful,  
 And will relieve my Woe.

Full fast he hies then to her Court,  
 Where when she hears his Moan,  
 Return'd him Answer, That she griev'd,  
 That all his Means were gone :  
 But no Way could relieve his Wants ;  
 Yet if that he would stay  
 Within her Kitchen, he should have  
 What Scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter Tears,  
 He made his Answer then,  
 In what I did let me be made  
 Example to all Men.  
 I will return again, quoth he,  
 Unto my *Ragan's* Court,  
 She will not use me thus, I hope,  
 But in a kinder Sort.

Where when he came, she gave Command  
 To drive him thence away :  
 When he was well within her Court,  
 (She said) he would not stay.  
 Then back again to *Gonorell*,  
 The woful King did hie,  
 That in her Kitchen he might have,  
 What Scullion Boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,  
 Which she had promis'd late ;  
 For once refusing, he should not  
 Come after to her Gate.  
 Thus 'twixt his Daughters for Relief,  
 He wandred up and down,  
 Being glad to feed on Beggars Food,  
 That lately wore a Crown.

And calling to remembrance then  
 His youngest Daughter's Words,  
 That said the Duty of a Child  
 Was all that Love affords ;

But

But doubting to repair to her,  
 Whom he had banish'd so,  
 Grew frantick mad; for in his Mind,  
 He bore the Wounds of Woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white Locks,  
 And Tresses from his Head,  
 And all with Blood bestain his Cheeks,  
 With Age and Honour spread:  
 To Hills and Woods, and watry Founts,  
 He made his hourly Moan,  
 Till Hills and Woods, and senseless Things,  
 Did seem to sigh and groan.

Ev'n thus possess'd with Discontents,  
 He pass'd o'er to *France*,  
 In hope from fair *Cordelia* there,  
 To find some gentler Chance:  
 Most virtuous Dame, which when she heard  
 Of this her Father's Grief,  
 As Duty bound, she quickly sent  
 Him Comfort and Relief.

And by a Train of Noble Peers,  
 In brave and gallant Sort,  
 She gave in Charge he should be brought  
 To *Aganippus* Court,  
 Whose Royal King, whose Noble Mind,  
 So freely gave Consent,  
 To muster up his Knights at Arms,  
 To Fame and Courage bent.

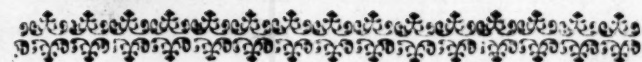
And so to *England* came with Speed,  
 To repossess King *Leir*,  
 And drive his Daughters from their Thrones;  
 By his *Cordelia* dear:  
 Where she true-hearted noble Queen,  
 Was in the Battel slain;  
 Yet he, good King, in his old Days,  
 Possess'd his Crown again.

But when he heard *Cordelia's* Death,  
 Who died indeed for Love  
 Of her dear Father, in whose Cause  
 She did this Battel move :  
 He swooning, fell upon her Breast,  
 From whence he never parted,  
 But on her Bosom left his Life,  
 That was so truly hearted.

The Lords and Nobles when they saw  
 The End of these Events,  
 The other Sisters unto Death,  
 They doomed by Consents :  
 And being dead, their Crowns they left,  
 Unto the next of Kin ;  
 Thus have you seen the Fall of Pride,  
 And disobedient Sin.







## II. The Noble Acts of King *Arthur* and the Knights of the Round Ta- ble, with the Valiant Atchievements of Sir *Lancelot du Lake*.

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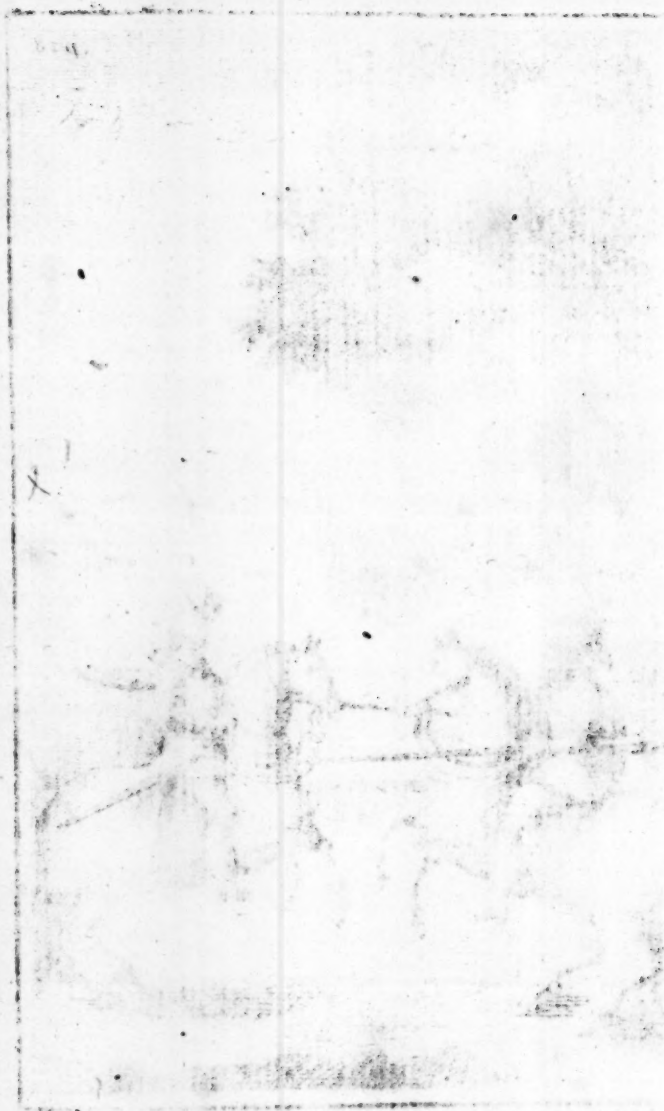
To the Tune of, *Flying Fame*.

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Tho' at one Leap I come several Centuries  
 nearer our own Time, yet can I not boast of  
 the Dependence which is to be made upon the  
 Historians who have given us the Life of this  
 Prince. In those Days of Ignorance, when  
 the Monks were almost the only Writers, they  
 mix'd with every Fact so many miraculous  
 Stories, one would have thought 'em striving  
 to out-do the Heathen Mythologists. Of this  
 Class of Writers, was Geoffrey of Mon-  
 mouth, who liv'd in the Time of King Ste-  
 phen. This Author undertaking to give us  
 a very authentick Relation of King Arthur's  
 Life, got every Account of him he could in-  
 to his own Hands ; and then suppress'd 'em  
 to







to make his *History* the more valuable, where with every *Fact* he has mix'd something so miraculous, or rather so ridiculous and incredible, that several succeeding *Historians* unable to find the *Actions* of this Prince recorded by any one but Geoffrey, very much question'd whether there ever was such a Man. And amongst the *Moderns*, Milton seems pretty fully persuaded, that his very Existence is a *Fable*. The Author, who in my Opinion, hath taken the most Pains in clearing up this Story, and distinguishing *Fact* from *Fiction*, is Speed, whose Authority therefore I shall chiefly rely upon. Arthur the Son of Uter and Igren Dutcheß of Cornwall, was crowned King of Britain about the Year 516. and in the Fifteenth of his Age. He vigorously carried on the War against the Saxons; and fought Twelve famous Battels, in every one of which he came off victorious. Notwithstanding the general Opinion, and the Name given him of a British Worthy, we have more Reason to believe him a Descendant of the Romans than of the Britons; but be that as it may, 'tis certain he refused paying Tribute to Rome. After a Reign of Six and Twenty Years, Mordred, the Son of Lotho, who pretended to his Crown, march'd out against him with his Army: And they encountered at a Place then call'd Kamblan in  
Corn-

Cornwall, where our Hero slew him with his own Hand ; and at the same Time receiv'd his Death's Wound from him. From the Field of Battel he was carried to Glastenbury in Somersetshire, where he died the one and twentieth of May, in the Year 542. and was buried in that Church-yard. They tell us, that his Body was found 600 Years after, under the Reign of King Henry II. Sixteen Foot under Ground ; and near him the Body of Guiniver his Queen. As to the other Heroes of this Song, most of our Historians are silent, but Tradition very loud, which tells us, that King Arthur created 24 Knights of the Order, himself making the five and twentieth ; tho' our Poet has thought fit to double the Number. At Winchester they still show us this Round Table hanging in the great Hall, where the Saxon Kings usually feasted. This Hall is standing, supported by Marble Pillars in the King's House, on the West-side of that City : The Table it self is of one solid Piece of Wood, and round it are cut several Names in the Saxon Characters ; though I believe no one legible, save that of Lancelot.

WHEN

WHEN *Arthur* first in Court began,  
 And was approved King ;  
 By Force of Arms great Victories won,  
 And Conquest Home did bring :

Then in *Britain* straight he came,  
 Where Fifty good and able  
 Knights, then repaired unto him,  
 Which were of the Round Table.

And many Jufts and Tournaments,  
 Before them that were dress'd,  
 Where valiant Knights did then excel,  
 And far surmount the rest :

But one Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,  
 Who was approved well ;  
 He in his Fights and Deeds of Arms,  
 All others did excel.

When he had rested him a while,  
 To Play, to Game, and Sport,  
 He thought he would to try himself,  
 In some adventurous Sort :

He armed rode in Forest wide,  
 And met a Damsel fair,  
 Who told him of Adventures great ;  
 Whereto he gave good Ear.

Why should I not, quoth *Lancelot*, tho'  
 For that Cause I came hither.  
 Thou seem'st, quoth she, a Knight right good,  
 And I will bring thee thither :

Whereas the mighty Knight doth dwell,  
 That now is of great Fame :  
 Therefore tell me what Knight thou art ;  
 And then what is your Name ?

My Name is *Lancelot du Lake*.  
 Quoth she, It likes me then,  
 Here dwells a Knight that never was  
 E'er match'd with any Man ;

Who has in Prison Threescore Knights  
 And Four that he has wound ;  
 Knights of King *Arthur's* Court they be,  
 And of his Table Round.

She brought him to a River-side,  
 And also to a Tree,  
 Where on a Copper-Bason hung,  
 His Fellows Shields to see :

He struck so hard, the Bason broke.  
 When *Tarquin* heard the Sound,  
 He drove a Horse before him straight,  
 Whereon a Knight lay bound.

Sir Knight, then said Sir *Lancelot*, though,  
 Bring me that Horse-load hither,  
 And lay him down, and let him rest,  
 We'll try our Force together.

And as I understand thou hast,  
 So far as thou art able,  
 Done great Despite and Shame unto  
 The Knights of the Round Table.

If thou be of the Table Round,  
 (Quoth *Tarquin* speedily)  
 Both thee and all thy Fellowship,  
 I utterly defy.

That's overmuch, quoth *Lancelot* though,  
 Defend thee by and by.  
 They put their Spurs unto their Steeds,  
 And each at other fly :

They couch'd their Spears, and Horses ran  
 As though there had been Thunder ;  
 And each struck them amidst the Shield,  
 Wherewith they broke in sunder :

Their Horses Backs break under them ;  
 The Knights were both aston'd :  
 To void their Horses they made Haste  
 To light upon the Ground.

They took them to their Shields full fast,  
 Their Swords they drew out then ;  
 With mighty Strokes most eagerly  
 Each one at other run :

They wounded were, and bled full fore,  
 For Breath they both did stand ;  
 And leaning on their Swords awhile,  
 Quoth *Tarquin*, Hold thy Hand ;

And tell to me what I shall ask.  
 Say on, quoth *Lancelot* though.  
 Thou art, quoth *Tarquin*, the best Knight  
 That ever I did know,

And like a Knight that I did hate ;  
 So that thou be not he,  
 I will deliver all the rest,  
 And eke accord with thee.

That is well said, quoth *Lancelot* then ;  
 But sith it must be so,  
 What is the Knight thou hatest thus,  
 I pray thee to me shew ?

His Name is *Lancelot du Lake* ;  
 He slew my Brother dear :  
 Him I suspect of all the rest,  
 I would I had him here.



Thy With thou hast, but yet unknown,  
 I am *Lancelot du Lake*,  
 Now Knight of *Arthur's Table Round*,  
 Kind *Haud's Son of Scwake* :

And I desire thee do thy worst.  
 Ho, ho, quoth *Tarquin*, though  
 One of us two shall end our Lives,  
 Before that we do go.

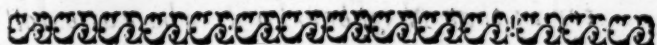
If thou be *Lancelot du Lake*,  
 Then welcome shalt thou be ;  
 Wherefore see thou thy self defend,  
 For now I defy thee.

They buckled together so,  
 Like two wild Boars rushing,  
 And with their Swords and Shields they ran  
 At one another flashing :

The Ground besprinkled was with Blood,  
*Tarquin* began to faint ;  
 For he gave back, and bore his Shield,  
 So low he did repent.

Then soon 'spied Sir *Lancelot* though,  
 He leapt upon him then,  
 He pull'd him down upon his Knee,  
 And rushing off his Helm ;

And then he struck his Neck in two :  
 And when he had done so,  
 From Prison, Threescore Knights and Four,  
*Lancelot* delivered though.



#### IV. A Song of King *Edgar*, shewing how he was deceived of his Love.

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To the Tune of, *Labandulishot*.

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*An Introduction to this Ballad is almost unnecessary, so very closely has our Poet copied from History: For fear therefore of growing impertinent, I shall take little or no Notice of those Facts which are mentioned in this old Song, and only touch upon those Circumstances which are omitted. Edgar, surnamed the Peaceable, succeeded his Brother Edwi, in the Year 959. and the 16th of his Age. In History he is very much extoll'd for Justice, Clemency, and other Royal Virtues, but accus'd of a little Vain-glory, and of an amorous Inclination. His Intrigues with Wilfrida, whom he took out of a Nunnery, and the Maid of Andover, are foreign to my Purpose; but as this last Adventure has something particular in it, I believe it will be no disagreeable En-*

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ertainment. Our Monarch being once at Andover, and hearing of a Duke's Daughter in that Neighbourhood, who was extoll'd for her Beauty; he sent Orders to the Dutches to bring her Daughter to him that Night. By the Nature of the Message, we may suppose the Kings of our Island to be much more absolute in those Days than they are at present. The good old Lady was afraid of disobeying the King, yet much more of wounding her Daughter's Honour; but having a pretty Maid-Servant, she engaged her to go and act her Daughter's Part. Accordingly at Night, the Dutches brought her to the King's Bed, which he spent with a great deal of imaginary Pleasure, thinking he had enjoy'd the fairest Creature of the World. But the Wench rising before Day-light the next Morning, the King laid hold of her, and ask'd, what made her so desirous of leaving him so soon: To which she very innocently reply'd, If she did not make haste Home, she should not get her Work done before Night. Her Answer surpriz'd the King; but they soon came to an Eclaircisement: He took the Girl with him; and they say, kept constant to her till his Marriage with Elfrida. By his first Wife, Egefleda, the Daughter of Duke Ordmer, he had a Son Edward surnamed the Younger, who succeeded him. Tho' some of our Historians seem to question his Marriage with Egel.

Egelfleda, telling us, he contented himself with declaring, the Child he had by her Legitimate. Some considerable Time after this Adventure, hearing the Report of Elfrida's Beauty, who was Daughter to Ordgar, Duke of Devonshire, he sent his Favourite Athelwood, Earl of East-Angles, to see whether Fame had spoken Truth, What follows in the Song is strictly Fact; and the Earl for his Treachery was slain the next Day by his Master's own Hand. It is recorded, that a base Son of the Earl's following the Chace, rode by at the very Instant the King was giving the Blow. The Monarch seeing him, fix'd his Eyes sternly upon him, and ask'd him, How he lik'd the Game? The other very submissively, reply'd, That whatsoever pleas'd the King, must not displease him: And this Answer won him the Favour his Father had lost. By Elfrida the King had Two Children, Edmund, who died at Four Years old; and Ethereld, in Favour of whom, this Queen shew'd more Ambition than she had done, in disobeying her first Husband's Command in Order to gain the King's Heart; for after the Death of Edgar, she would have set this Son upon the Throne, though at that Time but 7 Years of Age, to the Prejudice of Edward; but failing in her Attempts, she seem'd to give 'em quite over; and Edward, who was of a mild and forgiving Temper, could bear no Malice: But upon a certain Day, about

three Years after, hunting near the Castle where his Mother-in-Law resided, he went to see her ; and being thirsty, ask'd for something to drink. Finding that he would not alight from his Horse, Elfrida privately commanded one of her Servants, who waited with the the Wine, to stab the King with his Pomard, whilst he was drinking ; which he accordingly did ; and he died of the Wound. Ethereld, though at that that Time but 10 Years old, abhorr'd the Crime by which he ascended the Throne : And his Mother soon repenting of her bloody Action, built a Nunnery or two to expiate this Murder, as well as that of her Husband : One of 'em upon the very Spot of Ground where Athelwood was kill'd : And some of our Historians add, that in this Nunnery she ended her Days.

**W**hen as King Edgar did govern this Land,  
*Adown, adown, down, down, down.*  
 And in the Strength of his Years he did stand,  
*Call him down a :*

Such Praise was spread of a gallant Dame,  
 Which did through England carry great Fame ;  
 And she a Lady of high Degree,  
 The Earl of Devonshire's Daughter was she.  
 The King who lately had bury'd the Queen,  
 And not long Time a Widower been ;  
 Hearing this Praise of a gallant Maid,  
 Upon her Beauty his Love he laid :  
 And in his Mind he would often say,  
 I will send for that Lady gay ;  
 Yea, I will send for this Lady bright,  
 Which is my Treasure and Delight ;

Whose

Whose Beauty, like to *Phœbus* Beams,  
 Doth glitter through all Christian Realms.  
 Then to himself he would reply,  
 Saying, How fond a Prince am I,  
 To cast my Love so base and low,  
 Upon a Girl I do not know ?  
 King *Edgar* will his Fancy frame  
 To love some Peerless Princely Dame,  
 The Daughter of a Royal King,  
 That may a dainty Dowry bring :  
 Whose matchless Beauty brought in place,  
 May *Estrild's* Colour clean disgrace.  
 But senseless Man, what do I mean,  
 Upon a broken Reed to lean ?  
 Or what fond Fury did me move,  
 Thus to abuse my dearest Love ?  
 Whose Visage grac'd with heavenly Hue,  
 Doth *Hellen's* Honour quite subdue,  
 The Glory of her beauteous Pride,  
 Sweet *Estrild's* Favour doth deride :  
 Then pardon my unseemly Speech,  
 Dear Love and Lady, I beseech :  
 For I my Thoughts will henceforth frame,  
 To spread the Honour of thy Name.  
 Then unto him he call'd a Knight,  
 Which was most trusty in his Sight,  
 And unto him thus he did say,  
 To Earl *Ongator* go thy Way,  
 Where ask for *Estrild*; comely Dame,  
 Whose Beauty went so far by Fame :  
 And if you find her comely Grace,  
 As Fame did spread in every Place :  
 Then tell her Father, she shall be  
 My crowned Queen, if she agree.  
 The Knight in Message did proceed,  
 And into *Devonshire* with Speed :  
 But when he saw the Lady bright,  
 He was so ravish'd at her Sight,



That nothing could his Passion move,  
 Except he might obtain her Love;  
 For Day and Night while there he staid,  
 He courted still this Peerless Maid,  
 And in his Suit he shew'd such Skill,  
 That at the length he gain'd her Good-will;  
 Forgetting quite the Duty tho',  
 Which he unto the King did owe.  
 Then coming home unto his Grace,  
 He told him with dissembling Face,  
 That those Reporters were to blame,  
 That so advanc'd the Maiden's Name:  
 For I assure your Grace, said he,  
 She is as other Women be;  
 Her Beauty of such great Report,  
 No better than the common Sort,  
 And far unmeet in every Thing,  
 To match with such a noble King:  
 But tho' her Face be nothing fair,  
 Yet sith she is her Father's Heir,  
 Perhaps some Lord of high Degree,  
 Would very fain her Husband be;  
 Then if your Grace would give Consent,  
 I would my self be well content,  
 The Damsel for my Wife to take,  
 For her great Lands and Livings sake.  
 The King (whom thus he did deceive)  
 Incontinent did give him leave;  
 For on that Point he did not stand,  
 For why, he had not need of Land.  
 Then being glad, he went away,  
 And wedded straight this Lady gay:  
 The fairest Creature bearing Life,  
 Had this false Knight unto his Wife,  
 And by that Match of high Degree,  
 An Earl soon after that was he.  
 E're he long time had married been,  
 That many had her Beauty seen;

Her

Her Praise was spread both far and near :  
 The King again thereof did hear ;  
 Who then in Heart did plainly prove,  
 He was betrayed of his Love ;  
 Though therefore he was vexed sore,  
 Yet seem'd he not to grieve therefore ;  
 But kept his Countenance good and kind,  
 As tho' he bore no Grudge in Mind.  
 But on a Day it came to pass,  
 When as the King full merry was,  
 To *Ethelwood* in sport he said,  
 I muse what Cheer there should be made,  
 If to thy House I should resort  
 A Night or two for Princely Sport ?  
 Hereat the Earl shew'd Countenance glad,  
 Though in his Heart he was full sad :  
 Saying, Your Grace shall welcome be,  
 If so your Grace will honour me.  
 Then as the Day appointed was,  
 Before the King did thither pass,  
 The Earl before-hand did prepare  
 The King's coming to declare ;  
 And with a Countenance passing grim,  
 He call'd his Lady unto him,  
 Saying, With sad and heavy cheer,  
 I pray you when the King comes here,  
 Sweet Lady, as you tender me,  
 Let your Attire but homely be ;  
 And wash not thou thy Angel's Face,  
 But so thy Beauty clean disgrace ;  
 Thereto thy Gesture so apply,  
 It may seem loathsome to the Eye :  
 For if the King should there behold,  
 Thy glorious Beauty so extoll'd,  
 Then shall my Life soon shortned be,  
 For my Deserts and Treachery :  
 When to thy Father first I came,  
 Tho' I did not declare the same,

Yet was I put in trust to bring  
 The joyful Tidings to the King ;  
 Who for thy glorious Beauty seen,  
 Did think of thee to make his Queen :  
 But when I had thy Person found,  
 Thy Beauty gave me such a Wound,  
 No Rest nor Comfort could I take,  
 Till you, sweet Love, my Grief did slake ;  
 And that tho' Duty charged me,  
 Most faithful to my Lord to be ;  
 Yet Love upon the other Side,  
 Bid for my self I should provide :  
 Then for my Suit and Service shown,  
 At length I won you for my own ;  
 And for my Love in Wedlock spent,  
 Your Choice you need no whit repent :  
 Then since my Grief I have express'd,  
 Sweet Lady, grant me my Request.  
 Good Words she gave with smiling chear,  
 Musing of that which she did hear ;  
 And casting many Things in Mind,  
 Great Fault therewith she seem'd to find ;  
 But in her self she thought it Shame,  
 To make that foul which God did frame.  
 Most costly Robes full rich therefore,  
 In bravest Sort that Day she wore,  
 Doing all that e'er she might,  
 To set her Beauty forth to Sight :  
 And her best Skill in every Thing,  
 She shew'd to entertain the King.  
 Wherefore the King so 'snared was,  
 That Reason quite from him did pass :  
 His Heart by her was set on Fire,  
 He had to her a great Desire :  
 And for the Looks he gave her then,  
 For every Look she shew'd him Ten.  
 Wherefore the King perceived plain,  
 His Love and Looks were not in vain.

Upon

Upon a Time it chanced so,  
 The King he would a Hunting go ;  
 And as they through a Wood did ride,  
 The Earl on Horse-back by his Side ;  
 For so the Story telleth plain,  
 That with a Shaft the Earl was slain :  
 So that when he had lost his Life,  
 He took the Lady unto Wife,  
 Who married her, all Harm to shun,  
 By whom he did beger a Son.  
 Thus he that did the King deceive,  
 Did by Desert his Death receive :  
 Then to conclude and make an End,  
 Be true and faithful to thy Friend.



V. How *Coventry* was made free by  
*Godina, Countess of Chester.*

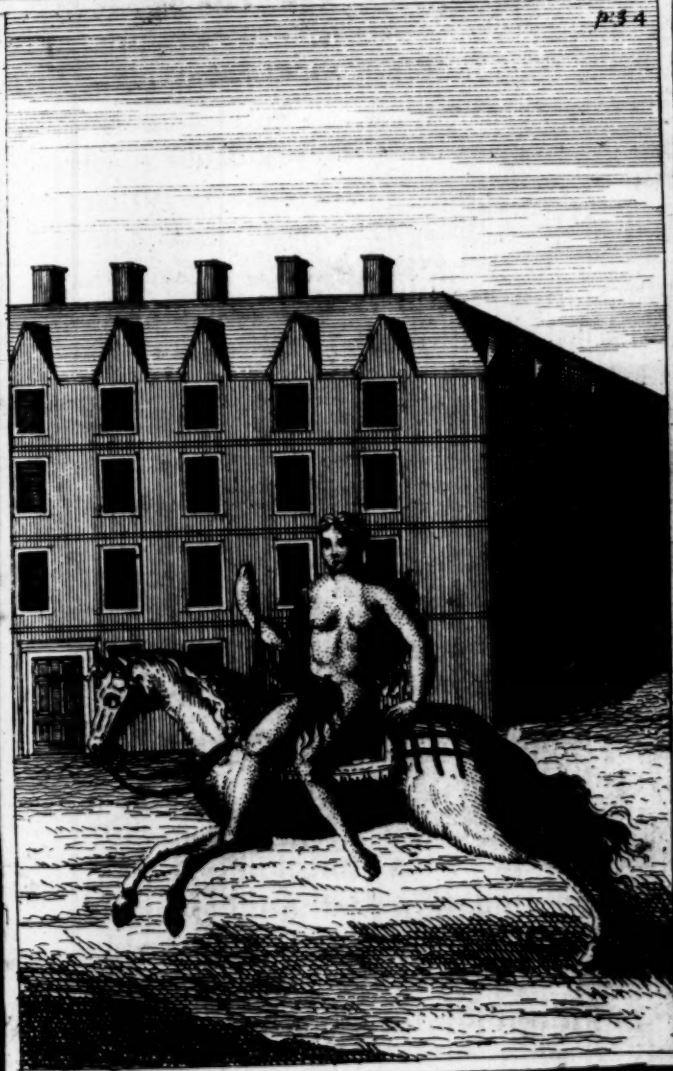
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To the Tune of, *Prince Arthur died at Ludlow, &c.*

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*Whether the Generality of our Historians look'd upon the following Story as fabulous, I cannot say; but upon the stricted search I could not meet with the least Account of it in any of our English Writers; I mean those who have left us their Histories in that Tongue. Leofrick or Leofricus, Duke of Mercia, or according to others, Earl of Chester, is indeed mentioned by every Writer, who has given us the Life of Edward the Confessor; and the Earl is set off by most 'em, not only as a brave and wise General, but also as a Saint: And they tell us, he died in an advanced Age, in the Year 1057. and the 15th of King Edward. But as for the History of his Wife, we must have*

*re-*







recourse to Bromton, an Abbot, who has left us a Latin Chronicle of the most material Transactions in this Island, from the Year 588 to 1198. By him Godina, or as he calls her, Godiva, is set off as one of the most pious Women of the Age : And he gives us a long Catalogue of the religious Houses which she founded. The City of Coventry at that Time, groaned under very heavy Taxes and Duties, which they paid Leofrick. Godina taking Pity on 'em, and seeing to what Poverty they were reduced by these burthensome Taxations, desired her Husband to remit them, which he would by no Means consent to ; the Coventry Taxes being one of the best Branches of his Revenue : But the Countess still pressing him, he thought to silence her at once, by assuring her that he never would do it, unless she would ride Naked from one End of the Town to the other ; well knowing the strict Virtue of his Wife, and believing her Modesty would never permit her to think of such a Thing. But she having a fine Head of Hair, comb'd it out, and so weav'd it round her, that no Part of her was left Naked, save her Legs. Thus far Bromton. But at Coventry they tell us another Sort of a Story : Godina, say they, commanded that the Windows and Doors of every House should be shut up, whilst she was riding through the Town ; and that

that no body should presume to look out, under Pain of Death : And a poor Taylor, who would needs be peeping, was struck blind. In Commemoration of which, his Figure, there call'd the Peeper, is put in the same Window to this Day : And that of the Lady Godina is once a Year carried in Procession through every Street in Coventry.

**L** Eofricus, that Noble Earl  
Of Chester, as I read,  
Did for the City of Coventry  
Many a noble Deed :

Great Privileges for the Town  
This Noble Man did get ;  
And of all Things did make it so,  
That they Tole-free did sit :

Save only that for Horfes still  
They did some Custome pay,  
Which was great Charges to the Town,  
Full long and many a Day :

Wherefore his Wife Godina fair,  
Did of the Earl request,  
That thereof he would make it free,  
As well as all the rest :

So when that she long Time had sued,  
Her Purpose to obtain ;  
Her Noble Lord at length she took,  
Within a pleasant Vein ;

And unto him with smiling Chear,  
She did forthwith proceed ;  
Intreating greatly that he would  
Perform that goodly Deed.

You move me much, my Fair, quoth he,  
 Your Suit I fain would shun;  
 But what will you perform and do,  
 To have this Matter done?

Why any Thing, my Lord, (quoth she)  
 You will with Reason crave;  
 I will perform it with good Will,  
 If I my Wish might have.

If thou wilt grant the Thing, he said,  
 That I shall now require,  
 As soon as it is finished,  
 Thou shalt have thy Desire.

Command what you think good, my Lord,  
 I will thereto agree,  
 On this Condition, That the Town  
 For ever may be free.

If thou thy Cloaths strip off,  
 And here lay them down,  
 And at Noon-day on Horse-back ride,  
 Stark Naked through the Town,

They shall be free for evermore:  
 If thou wilt not do so,  
 More Liberty than now they have,  
 I never will bestow.

The Lady at this strange Demand,  
 Was much abash'd in Mind;  
 And yet for to fulfil this Thing,  
 She never a whit repin'd.

Wherefore unto all Officers  
 Of the Town she sent,  
 That they perceiving her good Will,  
 Which for the Weal was bent;

That

That on the Day that she should ride,  
 All Persons through the Town,  
 Should keep their Houses shut, and Doors,  
 And clap their Windows down;

So that no Creature, young or old,  
 Should in the Streets be seen;  
 'Till she had ridden all about,  
 Throughout the City clean;

And when the Day of Riding came,  
 No Person did her see,  
 Saving her Lord; after which Time,  
 The Town was ever free.



VI. *Robin Hood* and the Bishop ; shewing how *Robin* went to an old Woman's House , and chang'd Cloaths with her to 'scape from the Bishop ; and how he robb'd him of all his Gold, and made him sing a Mass.

---

To the 'Tune of, *Robin Hood and the Stranger, &c.*

---

In my First Volume I said as much of *Robin Hood* as I thought could be depended upon, more perhaps than many will believe ; and therefore without repeating any Part of his History I shall insert the Two following Songs. The former is one of those I made mention of in the 90th Page of that Volume relating to a Trick put upon a Bishop. I will not affirm, that either of these Ballads is grounded upon Fact ; but most of the old Poets, who have chosen *Robin Hood* for their Hero, having made a standing Jest of a Bishop, I take it for granted, that some one or other of their Stories must be true. And the latter



ter Song is so far from containing any Thing  
contradictory to Reason, that I look upon the  
Action as entirely consistent with the Cha-  
racter delivered down to us of that Famous  
Out-Law.

Come, Gentlemen all, and listen a while,  
With a hey down, down, and a down.  
And a Story to you I'll unfold ;  
I'll tell you how Robin Hood served the Bishop,  
When he robbed him of his Gold :

As it fell out on a Sun-shining Day,  
When Phœbus was in his Prime,  
Then Robin Hood, that Archer good,  
In Mirth would spend some Time.

As he walk'd forth the Forest along,  
Some Pastime for to 'spy,  
There was he aware of a proud Bishop,  
And all his Company.

O what shall I do ? said Robin Hood then,  
If the Bishop he doth take me ;  
No Mercy he'll show unto me, I know,  
Therefore away I will flee.

Then Robin was stout, and turn'd him about,  
And a little House there did he 'spy ;  
And to an old Wife, to save his Life,  
He loud began to cry.

Why, who art thou ? said the old Woman,  
Come tell it to me for Good ?  
I am an Out-law, as many do know,  
My Name it is Robin Hood :

And

And yonder's the Bishop with all his Men,  
 And if that I taken be,  
 Then Day and Night he'll work me Spite,  
 And hanged I shall be.

If thou be *Robin Hood*, said the old Wife,  
 As thou dost seem to be ;  
 I'll for thee provide, and thee I will hide,  
 From the Bishop and his Company.

For well I remember on *Saturday* Night,  
 Thou brought'st me both Shoes and Hose ;  
 Therefore I'll provide thy Person to hide,  
 And keep thee from thy Foes :

Then give me soon thy Coat of Grey,  
 And take thou my Mantle of Green ;  
 Thy Spindle and Twine unto me resign,  
 And take you my Arrows so keen.

And when that *Robin Hood* was so array'd,  
 He went strait to his Company ;  
 With his Spindle and Twine, he oft look'd behind,  
 For the Bishop and his Company.

O what is yonder, quoth *Little John*,  
 That now comes over the Lee ;  
 An Arrow I will at her let fly,  
 So like an old Witch looks she.

O hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, said *Robin* then,  
 And shoot not thy Arrow so keen ;  
 I am *Robin Hood*, thy Master good,  
 And quickly it shall be seen.

The Bishop he came to the old Woman's House,  
 And he called with furious Mood ;  
 Come let me soon see, and bring unto me,  
 That Traytor *Robin Hood*.

The old Woman he sat on a Milk-white Steed,  
Himself on a dapple Grey;  
And for Joy he had got *Robin Hood*,  
He went laughing all the Way.

But as they went riding the Forest along,  
The Bishop he chanced to see,  
An Hundred brave Bow-men bold  
Stand under the green Wood Tree :

O who is yonder, the Bishop he said,  
That's ranging within the Wood?  
Marry, says the old Woman, I think it to be  
A Man called *Robin Hood*.

Why, who art thou, the Bishop he said,  
Which I have here with me?  
Why, I am an old Woman, thou cuckoldly Bishop,  
Lift up my Leg and see.

Then woe to me the Bishop he said,  
That ever I saw this Day:  
He turn'd him about, but *Robin Hood* so stout,  
Call'd to him and bid him stay.

Then *Robin* took hold of the Bishop's Horse,  
And ty'd him fast to a Tree:  
And frait *Little John* smil'd his Master upon,  
For Joy of that Company.

*Robin Hood* took his Mantle from his Back,  
And spread it upon the Ground,  
And out of the Bishop's Portmantle, he  
Soon told Five Hundred Pound :

So now let him go, said *Robin Hood*;  
Said *Little John*, That may not be,  
For I vow and protest, he shall sing us a Mass,  
Before that he go from me.

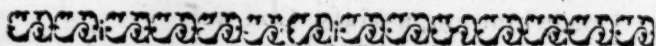
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Then

Then *Robin Hood* took the Bishop by the Hand,  
 And bound him fast to a Tree,  
 And made him sing a Mass, God wot,  
 To him and his Yeomandre.

And then they brought him through the Wood,  
 And set him on his dapple Grey;  
 And gave the Tail within his Hand,  
 And bid him for *Robin Hood* pray.





VII. *Robin Hood* and *Allen a Dale*,  
or the Manner of *Robin Hood's* re-  
scuing a young Lady from an old  
Knight, to whom she was going to  
be married, and restoring her to *Al-  
len a Dale*, her former Love.

---

To the Tune of, *Robin Hood in the Green Wood.*

---

Come listen to me, you Gallants so free,  
All you that love Mirth for to hear,  
And I will you tell of a bold Out-Law,  
That lived in *Nottinghamshire*.  
That lived in *Nottinghamshire*.

As *Robin Hood* in the Forest stood,  
All under the Green-Wood Tree;  
There was he aware of a brave young Man,  
As fine as fine might be.

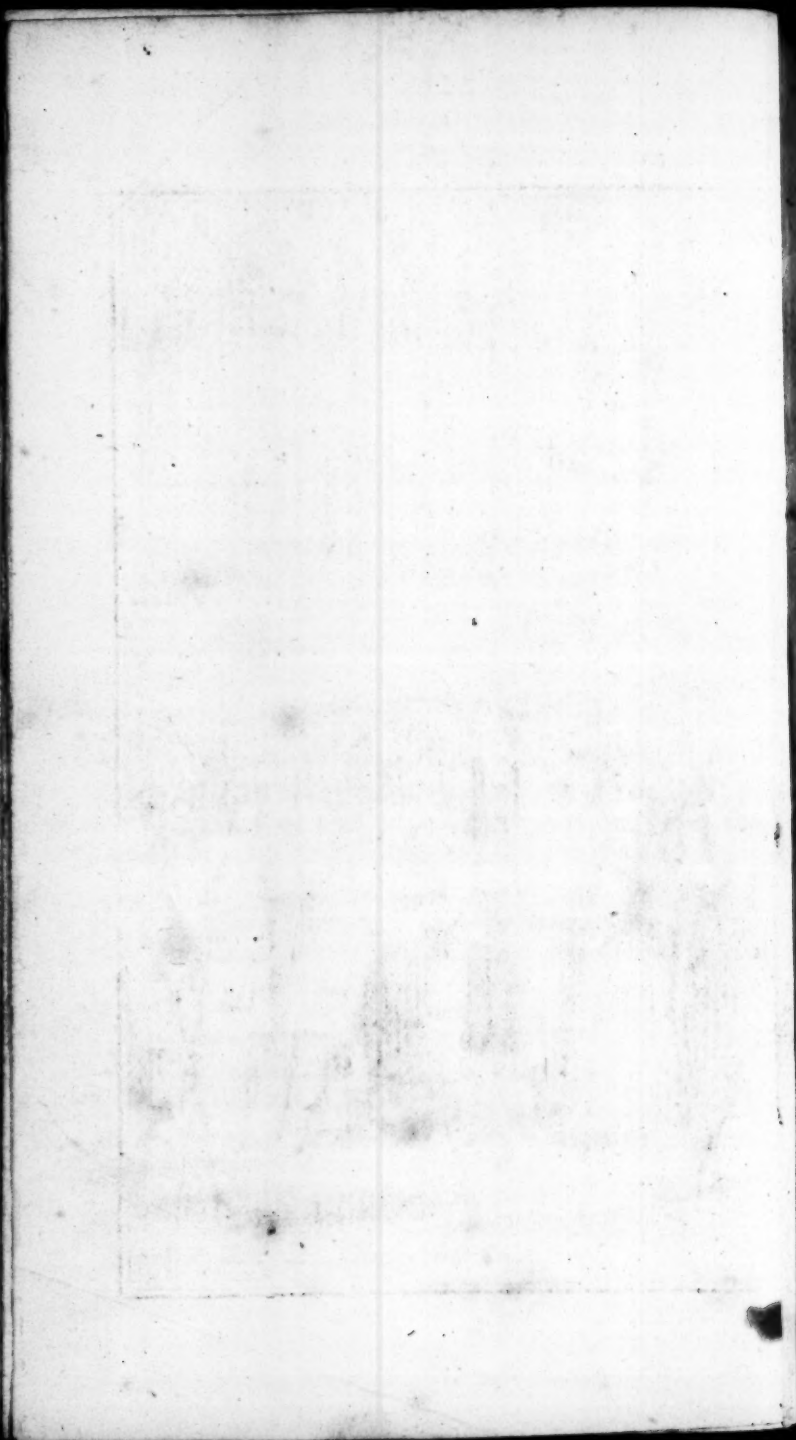
The Youngster was cloathed in Scarlet red;  
In Scarlet fine and gay;  
And he did frisk it over the Plain,  
And chaunted a Round-de-lay.

As *Robin Hood* next Morning stood,  
Amongst the Leaves so gay,  
There did he 'spy the same young Man,  
Come drooping along the Way.

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The Scarlet he wore the Day before,  
It was clean cast away ;  
And every Step he fetch'd a Sigh,  
Alack and a well a Day :

Then stepped forth brave *Little John*,  
And *Midge* the Miller's Son.  
Which made the young Man bend his Bow,  
When as he see them come :

Stand off, stand off, the young Man said,  
What is your Will with me ?  
You must come before our Master strait,  
Under yon Green-Wood Tree.

And when he came bold *Robin* before ;  
*Robin* ask'd him courteously,  
O hast thou any Money to spare,  
For my merry Men and me.

I have no Money, the Young Man said,  
But Five Shillings and a Ring ;  
And that I have kept this Seven long Years,  
To have it at my Wedding.

Yesterday I should have married a Maid,  
But she was from me ta'en ;  
And chosen to be an old Knights Delight,  
Whereby my poor Heart is slain.

What is thy Name, then said *Robin Hood*,  
Come, tell me without any fail ?  
By the Faith of my Body, then said the young  
Man,  
My Name it is *Allen a Dale*.

What

What wilt thou give me, said *Robin Hood*,  
 In ready Gold or Fee,  
 To help thee to thy true Love again,  
 And deliver her unto thee.

I have no Money, then quoth the young Man,  
 No ready Gold or Fee ;  
 But I will swear upon a Book,  
 Thy true Servant to be.

How many Miles is it to thy true Love,  
 Come, tell me without any Guile ?  
 By the Faith of my Body, then said the young  
 Man,  
 It is but Five little Mile.

Then *Robin* he hasted over the Plain,  
 He did neither stint nor lin,  
 Until he came unto the Church,  
 Where *Allen* should keep his Wedding.

What dost thou here, the Bishop then said,  
 I prithee now tell unto me ?  
 I am a bold Harper, quoth *Robin Hood*,  
 And the best in the North Country.

O welcome, O welcome, the Bishop then said,  
 That Musick best pleaseth me :  
 You shall have no Musick, quoth *Robin Hood*,  
 Till the Bride and Bridegroom I see.

With that came in a wealthy Knight,  
 Which was both grave and old ;  
 And after him, a finikin Lads,  
 Did shine like the glittering Gold.

This is not a fit Match, quoth bold *Robin Hood*,  
That you do seem to make here;  
For since we are come to the Church,  
The Bride shall chuse her own Dear.

Then *Robin Hood* put his Horn to his Mouth,  
And blew Blasts two or three;  
Then Four and Twenty Bow-men bold,  
Came leaping over the Lee.

And when they came into the Church-yard,  
Marching all on a Row;  
The first Man was *Allen a Dale*,  
To give bold *Robin* his Bow.

This is thy true Love, *Robin* he said,  
Young *Allen*, as I hear say:  
And you shall be married at the same Time,  
Before we depart away.

That shall not be, the Bishop he said;  
For thy Word shall not stand;  
They shall be three Times ask'd in the Church,  
As the Law is of our Land.

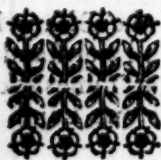
*Robin Hood* pull'd off the Bishop's Coat,  
And put it upon *Little John*:  
By the Faith of my Body, then *Robin* he said,  
This Cloath doth make thee a Man.

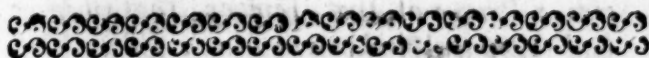
When *Little John* went to the Quire,  
The People began to laugh:  
He ask'd them Seven Times in the Church,  
Left three Times should not be enough.

Who

Who gives this Maid? says *Little John*,  
 Quoth *Robin Hood*, that do I;  
 And he that doth take her from *Allen a Dale*,  
 Full dearly shall her buy.

And thus having ended this merry Wedding,  
 The Bride she look'd like a Queen:  
 And so they return'd to the merry Green Wood,  
 Amongst the Leaves so green.





# VIII. King *John*, and the Abbot of *Canterbury*.

---

To the Tune of, *The King and Lord Abbot.*

---

John the Son of Henry II. succeeded his Brother Richard I. in the Year, 1199. or rather after the Death of his Brother, usurp'd the Crown of England; for Arthur, Earl of Anjou, the Son of Geoffry, John's elder Brother, was then living. He is recorded as a very cruel and unjust Prince. To the Clergy he was an inveterate Foe; for he seized their Lands and Revenues, put many to Death, and forced the rest to fly; for which reason he was excommunicated by the Pope, and the whole Kingdom interdicted for several Years. This Prince after a turbulent and unhappy Reign of near Eighteen Years and a half, died with Grief, of having in a Morass lost his Baggage and part of his Army; or as others tell us, of a Surfeit of new Ale and Peaches. I have heard Criticks object to this Ballad, that the Poet had no strict Regard to the Character of

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his Personages, but had made them act inconsistent with themselves. King John, they say, was a Prince of that Temper, that when he had taken a Mind to any Man's Estate, (especially a Churchman's, for those he frequently seized) he would not have stood dallying Three Days with him, or have let him go scot-free at last for the best Jest in the World, or though he could have answered Questions like an Oracle. And indeed this Ballad was not written originally on King John, but taken from one much older, entitled, The Old Abbot and King Olfrey. Who this Olfrey was I cannot positively say, but by the Affinity of the Name, I suppose Offa a Saxon King was, meant, if our Poet had any Meaning; for no body I believe will be credulous enough to think the Song founded on a Fact; and probably some succeeding Poet being at a Loss about Olfrey, thought K. John the properest Person to fix the Story upon, as one who had made nothing of seizing Churchmen's Lands. Doubtless there are many to whom a Sight of both the Ballads would be grateful, I have therefore inserted them one immediately after the other.

I'll tell you a Story, a Story anon,  
Of a noble Prince, and his Name was King  
John;  
For he was a Prince, and a Prince of great Might,  
He held up great Wrongs, and he put down great  
Right.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I'll.

I'll tell you a Story, a Story so merry,  
 Concerning the Abbot of *Canterbury*;  
 And of his House-keeping and high Renown,  
 Which made repair to fair *London Town*.  
*Derry down, &c.*

How now Brother Abbot! 'Tis told unto me,  
 That thou keepest a far better House than I;  
 And for thy House-keeping and high Renown,  
 I fear thou hast Treason against my Crown.  
*Derry down, &c.*

I hope my Liege that you owe me no grudge,  
 For spending of my true gotten Goods.  
 If thou dost not answer me Questions Three,  
 Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body.  
*Derry down, &c.*

When I am set so high on my Steed,  
 With my Crown of Gold upon my Head;  
 Amongst all my Nobility, with Joy and much  
 Mirth,  
 Thou must tell me to one Penny, what I am  
 Worth.  
*Derry down, &c.*

At the next Question you must not flout;  
 How long I shall be riding the World about:  
 At the Third Question thou must not shrink;  
 But tell to me truly what I do Think.  
*Derry down, &c.*

O these are hard Questions for my shallow Wit,  
 For I cannot answer your Grace as yet;  
 But if you will give me but Three Days space,  
 I will do my Endeavour to answer your Grace  
*Derry down, &c.*

O Three Days space I will thee give,  
 And that is the longest Day thou hast to live:  
 And if thou dost not answer these Questions right,  
 Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body quite.  
*Derry down, &c.*

And as the Shepherd was going to the Fold,  
 He spy'd the old Abbot come riding along:  
 How now Master Abbot! You are welcome Home:  
 What News have ye brought from good King  
*John?*  
*Derry down, &c.*

Sad News, Sad News, I have thee to give,  
 For I have but Three Days space for to live:  
 If I do not answer him Questions Three,  
 My Head will be taken from my Body.  
*Derry down, &c.*

When he is set so high on his Steed,  
 With his Crown of Gold upon his Head;  
 Amongst all his Nobility, with Joy and much  
 Mirth,  
 I must tell him to one Penny what he is Worth.  
*Derry down, &c.*

At the next Question I must not flout,  
 How long he shall be riding the World about:  
 At the Third Question I must not shrink,  
 But tell to him truly what he does Think.  
*Derry down, &c.*

O Master, did you never hear it yet,  
 That a Fool may learn a wise Man Wit:  
 Lend me but your Horse and your Apparel,  
 I'll ride to fair London and answer the Quarrel.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Now

Now I am set so high on my Steed,  
 With my Crown of Gold upon my Head,  
 Amongst all my Nobility, with Joy and much  
 Mirth,  
 Now tell me to one Penny what I am Worth.  
*Derry down, &c.*

For Thirty Pence our Saviour was sold,  
 Amongst the false *Jews* as you have been told ;  
 And Nine and Twenty's the Worth of thee,  
 For I think thou art one Penny worse than he.  
*Derry down, &c.*

At the next Question thou may'st not flout,  
 How long I shall be riding the World about :  
 You must rise with the Sun, and ride with the  
 same,  
 Until the next Morning he rises again :  
*Derry down, &c.*

And then I am sure you'll make no Doubt,  
 But in Twenty fours Hours you'll ride it about.  
 At the Third Question thou must not shrink,  
 But to tell me truly what I do think :  
*Derry down, &c.*

All that I can do, and it will make your Heart  
 merry ;  
 For you think that I'm the Abbot of *Canterbury* :  
 But I'm his poor Shepherd, as you may see,  
 And am come to beg Pardon for he and for me.  
*Derry down, &c.*

The King he turn'd him about and did smile,  
 Saying, Thou shalt be Abbot the other while :  
 O no my Grace, there is no such Need,  
 For I can neither Write nor Read.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Then Four Pounds a Week will I give unto thee,  
 For this merry true Jest thou hast told unto me :  
 And tell the old Abbot when thou comest Home,  
 Thou hast brought a Pardon from good King

*John.*

*Derry down, down, hey derry down.*



IX. The



# IX. The Old Abbot, and King *Alfred.*

---

To the Tune of, *The shaking of the Sheets.*

---

**I**N old Times past there was a King, we read,  
Was bountiful in each Degree,  
That gave Rewards to each Subjects Need,  
So orderly as it may be;  
And kept his princely Pallaty,  
In every kingly Quality,  
Maintaining Hospitality.

Then the King was given to understand;  
There liv'd an Abbot in those Days,  
That kept a noble House in such a Band,  
And comely Men at all Assays;  
That made the King to marvel much,  
The Abbot's Living it should be such,  
And how he came for to be so rich.

Then the King sent for the Abbot strait,  
To come to Court he might him see,  
To number out the Men on him did wait,  
The Multitude as it might be:  
And thither went the Lord Abbot then,  
And after him Five Hundred Men,  
To aid him out and home again.



Then the noble King he did demand,  
 Of his House-keeping and all his Train:  
 How chance you keep so many Men, quoth he,  
 Or how come you by all your Gain?  
 Unto your Grief I'll make it known.  
 I hope my Cause is quickly shown,  
 For I spend no more than is my own.

Thou art too wealthy, said the King,  
 And it is time to cut off your Head;  
 For I do suppose in every thing,  
 How daintily you must be fed:  
 Unless you can resolve to me,  
 Within one Year these Questions Three,  
 Your Head shall off I'll warrant ye.

First of all you must declare to me,  
 To the uttermost what I am Worth;  
 See that you have a ready Care, quoth he,  
 For to study, and to bring it forth.  
 And Secondly, the Truth to know,  
 How I about the World must go:  
 This is the Second Riddle you know.

The last of all, to tell me what I Think;  
 And then you shall your Pardon have,  
 Readily set down with Pen and Ink,  
 Your Lands and Livings all to save:  
 If you your Livings mean to hold,  
 With all your Gallants in their Gold,  
 See these Riddles you readily unfold.

And then the Abbot he sought out  
 To the cunningest Men that there might be;  
 How his Purpose then he might bring about,  
 And for to set his Livings free:  
 But yet by no good Men could he,  
 These Riddles expound in any Degree,  
 Nor yet by University.

Then the old Abbot he a Brother had,  
 A silly Man that kept his Sheep;  
 Who musing how his Brother came so sad,  
 And how he came in Dump so deep:  
 Saying, dear Brother tell to me  
 How chance you look so heavily,  
 That none of your Friends can remend ye?

Then the Lord Abbot told his Brother all  
 The Questions Three, which made him sad;  
 Saying, dear Brother, shall I be so bold  
 To answer them, and make you glad:  
 Let me put on your Abbot's Weed,  
 And I'll go to Court like in your stead,  
 And see, dear Brother, how I shall speed.

If you these Questions readily can put out,  
 And answer them to my Discharge;  
 Half of my Living that I have, no doubt,  
 Shall be thy own to live at large:  
 And thither went the Shepherd then,  
 And after him five Hundred Men,  
 To guard him out and home again.

Now you be very welcome said the King,  
 Indeed your Day is just come forth;  
 I make no doubt but to me you bring,  
 To the uttermost what I am Worth.  
 Yes, I'll assure your Grace, quoth he,  
 Worth Nine and Twenty Pence ye be,  
 Not a Penny more I'll warrant ye.

For Jesus Christ who was the King of Kings,  
 Was sold but for one Penny more;  
 When Judas sold him to the Jewish Things,  
 The Scripture bringeth forth therefore:  
 Then I do trust your Grace will say,  
 You are worth no more no manner of way;  
 But a Penny lesser than they did pay.

Then touching how to go the World about:  
 In twice twelve Hours as you may see,  
 The Sun doth take its speedy Course about,  
 So speedy as it may be;  
 If you about the World would go,  
 In twice Twelve Hours you may do so,  
 And this is the Second Riddle you know.

Then last of all to tell you what you Think;  
 I am sure you think that it is I  
 Am the Lord Abbot which to you did bring  
 These Questions so readily:  
 No, I am but his Brother, God wot,  
 In Field which after his Sheep do trot,  
 For Lands and Livings I have not.

When as the noble King had heard,  
 His Questions he had answered so;  
 He hearing that the Shepherd he had Need,  
 A Living on him did bestow:  
 And his Brother likewise he did yield  
 Half of the Livings which then he held;  
 Thus was he promoted from the Field.





X. A Song of Queen *Isabell*, Wife to  
King *Edward* II. with the Down-  
fall of the *Spencers*.

---

*Never was Prince more unfortunate in his Fav-  
ourites than Edward II. Never Favou-  
rites more unhappy in the Love of their  
Prince, which never fail'd of proving their  
Ruin: Whilst on the other Hand, they were  
to him a perpetual Source of Troubles; and  
at length, the Occasion of his Losing the  
Crown. Pierce Gaveston, who had been  
banish'd by this Prince's Father, was before  
his Coronation recall'd by him: And this  
chiefly occasion'd the Civil Wars between King  
Edward and his Barons, by whose Interest  
Gaveston was again several Times banish'd,  
and at length Beheaded. The Spencers, Fa-  
ther and Son, were his last Favourites; and  
the Younger, who before his Death, was cre-  
ated Earl of Gloucester, married Joanna*  
de

de Acres, the King's Niece, and Gaveston's Widow. The Insolence of these Two Men was very great; they devoured the Nation; Numbers of the Barons were, by their Contrivance, put to Death, whose Estates they seiz'd on, and at length they presumed to retrench the Maintenance of Queen Isabel, the Daughter of Philip the Fair, King of France. It is not in the least to be doubted, but that she was highly provok'd at such Usage. But our Poet deviates from History, in making her fly to France for Redress; she being sent thither by the King her Husband on the following Occasion: Charles the Fair, this Queen's Brother, coming to the French Crown, summon'd King Edward to appear, and do him Homage for his Province of Gascoigne; but he neglecting to do it, his Territories in France were adjudg'd to be forfeited: And several Places of Importance seiz'd by the French; upon that, King Edward sent the Queen over to mediate between him and her Brother: And the King of France consented to restore what he had taken from him, upon Condition, that he would give the Dutchy of Aquitain to Prince Edward, and send him over to do Homage for it. Edward easily comply'd; and the Bishop of Exeter, mentioned in this Song, was sent over with the Prince; but soon return'd to inform the King, that  
some

*Some Plot was carrying on between the Queen and Prince, for they would not admit him into their Consultations: And indeed that Princess was fully determin'd no longer to bear the insolent Usage of the Spencers; but not finding her Brother forward in assisting her, she hastened to the Earl of Henault and Holland, to whose Daughter Philippa she contracted her Son; and he supply'd her with Men and Money; insomuch that she landed at Harwich, with 2500 Men; amongst whom were the Earl of Kent, the King's Brother, who had accompanied her to the Court of France; the Earl of Pembroke, Roger Lord Mortimer, and John the Earl of Henault's Brother. The King having disoblged the Clergy, they almost unanimously join'd the Queen, bringing great Numbers with them. The Citizens of London declared for her in Spite of the Mayor; and took this Occasion to put the Bishop of Exeter to Death; because, say some Historians, he made the Justices Itinerant sit in London, who laid heavy Fines upon the Citizens: And they also put to Death Sir John Weston, whom the King had left Constable of the Tower.*

*Mean while the Queen gather'd Strength as she went; and marching at length from Oxford to Bristol, she assaulted and won that Castle, which was commanded by the Elder Spencer, who,*



who, without any Trial, was hang'd up in his Coat of Armour, and quarter'd before he was dead. The King endeavouring to make his Escape into Ireland, was driven by contrary Winds into Glamorganshire, where he was taken and convey'd to Kenelworth-Castle. Most of those taken with him were executed; amongst others the Earl of Gloucester (the Younger Spencer) who was hang'd at Hereford, on a Gallows 50 Foot high, with this Inscription, Quid gloriaris in Militiâ? Nor was it long before the King, in Presence of Lords and Commons, chosen for that Purpose, formally resign'd his Crown in the Year 1327, the 20th of his Reign, and the Forty third of his Age; being the First King of England, that ever did resign in that Manner.

**P**Roud were the *Spencers*, and of Condition ill;  
 All *England*, and the King likewise,  
 They ruled at their Will:  
 And many Lords and Nobles of the Land,  
 Through their Occasions lost their Lives,  
 And none did them withstand:

And at the last they did increase much Grief,  
 Between the King and *Isabel*,  
 His Queen and faithful Wife:  
 So that her Life she dreaded wondrous sore,  
 And cast within her secret Thoughts,  
 Some present Help therefore.

Then

Then the Requests with Countenance grave and  
 That she to *Thomas Becket's Tomb* [ sage,  
 Might go on Pilgrimage.  
 Then being joyful to have the happy Chance;  
 Her Son and she took Ships with Speed,  
 And sailed into *France* :

And Royally she was received then,  
 By the King and all the rest  
 Of Peers and Noblemen :  
 And unto him at last she did express,  
 The Cause of her Arrival there,  
 Her Care and Heaviness.

When as her Brother her Grief did understand,  
 He gave her Leave to gather Men  
 Throughout his famous Land;  
 And made a Promise to aid her evermore ;  
 As oft as she should stand in Need,  
 Of Gold and Silver store :

But when indeed she did require the same,  
 He was as far from doing it,  
 As when she thither came ;  
 And did proclaim, whilst Matters were so,  
 That none on Pain of Death should go  
 To aid the *English Queen*.

This Alteration did greatly grieve the Queen,  
 That down along her comely Face  
 The bitter Tears were seen ;  
 When she perceiv'd her Friends forsook her so,  
 She knew not, for her Safety,  
 Which way to turn or go :

But through good Hap, at last she then decreed,  
 To seek in fruitful *Germany*  
 Some Succour to this Need :

And

And to Sir *John Hainault* then went she,  
 Who entertain'd this woful Queen  
 With great Solemnity.

And with great Sorrow to him she then com-  
 Of all her Grievs and Injuries, [ plain'd  
 Which she of late sustain'd:  
 So that with weeping, she dimm'd her princely  
 The Cause whereof did greatly grieve [ Sight,  
 That noble courteous Knight;

Who made an Oath he would her Champion be,  
 And in her Quarrel spend his Blood,  
 From Wrong to set her free:  
 And all my Friends with whom I may prevail,  
 Shall help for to advance your State,  
 Whose Truth no time shall fail.

And in his Promise most faithful he was found,  
 And many Lords of great account,  
 Were in his Voyage bound.  
 So setting forward with a goodly Train,  
 At length, through God's especial Grace,  
 Into *England* they came:

At *Harwich* then, when they were ashore,  
 Of *English* Lords and Barons bold,  
 There came to her great Store:  
 Which did rejoice the Queen's afflicted Heart,  
 That *English* Lords in such sort  
 Came for to take her Part.

When as King *Edward* thereof did understand,  
 How that the Queen with such a Power,  
 Was entred on his Land;  
 And how his Nobles were gone to take her Part;  
 He fled from *London* presently,  
 Even with a heavy Heart:

And

And with the *Spencers* unto *Bristol* did go,  
 To fortify that gallant Town,  
 Great Cost he did bestow;  
 Leaving behind to govern *London* Town,  
 The stout Bishop of *Exeter*,  
 Whose Pride was soon pull'd down.

The Mayor of *London*, with Citizens great Store,  
 The Bishop and the *Spencers* both,  
 In Heart they did abhor;  
 Therefore they took him without fear or dread,  
 And at the Standard in *Cheapside*,  
 They smote off his Head.

Unto the Queen this Message then they sent,  
 The City of *London* was  
 At her Commandment:  
 Wherefore the Queen with all her Company,  
 Did strait to *Bristol* march amain,  
 Whereas the King did lie:

Then she besieg'd the City round about,  
 Threatning sharp and cruel Death,  
 To those that were so stout;  
 Wherefore the Townsmen, their Children, and  
 Did yield the City to the Queen, [ their Lives,  
 For Safe-guard of their Lives:

Where was took, the Story plain doth tell,  
 Sir *Hugh Spencer*, and with him  
 The Earl of *Arundel*.  
 This Judgment just the Nobles did set down,  
 They should be drawn and hanged both,  
 In Sight of *Bristol* Town.

Then was King *Edward* in the Castle there,  
 And *Hugh Spencer* still with him,  
 In dread and deadly fear;

And

And being prepar'd from thence to Sail away,  
 The Winds were found contrary,  
 They were enforc'd to stay :

But at last Sir *John Beaumont*, Knight,  
 Did bring his sailing Ship to shore,  
 And so did stay their Flight :  
 And so these Men were taken speedily ;  
 And brought as Prisoners to the Queen.  
 Which did in *Bristol* lie.

The Queen by counsel of the Lords and Barons  
 To *Barkley* sent the King, [ bold,  
 There to be kept in hold :  
 And young *Hugh Spencer* that did much ill procure,  
 Was to the Marshal of the Host  
 Sent unto keeping sure.

And then the Queen to *Hereford* took her way.  
 With all her warlike Company,  
 Which late in *Bristol* lay :  
 And here behold how *Spencer* was  
 From Town to Town, even as the Queen  
 To *Hereford* did pass ;

Upon a Jade which they by chance had found,  
 Young *Spencer* mounted was,  
 With Legs and Hands fast bound :  
 A Writing Paper along as he did go,  
 Upon his Head he had to wear,  
 Which did his Treason show :

And to deride this Traytor lewd and ill,  
 Certain Men with Reeden-Pipes,  
 Did blow before him still :  
 Thus was he led along in every Place,  
 While many People did rejoice  
 To see his strange Disgrace.

When unto *Hereford* our noble Queen was come,  
 She did assemble all the Lords  
 And Knights, both all and some;  
 And in their Presence young *Spencer* Judgment had,  
 To be both hang'd and quartered,  
 His Treasons were so bad.

Then was the King deposed of his Crown;  
 From Rule, and princely Dignity,  
 The Lords did cast him down:  
 And in his Life, his Son both wise and sage,  
 Was crowned King of fair *England*,  
 At Fifteen Years of Age.







XI. Of King *Edward* III. and the Fair Countess of *Salisbury*, setting forth her Constancy and Endless Glory.

Our English Historians are as much divided about the following Subject as any, I believe, they ever treated ; some taking it for granted, that there was an amorous Commerce between the King and this Lady ; and that to the Honour of her Garter, which she accidentally dropp'd, the Noble Order of the Garter was instituted : A Notion altogether ridiculous, and first advanc'd by Polydore Virgil, an Italian by Birth, and Archdeacon of Wells in King Henry VIII's Time. And even this Writer owns, that he has no better Authority for this Story than common Tradition. Froissard, who is one of those who tells us, that King Henry was in Love with the Countess, takes no Notice of the Garter ; and probably in his Time, which was under the Reign of Henry IV. no such Notion had been broach'd. To clear this Noble Order from this ridiculous Original, would take up more Room than the  
Na





*Nature of an Introduction will allow ; I shall therefore refer my Readers to Ashmole's Institution of the Garter ; and Barnes's History of King Edward III. whilst I proceed directly to the Story before me. Those Writers who talk of the beauteous Lady Joan Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury, are grossly mistaken ; for she was at that Time but a Child, and not contracted to William, Earl of Salisbury, (Son to the Earl of Salisbury now in Question) till some Years after, and never married to him, upon Account of a præ-Contract with the Lord Thomas Holland, who claimed her for his Wife. The Lady Katherine Grandison, was at this Time Countess of Salisbury, and lived full Twelve Years after ; for the Adventure our Poet is treating of, must have happen'd in the Year 1342, the 17th of King Edward's Reign, and the 30th of his Age ; the Earl of Salisbury being at that Time Prisoner in France, and the Countess at Werk-Castle, which is situated on the Frontiers of Scotland, at the very utmost Limits of Northumberland, on this Side the Tweed, about Nine Miles from Norham-Castle, and 18 from Berwick ; and this Castle, with the Mannor belonging to it, had been given by the King to the Earl of Salisbury, upon Condition, that he should repair and fortify it, and defend it*

it from the Scots, whose Incursions were very frequent.

David, King of Scotland, a Confederate of the French King's, endeavouring to divert the War, which the English at that Time were carrying on in the very Heart of France, under the Prince of Wales, commonly called the Black Prince, with an Army enter'd the Northern Confines of England, ravaged and plunder'd the Country, besieg'd Newcastle, but in vain; and in Revenge march'd to Durham, which he took, put every Soul in it to the Sword, and then burnt the City to the Ground. The News being brought to King Edward, he summoned his Knights to meet him at York, and hasten'd thither. Mean while the Scots having got as much Booty as they could carry away, return'd homewards; and one Night lay near Werk-Castle, which was commanded in the Earl's Absence, by his Brother Sir Edward Montague: And in it at that Time resided the Countess with her Two Sons and Four Daughters, of whom one was already about 13 Years old. Sir Edward finding the Scots did not design to attack him, resolv'd to be upon the Offensive; and to that End, whilst the Scots were marching off the next Morning, he follow'd 'em with Forty Spearmen, but kept at some Distance, and under Cover, till even the

the greatest Part of the Rear was entred into a Wood, through which they must pass, and then falling upon the hindmost, he took Sixscore Horses laden with Booty, and drove 'em back towards the Castle. Sir William Douglas, who commanded the Rear, had already pass'd the Forest, but had soon Notice of what had been done, and of the terrible Slaughter Mountague had made amongst his Men; upon which, dispatching Messengers to the King and Prince who were before, with the van and main Body he follow'd the Enemy to the Castle, but could not overtake them; and they all enter'd safely. Douglas immediately began the Attack, and the Besieged bravely defended themselves till King David came up with the whole Army, who caused the Assault to cease for that Time, to give his Soldiers Breath, but made 'em encamp round the Castle. The next Day the Assault was renew'd by the whole Army, but without Success; for they were beat back and forc'd to retire, having lost a considerable Number of Men.

Sir Edward Montague finding that the Castle could not hold out long, offer'd a very large Reward to any one, who would undertake to get through the Camp, and ride to York, to acquaint the King with what had happen'd; but no one daring to undertake it, he set about it himself. The excessive Rain  
which



which fell that Night very much befriended him; for the Centinels all keeping under Shelter, he pass'd the whole Camp unobserv'd, and giving King Edward Notice of the Siege, he march'd directly to the Relief of the Castle. The Rain which had fallen hinder'd the Scots from renewing the Assault the next Morning; and being at the same Time informed, that Montague was gone to the King, they thought fit to leave the Place and retire. King Edward arriving there was sumptuously receiv'd; lay in the Castle that Night, and the next Morning pursued the Scots. There is no great Probability of an Amorous Commerce between him and the Countess, whom 'tis certain he had not seen of 14 Years before. They lay indeed that Night under the same Roof, but her Husband's Brother was there, whose Duty, as Governor of the Castle, obliged him to attend the King that one Night. Surely had our Monarch been in Love, he would have thought it worth his while to have continued longer in the Castle, or to have taken the Place in his Return: Nor would he, if he had any Design upon the Wife, have been so very solicitous in procuring the Husband's Liberty, which he did about this Time. The Countess too was already a grave Matron, the Mother of Six Children, and much older than him. To these Objections  
add

*add Edward's personal Virtues, which never would have suffer'd him to entertain a Thought of defiling the Bed of one of his bravest Generals, at a Time when he lay in Captivity, and his Life was expos'd to a Thousand Dangers for his Sake.*

When as *Edward* the Third did live,  
 That valiant King,  
*David* of *Scotland* to rebel  
 Did then begin:  
 The Town of *Berwick* suddenly  
 From us he won,  
 And burnt *Newcastle* to the Ground;  
 Thus Strife began:  
 To *Roxbury* Castle march'd he then,  
 And by the force of warlike Men,  
 Besieg'd therein a gallant fair Lady,  
 While that her Husband was in *France*,  
 His Country's Honour to advance,  
 The Noble and Famous Earl of *Salisbury*.

Brave Sir *William Montague*,  
 Rode then in haste;  
 Who declared unto the King,  
 The *Scottish* Men's Boast:  
 Who like a Lion in his Rage,  
 Did straitway prepare,  
 For to deliver that fair Lady  
 From woful Care:  
 But when the *Scottish* Men did hear say,  
*Edward* our King was come that Day.  
 They rais'd their Siege, and ran away with  
 [Fear.]

So when that he did thither come,  
 With warlike Trumpet, Fife and Drum,  
 None but a Gallant Lady did he meet.

Who when he did with greedy Eyes  
 Behold and see,  
 Her peerless Beauty enthral'd  
 His Majesty :  
 And ever the longer that he look'd,  
 The more he might ;  
 For in her only Beauty was  
 His Heart's Delight.  
 And humbly then upon her Knee,  
 She thank'd his Royal Majesty,  
 That he had driven Danger from her Gate.  
 Lady, quoth he, stand up in Peace,  
 Although my War doth now increase.  
 Lord keep (quoth she) all Hurt from your State.

Now is the King full sad in Soul,  
 And wots not why,  
 And for the Love of the fair Countess  
 Of *Salisbury*.  
 She little knowing his Cause of Grief,  
 Did come to see,  
 Wherefore his Highness sate alone  
 So heavily ;  
 I have been wrong'd, fair Dame, quoth he,  
 Since I came hither unto thee :  
 No, God forbid, my Sovereign, said she,  
 If I were worthy for to know  
 The Cause and Ground of this your Woe,  
 You should be help'd, if it did lie in me.

Swear to perform thy Word to me,  
 Thou Lady gay,  
 To thee the Sorrows of my Heart  
 I will bewray.  
 I swear by all the Saints in Heaven,  
 I will (quoth she.)  
 And let my Lord have no Mistrust  
 At all in me.  
 Then take thy self aside, he said,  
 For why, thy Beauty hath betray'd ;

Wound-

Wounding a King with thy bright shining Eye,  
 If thou do then some Mercy show,  
 Thou shalt expel a Princely Woe ;  
 So shall I live, or else in Sorrow die.

You have your Wish, my Sovereign Lord,  
 Effectually ;

Take all the Leave that I can give  
 Your Majesty.

But on thy Beauty all my Joys  
 Have their abode.

Take thou my Beauty from my Face,  
 My gracious Lord.

Did'st thou not swear to grant my Will ?  
 That I may, I will fulfil.

All then for my Love , let my true Love be  
 [seen.]

My Lord, your Speech I might reprove,  
 You cannot give to me your Love,  
 For that belongs unto your Queen.

But I suppose your Grace did this  
 Only to try,

Whether a wanton Tale might tempt  
 Dame *Salisbury*.

Not from your self therefore, my Liege,  
 My Steps do stray ;

But from your wanton tempting Tale,  
 I go my Way.

O turn again, my Lady bright !

Come unto me, my Heart's Delight !

Gone is the Comfort of my pensive Heart :

Here comes the Earl of *Warwick*, he

The Father of this fair Lady,

My Mind to him I mean for to impart.

Why is my Lord and Sovereign King,  
 So grieved in Mind ?

Because that I have lost the Thing  
 I cannot find.

What Thing is that, my gracious Lord,  
Which you have lost ?

It is my Heart, which is near dead,  
Betwixt Fire and Frost.

Curs'd be that Fire and Frost too,  
That caused this your Highness Woe.

O *Warwick* ! thou dost wrong me very sore,  
It is thy Daughter, noble Earl,  
That Heaven-bright Lamp, that peerless Pearl,  
Which kills my Heart, yet do I her adore.

If that be all (my gracious King)  
That works your Grief;

I will perswade the scornful Dame  
To yield Relief:

Never shall she my Daughter be,  
If she refuse:

The Love and Favour of a King,  
May her excuse.

Thus wise *Warwick* went away,  
And quite contrary he did say;

When as he did the beauteous Countess meet,  
Well met, my Daughter (quoth he)  
A Message I must do to thee;

Our Royal King most kindly doth thee greet.

The King will die, lest thou to him  
Do grant thy Love.

To love, my Husband's Love  
I would remove.

It is right Charity to love,  
My Daughter dear,

But no true Love charitable  
For to appear.

His Greatness may bear out the Shame,  
But his Kingdom cannot buy out the Blame:

He craves thy Love, that may bereave thy  
[Life.

It is my Duty to move this,  
But not thy Honesty to yield, I wis.

I mean to die a true unspotted Wife.

Now

Now hast thou spoken, my Daughter deary,  
 As I would have ;  
 Chastity bears a golden Name  
 Unto the Grave:  
 And when to thy wedded Lord  
 Thou provest untrue,  
 Then let my bitter Curses still  
 Thy Soul pursue :  
 Then with a smiling Chear go thou,  
 As Right and Reason doth allow ;  
 Yet shew the King thou bearest no Strumpet's :  
 I go, dear Father, in a Trice, [Mind:  
 And by a Slight of fine Device,  
 I'll cause the King to confess I'm not unkind.

Here comes the Lady of my Life,  
 The King did say.  
 My Father bids me, Sovereign Lord,  
 Your Will obey ;  
 And I consent, if you will grant  
 One Boon to me ?  
 I grant it thee, my Lady fair,  
 Whate'er it be :  
 My Husband is alive, you know,  
 First let me kill him e'er I go ;  
 And at your Command I will ever be.  
 Thy Husband now in *France* doth rest.  
 No, no, he lies within my Breast ;  
 And being so nigh, he will my Falshood see.

With that she started from the King,  
 And took her Knife,  
 And desperately she thought to rid  
 Her self of Life.  
 The King he started from the Chair,  
 Her Hand to stay.  
 O Noble King, you have broke your Word  
 With me this Day.



Thou shalt not do this Deed, quoth he.  
Then never I will lie with thee ;

No, then live still, and let me bear the  
[Blame ;

Live in Honour and high Estate,  
With thy true Lord, and wedded Mate,  
I never will attempt this Suit again.



## XII. The Battel of *Agincourt* between the *French* and *English*.

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To the Tune of, *Flying Fame*.

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Never was People more happily disappointed in  
a Prince, than the English in King Hen-  
ry the Vth ; for though whilst very young he  
had given Proofs of a warlike Temper, and  
generous Disposition ; especially when sent  
against the Welsh ; whom he subdued : Yet  
at his Return to Court , falling into ill Com-  
pany , all his good Qualities seem'd entirely  
vanish'd ; and it was thought the Prince had  
wholly given himself up to Vice and Effemi-  
nacy. Notwithstanding this, at his Father's  
Death, the States of the Kingdom came very  
readily to pay him Homage ; but he refused it,  
telling 'em, he would not receive it till after  
his Coronation ; being determin'd to oblige  
himself to be a good King, before they ob-  
liged themselves to be loyal Subjects ; and to  
convince 'em he was in Earnest, his quon-  
dam Companions were banish'd Ten Miles  
from

from Court, upon Pain of Death ; but lest Necessity should make 'em continue in their evil Courses, he allow'd every one of 'em a handsome Maintenance ; and promised that as soon as they could shew unfeigned Tokens of their Amendment, they should again be received into Favour, and preferr'd. And this Monarch lived afterwards an Example of Justice, Piety, Valour, and every Royal Virtue. Several wholesome Laws were made in the Beginning of his Reign. And it appearing that the Lands which had been left to the Church, had not been employ'd according to the Design of the Founders ; but that all such Legacies had been perverted and abused ; a Bill was brought into the House of Commons, instead of other Subsidies, to enable the King, to take Possession of all the temporal Revenues of the Church. This prodigiously alarm'd the Clergy, who determin'd to leave nothing untry'd to prevent the passing of this Bill ; and to divert the threatening Storm, another must be raised. The King's warlike Temper was now very well known ; and this they thought the properest String to play upon. Chichely, Archbishop of Canterbury, a Man of uncommon Eloquence, undertook the Task ; and when the Bill should have been brought in, began a florid Speech to encourage the King to assert his Right to the Crown of France, which his  
Fa-

Father would have done, had not his perpetual domestick Troubles prevented him: He represented, that the Salic Law, by which the French excluded him, had often been set aside, in Favour of their own Natives; naming some Kings of France, who were Descendants in the female Line: He further urged, That the Law was by no means binding in France; the Terra Salica being situate in Germany; but supposing that Pharamond had designed it should comprehend all his and his Successors Dominions, yet were not the Laws of Men to be regarded, when they were directly repugnant to the Laws of God, and the Practice of his People, where Daughters inherited when they left no Sons. That his Title to the Crown of France was undoubted, descending to him from his great Grandfather King Edward III. whose Mother Queen Isabel, after the Death of her Three Brothers Lewis Hutyn, Philip the Long, and Charles the Fair, ought to have ascended the Throne, and her Posterity after her Death.

This unexpected Speech produced the desired Effect; it fired the King and all his Nobles: A War was immediately resolv'd upon, and the Bill in Question forgot. And as if all Things had concurred to favour King Henry, the Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans, who had their different Cabals, and thought

*themselves oppressed by Charles VI. then King of France, sent several over to desire the Assistance of our Monarch. But he thinking himself obliged to shew Cause before he proclaimed War, sent an Embassy, composed of the Duke of Exeter, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Lord Gray, Lord High Admiral, and the Bishop of Norwich, attended by 500 Horse, to require Charles peaceably to surrender the Crown of France to its undoubted Heir King Henry; which if he did, that Prince would marry his Daughter Katherine, and endow her with all the Dutchies appertaining to that Crown. The Embassy was at first magnificently received by King Charles, but when they had declared their Business, they were dismissed without much Ceremony. But the Dauphin to reflect on the former Conduct of King Henry, sent him an Embassy to tell him, That their Kingdom was not to be won with a Dance; but in lieu of his Pretensions he had sent him a Tun of Treasure; which when opened, proved to be a Tun of Tennis Balls; which very much incens'd our Noble Prince, and he told the Ambassadors, that in Return he would send such Balls into France, as should make the proudest Heart to quake: Or as Shakespear expresses it in the Language of his Time;*

When

When we have matched our Rackets to these Balls;  
 We will in *France* (by God's Grace) play a Set,  
 Shall strike his Father's Crown into the Hazard.

*And an Army being speedily raised, they were order'd to rendezvous at Southampton, where King Henry met them, and where he discovered a black Conspiracy against his Life; for the French had bribed the Earl of Cambridge, the Lord Scroop, Lord High-Treasurer, and Sir Thomas Grey, to murder the King; but being detected, they suffer'd Death; and the King set sail the 11th of August, 1415. with 6000 Spear-men, and 24000 Foot, besides Gunners, Engineers, Artificers and Labourers; and on the 15th of August he landed at Caux in Normandy, and march'd directly to Harfleur, before which he laid Siege the 17th, leaving the Care of it to his Brother Humphry, Duke of Gloucester. This Place held out till the 22d of September, at which Time it surrendred upon very disadvantageous Terms, but made much better through the Lenity of the King.*

*But now the English Army found themselves in a miserable Condition; the Men dying very fast of the Bloody-Flux; upon which King Henry resolv'd to march directly for Calais, that his Men might winter there; but the*  
 French



French broke down the Bridges in their Way, seized the strong Passes, ravaged the Country where they might hope for Food, and made it the most tiresome March that ever Army had. At length they arrived at Agincourt the 22d of October, harass'd to Death, sickly, and more than half starv'd : And here the French Army waited to give 'em Battel ; who besides the Advantage of being fresh, in perfect Health, and well fed, were, a some say, six Times, or as others maintain, ten Times Superior in Number ; and there was no Possibility now of evading a Battel. The King seeing his Disadvantage, did all he could to encourage his Men ; and knowing that the chief of the Enemy's Strength was in their Horse, he order'd each Man to provide a Stake with a sharp Iron at each End ; one of which they were to fix in the Ground just before 'em, to keep off the Enemy's Horse. On the 25th of October, about Ten in the Morning the Armies engaged : The Vanguard of the English was commanded by the Duke of York, the King's Uncle, the Main Body by the King, and the Rear by the Duke of Exeter. The French Cavalry advancing, the English Archers let fly their Arrows, which very much gall'd 'em, and put 'em into some Confusion ; so that advancing still, without any great Order, they were most of 'em staked. The Dukes of

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Alan-

Alanzon and Brabant, with a Party, broke in upon the English Army, but were oppos'd by King Henry himself, who slew the former and two of his Servants with his own Hand, and the other met his Fate amongst the Crowd. The Number of French taken Prisoners in the Engagement was superior to the English Army; and for this Reason, just as the French gave Way, a new Alarm being given, and some fresh Troops appearing, King Henry gave Orders, that all the common Prisoners should be slain: An Action which though reckon'd cruel by their Writers, was absolutely necessary. In this Engagement, which lasted but Three Hours, the English lost the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk, and an inconsiderable Number of private Men, insomuch that the French Historians themselves do not mention above 3 or 400; of the French 10000 were slain, amongst whom were the two above-mention'd Dukes, the Lord Albret, High Constable of France, the Duke of Barr, 11 Counts, 18 great Lords, the Marechal, the Admiral, and the Master of the Horse; 1500 were made Prisoners, and amongst these were the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the Earls of Ew and Richmond, the Count de Vendosme, Son to the late Duke of Bretagne by the Queen Dowager of England, with a great many more Persons of Quality.

A Council grave our King did hold;  
 With many a Lord and Knight;  
 That they might truly understand;  
 That *France* did hold his Right.

Unto the King of *France* therefore  
 Ambassadors were sent,  
 That he might fully understand  
 His Mind and his Intent.

Desiring him in friendly wise,  
 His lawful Right to yield;  
 Or else he vow'd by Dint of Sword,  
 To win the same in Field.

The King of *France* with all his Lords,  
 Which heard his Message plain;  
 Unto our brave Ambassadors  
 Did Answer in Disdain.

And feign'd our King was yet too young,  
 And of too tender Age:  
 Therefore we weigh not of his War,  
 Nor fear we his Courage.

His Knowledge is in Feats of Arms:  
 As yet but very small:  
 His tender Joints more fitter were,  
 To toss a Tennis Ball.

A Tun of Tennis Balls therefore,  
 In Pride and great Disdain,  
 He sent unto our Noble King,  
 To recompence his Pain.

Which Answer when our King did hear,  
 He waxed Wroth in Heart;  
 And said, he would such Balls provide,  
 Should make all *France* to smart.

An Army then our King did raise,  
Which was both good and strong ;  
And from *Southampton* is our King  
With all his Navy gone.

In *France* he landed safe and sound,  
With all his warlike Train ;  
And to the Town of *Harfleur* strait,  
He marched up a-main.

But when he had besieg'd the same,  
Against their fenced Walls ;  
To batter down their stately Towers,  
He sent his *English* Balls.

This done, our Noble *English* King  
March'd up and down the Land ;  
And not a *Frenchman* for his Life  
Durst once his Force withstand.

Until he came to *Agincourt* ;  
Whereas it was his Chance  
To find the King in Readiness  
With all his Power in *France*.

A mighty Host he had prepar'd  
Of armed Soldiers then ;  
Which were no less by just Account,  
Than Forty Thousand Men.

Which Sight did much amaze our King ;  
For he and all his Host  
Not passing Fifteen Thousand had,  
Accounted at the most.

The King of *France* which well did know  
The Number of our Men,  
In vaunting Pride unto our Prince  
Did send a Herald then.

To understand what he would give  
 For Ransom of his Life,  
 When he in Field should taken be  
 Amidst their bloody Strife.

And then our King with chearful Heart  
 This Answer soon did make ;  
 And said, Before this comes to pass,  
 Some of their Hearts shall quake.

And to their proud presumptuous Prince  
 Declare this Thing, quoth he,  
 Mine own Heart's Blood shall pay the Price,  
 None else he gets of me.

With that bespoke the Duke of York,  
 O Noble King, quoth he,  
 The Leading of this Battel brave  
 Vouchsafe to give to me.

God a Mercy, Cousin York, quoth he,  
 I grant thee thy Request ;  
 Then march thou on couragiously,  
 And I will lead the rest.

Then came the bragging *Frenchmen* down  
 With greater Force and Might ;  
 With whom our Noble King began  
 A hard and cruel Fight.

The Archers they discharg'd their Shafts,  
 As thick as Hail from Sky ;  
 That many a *Frenchman* in the Field  
 That happy Day did die.

Ten Thousand Men that Day were slain  
 Of Enemies in the Field.  
 And as many Prisoners  
 That Day were forc'd to yield.

Thus

Thus had our King a happy Day,  
 And Victory over *France* ;  
 And brought them quickly under Foot,  
 That late in Pride did prance.

The Lord preserve our Noble King,  
 And grant to him likewise,  
 The upper Hand and Victory  
 Of all his Enemies.







XIII. The Lamentable Fall of the Dutchess of *Glocester*, Wife to good Duke *Humphrey*; with the Manner of her doing Penance in *London* Streets, and of her Exile in the *Isle of Man*, where she ended her Days.

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*The Heroine of the following Song ( by the Father's Side of the House of Cobham ) was Jaqueline of Bavaria, the Heir of Holland, Zeland, Henault, and many other Provinces in the Netherlands. She was first married to the Duke of Brabant, but entirely disliking him, she came over to England, and married Humphry Duke of Glocester, whilst the Suit of Divorce between her and the Duke of Brabant was still depending. King Henry V. dying when his Son was about Eight Months old, left him under the Care of his Brothers. The Duke of Bedford being appointed Regent of France, and Duke Hum-*

Humphry Protector of England. The Lord Cobham's Family were all of the Sect of the Lollards, and zealous Assertors of Wickliffe's Doctrines; for which, the persecuting Clergy of those Days held them in deadly Hatred, but no one more than Cardinal Beaufort Bishop of Winchester, the Protector's Uncle, and his deadly Foe, because he would not suffer the Regal Authority to be infringed by the Papal Power. And one of the first Effects of the proud Cardinal's Revenge was felt by the Dutchess, whom he underhand procured to be accused of Witchcraft; and a Convocation of Clergy, with Archbishop Chichely at the Head of 'em, assembled at Paul's to try her, and they formally indicted her for Witchcraft and High-Treason, with her pretended Accomplices Thomas Southwell Cannon of St. Stephen's in Winchester, John Hume Chaplain to the Dutchess, Roger Only, alias Bolingbroke a Priest, Margery Goodman, commonly call'd the Witch of Ely. " For that she the said  
 " leonor, Lady Cobham, Dutchess of  
 " Glocester, to bring her Husband to the  
 " Crown, had procured and contrived with  
 " the said Persons, to make an Image of  
 " Wax, like unto the King; which Image  
 " they dealt so with, by their devilish Incan-  
 " tation and Sorceries, that as the Image  
 " consum'd by little and little, the King's  
 " Per-

" Person should so daily decay, till he was brought to his End." The two last being question'd, own'd, That the Dutcheſs had come to 'em to be told her Fortune. However, they were condemn'd, and ſuffer'd Death, proteſting their Innocency to the laſt. The Dutcheſs, in Conſideration of her Quality, had her Life given her, but did Penance by walking Hoodleſs through Fleetſtreet, with a lighted Wax-Taper of Two Pound Weight in her Hand; which ſhe offer'd at the high Altar of St. Paul's: and was then ſent Priſoner for Life, as moſt agree, to Cheſter-Caſtle. And this happened in 1441.

In the Tear 1444, the Match was concluded between King Henry and the great Titular Princeſs, of whom I have already made mention in the 139th Page of my Firſt Volume. And Duke Humphry oppoſing this Match, made himſelf a great many more powerful Enemies amongſt the Creatures of the Queen, who was her ſelf a haughty ambitious Woman. And this good Man's Death was reſolved upon, the Queen thinking it imprudent to let him live, being alſo encouraged by Cardinal Beaufort; but no Means of compaſſing their Ends could be found out till the Tear 1447, when a Parliament was ſummon'd at Bury the 23d of February: And as it was pretended, that Affairs of Importance were to be laid before them, the Duke of

of Gloucester was by his Enemies invited to lay all Rancour aside, and to meet the rest of the Nobles to consult with 'em about the Welfare of the Kingdom. The good Man readily came, and the second Day after the sitting of the House, was arrested for High-Treason ; his 32 Servants sent to different Prisons ; and he himself found dead in his Bed the next Morning , but by what kind of Violence was never well known. But the Authors and Contrivers of the Murder soon repented. The Cardinal died within a Month ; the Duke of Suffolk, the Queen's Favourite, would have fled , but was taken by some of the late Duke's Friends, and executed : And King Henry, by the same Means , lost his Crown ; for if Gloucester had lived , the Pretensions of Edward IV. had never been good. And this Murder was the Cause of all those Woes, which the ambitious Queen suffer'd in her Exile.

I Once a Dutcheſs was of great Renown,  
My Husband near allied to England's Crown ;  
The good Duke *Humphrey* 'titled was his Name,  
Till Fortune frown'd upon his glorious Fame.

Henry the Fifth, that King of Gallant Race,  
Of whom my Husband claim'd a Brother's Place ;  
And was Protector made of his young Son,  
When Princely Henry's Thread of Life was spun.

Henry the Sixth, a Child of Nine Months old,  
Then rul'd this Land with all our Barons bold ;  
And

And in brave *Paris* crown'd was King of *France*,  
Fair *England* with more Honour to advance.

Then sway'd Duke *Humphry* like a glorious King,  
And was Protector over every Thing :  
Even as he would please to his Heart's Desire,  
But Envy soon extinguish'd all his Fire.

In height of all his Pompal Majesty,  
From *Cobham's* House with Speed he married me,  
Fair *Ellinor*, the Pride of Ladies all,  
In Court and City People did me call.

Then flaunted I in *Greenwich* stately Towers,  
My Winter's Mansions, and my Summer's Bowers:  
Which gallant House e'er since those Days hath  
[been,  
The Palace brave of many a King and Queen.

The Silver *Thames* that sweetly pleas'd mine  
[Eye,  
Procur'd me golden Thoughts of Majesty ;  
The kind Content and Murmurs of the Water,  
Made me forget the Woes that would come after.

No gallant Dame, nor Lady in this Land,  
But much desired in my Love to stand :  
My golden Pride increased Day by Day,  
As though such Pleasures never would decay.

On Gold and Silver Looms my Garments fair,  
Were woven still by Women strange and rare :  
Imbroider'd variouſly with *Median* Silk ;  
More white than Thistle-down, or Morning's  
[Milk.

My Coaches and my stately pamper'd Steeds,  
Well furnish'd in their gold betrayed Weeds :  
With gentle Glidings in the Summer Nights,  
Still yielded me the Evening's sweet Delights.

An

An hundred Gentlemen in Purple Chains,  
As many Virgin Maids were still in Trains.  
The Queen of *Egypt* with her Pomp and Glory,  
For Treasure could not equal this my Story.

But yet at last my golden Sun declin'd,  
And *England's* Court at these my Joy's repin'd;  
For soon my Husband in his honoured Place,  
Amongst the Barons reaped some Disgrace.

Which Grudge being grown, and springing up  
to that Height,  
Unto his Charge they laid some Crime of Weight;  
And then in Prison cast good Royal Duke,  
Without Misdeed he suffer'd vile Rebuke.

They took from him their great Protector's  
Through Causes which those Peers did falsly  
And after overcome with Malice deep,  
My noble Lord they murther'd in his Sleep.

The young King having thus his Uncle lost,  
Was Day by Day with Troubles vex'd and cross'd.  
And Treasons in the Land were daily bred,  
That from the factious House of York took Head.

Of Kingly *Lancaster* my Husband's Line;  
Whose Death not only prov'd his Fall, but mine :  
For being dead, his Livings and his Lands  
They seized all into King *Henry's* Hands.

And after turn'd me friendless out of Door,  
To spend my Days like to a Woman poor :  
Discharging me from all my Pompal Train ;  
But *Eleanor* would a Lady still remain.

# The



The noble Spirit of a Woman's Will,  
Within my Breast did burn in Fury still;  
And raging so in my revengeful Mind,  
Till I the Murtherers of my Lord did find.

But knowing them to be of Power and Might,  
Of whom no Justice could by Law take Right;  
Aud yet to nourish up my Thoughts in Evil,  
I crav'd the Help of Hell and of the Devil.

To practise Witchcraft then was my Intent;  
And therefore for the Witch of *Ely* sent:  
And for old *Bullingbroke* of *Lancashire*,  
Of whom for Charms the Land stood much in  
[Fear.

We slept by Day, and walk'd at Midnight  
[Hours;  
The Time that Spells have Force, and greatest  
[Powers:  
The Twilights and the Dawning of the Morns,  
When Elves and Fairies take their gliding Forms.

Red streaming Blood fell down my azur'd  
[Veins,  
To make Characters in round circled Strains;  
With dead Mens Skulls by Brimstone burned  
[quite,  
To raise the dreadful Shadows of the Night.

All this by black enchanting Arts to spill,  
Their hated Blood that did Duke *Humphrey* kill.  
My Royal Lord, untimely ta'en from me,  
Yet no Revengement for him could I see.

For by the Hand of justly dooming Heaven,  
We were prevented all, and Notice giv'n;  
How we by Witchcraft sought the Spoil of those,  
That secretly had been Duke *Humphry's* Foes.

Where-

Wherefore my two Companions for this Crime,  
 Did suffer Death e'er Nature spent its Time.  
 Poor *El' nor* I, because of Noble Birth,  
 Endur'd a stranger Punishment than Death.

It pleas'd so the Council of my King,  
 To disrobe me of ev'ry gorgeous Thing :  
 My Chains, and Rings, and Jewels of such Prize,  
 Were chang'd to Rags more base than rugg'd  
 [ Frize.

And by Command along each *London* Street,  
 To go in Penance wrapped in a Sheet ;  
 Barefooted, with a Taper in my Hand ;  
 The like did never Lady in this Land.

My Feet that lately trod the Steps of Pleasure,  
 Now flinty Stones so sharp were forc'd to measure.  
 Yet none alive where I did come or go,  
 Durst shed one trickling Tear at this my Woe.

Break Heart, and die ; here ended not my Pain,  
 I judg'd was an Exile to remain ;  
 And go a banish'd Lady from this Place,  
 Where in my blooming Youth I liv'd in Grace.

The Remnant of those Years which God me  
 gave,  
 Poor *El' nor* spent to find her out a Grave :  
 And left this Land where she was bred and born,  
 In foreign Soils for her Misdeeds to mourn.

The Isle of *Man* encompass'd by the Sea,  
 Near *England*, named so unto this Day ;  
 Imprison'd me within the warry round,  
 Till Time and Death found me a burying Ground.

Full nineteen Years in Sorrow thus I spent,  
Without one Hour or Minute of Content ;  
Remembring former Joys of modest Life,  
Whilst I bore Name of good Duke *Humbry's* Wife.

The Loss of *Greenwich* Towers did grieve me  
[sore ;  
But the hard Fate of my dear Lord much more.  
Yea all the Joys once in my Bower and Hall,  
Are Darts of Grief to wound me now withal.

Farewel, dear Friends, farewel my Courtly  
[Trains,  
My late Renown is turn'd to lingring Pains.  
My Melody of Musick's Silver Sound,  
Are Snakes and Adders hissing on the Ground.

The downy Bed whereon I lay full oft,  
Are Sun-burnt Heaps of Moss now seeming soft ;  
And waxen Tapers lighting to my Bed.  
Are Stars about the Silver Moon bespread.

Instead of Wine I drink of Waters clear,  
Which pays for my delightful Banquets dear.  
Thus changeth stately Pomp and courtly Joys ;  
When Pleasure endeth with such deep Annoys.

My beauteous Cheeks, where *Cupids* danc'd and  
[play'd,  
Are wrinkled grown and quite with Grief de-  
[cay'd.  
My Hair turn'd white, my yellow Eyes stark  
[blind ;  
And all my Body alter'd from its Kind.

Ring out my Knell, you Birds in Top of Sky ;  
Quite tir'd with Woes here *Eleanor* must dye.

Re-

Receive me, Earth, into thy gentle Womb;  
A banish'd Lady craves no other Tomb.

Thus dy'd the famous Dutcheſs of our Land,  
Controul'd by changing Fortune's ſtern Command:  
Let thoſe that ſit in Place of high Degree.  
Think on their Ends that like to her may be.





XIV. The most cruel Murther of *Edward* the Vth, and his Brother Duke of *York*, in the *Tower*, by their Uncle *Richard* Duke of *Glocester*.

---

To the Tune of, *Fortune my Foe*.

---

The Murther of these Two Princes is variously related; nor can we expect any certain Account of it from the Historians of that Time, since it was then a Question, Whether they were alive or dead: And though the Fact was committed in 1483. yet were not their Bodies found till 1675. I will not here pretend to enter into Richard the III<sup>d</sup>'s Life; for I do sincerely believe, that of all the Histories of our English Monarchs, his is the most Apocryphal, as I have already hinted in the 146<sup>th</sup> Page of my first Volume. And I would advise my Readers when they have perused all that is recorded by the Monkish Wri-

Writers, to turn over Buck's History of Richard's Life, who has endeavoured to confute the Story of this Murther, as well as that of the Duke of Clarence, mentioned in this Song, and to prove that Richard had no Hand in either. He further asserts, and supports his Assertion by almost undeniable Arguments, That this Monarch was so far from being the deformed Person he is represented, that he was strait and handsome, but low of Stature, and the very Picture of his Father. When both Sides of the Question have been thus perused, every one, may with the greater Freedom, judge for themselves, In the 221st Page of my first Volume (Edition 2d) I endeavour'd to confute the Notions of some Ballad-Criticks, who would have it, that the Song of the Children in the Wood was writ upon this Murther: Amongst other Things I urged, that no Poet writing on this Subject since that Time, would have scrupled to have named either the Uncle or Children. If my asserting this would not convince them, I hope the following Ballad will; which I can assure 'em, at the Time I wrote that Introduction, I had not in my Possession, and began very much to doubt, whether there was a Possibility of recovering such a Song.



WHEN God had ta'n away true Wisdom's  
 [King,  
*Edward* the IVth, whose Fame shall always ring :  
 Which reigned had full two and twenty Years,  
 And ruled well amongst his noble Peers.

When as he died Two Sons he left behind,  
 The Prince of *Wales*, and Duke of *York* most  
 [kind :  
 The Prince the eldest, but Eleven Years old;  
 The Duke more young, as Chronicles have told.

The dead King's Brother, Duke of *Glocester*,  
 Was chosen for the Prince his Protector ;  
 Who straitway plotted how to get the Crown,  
 And pull his Brother *Edward's* Children down.

*Edward* the Fifth, the Prince was call'd by Name,  
 Who by Succession did that Title gain :  
 A prudent Prince, whose Wisdom did excel,  
 Which made his Uncle's Heart with hatred swell.

Then did the Duke use all the Means he might,  
 By damn'd Devices, for to work their Spight :  
 At length the Devil put it in his Head,  
 How all his Plots should be accomplished.

With sugar'd Words which had a poison'd Sting,  
 He did entice the Duke and the young King,  
 For Safety's Sake to lodge them in the *Tower* ;  
 A strong Defence, and *London's* chiefest Flower.

With

With fair-spoke Speeches and bewitching  
 [Charms,  
 He told them, 'twould secure them from all Harms :  
 Thus by fair Words, yet cruel Treachery,  
 He won their Hearts within the *Tower* to lie:

Great Entertainment he these Princes gave,  
 And caus'd the *Tower* to be furnish'd brave :  
 With sumptuous Chear he feasted them that Day :  
 Thus subtle Wolves with harmless Lambs do play.

With Musick sweet he fill'd their Princely Ears,  
 And to their Face a smiling Countenance bears :  
 But his foul Heart with Mischief was possess'd,  
 And treacherous Thoughts were always in his  
 [Breast.

Whenas bright *Phœbus* had possess'd the *West*,  
 And that the Time was come for all to rest ;  
 The Duke of *Glo'ster* the Two Princes led  
 Into a sumptuous Chamber to their Bed.

When these sweet Children thus were laid in  
 [Bed,  
 And to the Lord their hearty Prayers had said :  
 Sweet slumbring Sleep then closing up their Eyes,  
 Each folded in the others Arms then lies.

The bloody Uncle to these Children sweet,  
 Unto a Knight to break his Mind thought meet ;  
 One Sir *James Tyrill*, which did think it best,  
 For to agree unto his vile Request.

Sir *James*, he said, my Resolution's this,  
 And for to do the same you must not miss :

This Night see that the King be murdered,  
With the young Duke, as they do lie in Bed.

So when these Branches I have hewed down,  
There is none left to keep me from the Crown :  
My Brother Duke of *Clarence* he was found,  
I'th' *Tower* within a Butt of *Malmsey* drown'd :

It was my Plot that he should drowned be,  
Cause none should claim the Crown but only me ;  
And when these Children thou hast murdered,  
I'll wear that Diadem upon my Head.

And know, thou *Tyrell*, when that I am King,  
I'll raise thy State, and Honours to thee bring ;  
Then be resolv'd, and be not thou afraid.  
My Lord, I'll do it, bloody *Tyrell* said.

He got Two Villains for to act this Part,  
Disguised Murderers, each a hell-bred Heart,  
The one *Miles Forrest*, which their Keeper was ;  
The other *John Dighton*, Keeper of his Horse.

At Midnight then, when all Things they were  
[hush'd,  
These bloody Slaves into the Chamber rush'd ;  
And to the Bed full softly they did creep,  
Where these sweet Princes lay full fast asleep.

Who presently did wrap them in the Cloaths,  
And stopp'd their harmless Breath with the Pillows ;  
Yet did they strive and struggle what they might,  
Until the Slaves had stifled both them quite.

When

When as the Murtherers saw that they were  
[dead,,

They took their Bodies forth the fatal Bed ;  
And then they buried these same little ones,  
At the Stair-feet, under a Heap of Stones.

But mark, how God did scourge them for this  
[Deed,,

As in the *Chronicles* you there may read :  
Blood deserves Blood, for so the Lord hath said ;  
And at the length their Blood was truly paid.

For when their Uncle he had reign'd two Years,  
He fell at Variance then amongst his Peers,  
In *Leicestershire*, at *Bosworth* he was slain,  
By *Richmond's* Earl, as he did rightly gain.

In Pieces was he hewed by his Foes ;  
Thus *Richard* Crookback ended Life with Woes :  
They stripp'd him then, and dragg'd him up and  
[down,,  
And on stout *Richmond's* Head they put the Crown.

The bloody Murtherer, Sir *James Tyrill*,  
For Treason lost his Head on *Tower-Hill* :  
And to *Miles Forrest* fell no worse a Lot,  
Alive in Pieces he away did rot.

And *John Dighton*, the other bloody Fiend,  
No Man could tell how he came to his End.  
Thus God did pay these Murtherers for their hire,  
And Hell-bred *Pluto* plagues them now with Fire.



XV. The Union of the Red Rose and  
the White, by a Marriage between  
King *Henry VII.* and a Daughter of  
King *Edward IV.*.

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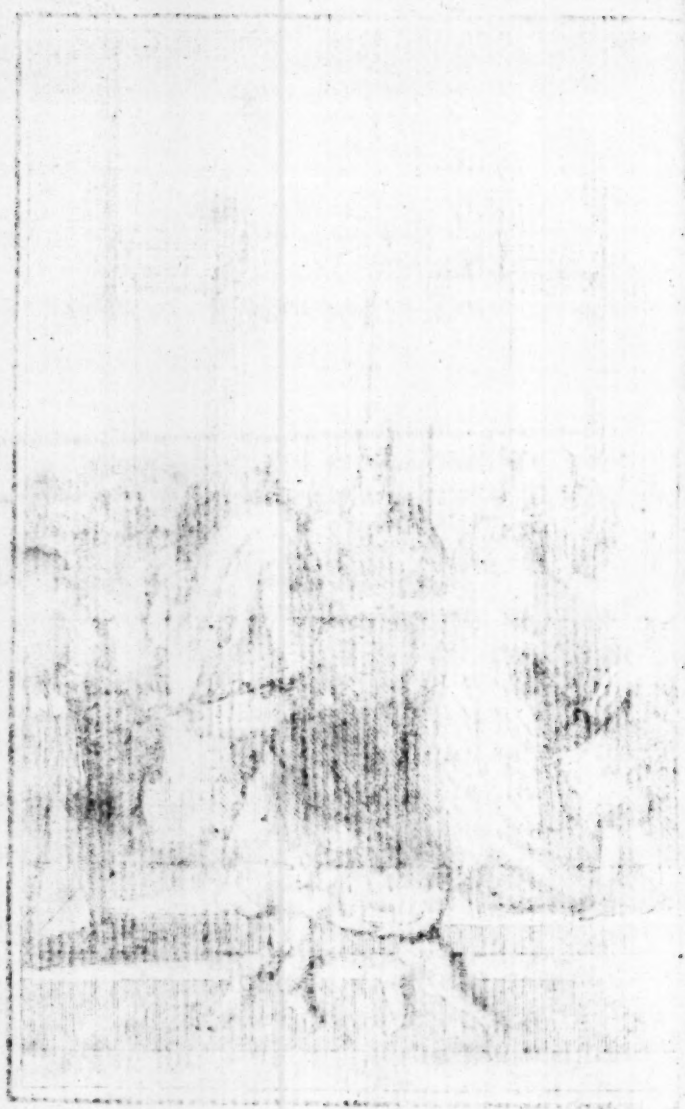
To the Tune of, *Flying Fame.*

---

*Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King  
Henry the VIIth, had by his Birth the fol-  
lowing Claim to the Crown. John of Gaunt,  
Fourth Son of King Edward the IIIrd, mar-  
ried Blanch, sole Heir of Henry Duke of  
Lancaster: Amongst the Attendants on this  
Lady was one Katherine, Daughter of Sir  
Raine de Ruel, with whom this Prince fell  
desperately in Love, but could not compass  
his Ends during the Life-time of the Lady  
Blanch. After her Death, John of Gaunt  
marry'd Constance, Daughter of Peter,  
King of Castile and Leon. During the  
Life of this Wife, he so gain'd the Affec-  
tions of his Mistress, that she bore him Three  
Sons.*







Sons and a Daughter, whom he had Interest enough to have declared Legitimate, but finding his Princess's Friends uneasy at his Commerce with this Lady, he gave her a large Dowry, and married her to Sir Hugh Swinford, a Lincolnshire Knight; and during her Husband's Life refrained her Company. In Process of Time Swinford died, as did the Princess Constance: And the Prince, tho' stricken in Tears as well as his Mistress, marry'd her, probably to strengthen the Legitimacy of his Children; of whom the Eldest, John, created Earl of Somerset, was Father to John, Duke of Somerset, whose only Daughter married Edmund of Haddam, Earl of Richmond: And those were the Parents of our Royal Hero. This Earl of Richmond not caring to trust to his own Title, married Elizabeth, eldest Daughter to King Edward the IVth, the true Heir of the British Crown, and by that means he secured it to himself. This Song was written in the Beginning of the Reign of King James the First, when the Plot, in Favour of the Lady Arabella (as mentioned in Page 205 of the First Volume,) was discovered. The design of the Song, much like that of Chevy-Chace, was to shew the Danger of a civil War. Our Poet sets out with giving us a View of the Blood that was shed in the Disputes between the Houses of York and

*and Lancaster; and then shews King James's  
Title to the Crown, by tracing his Descent  
from these united Families.*

WHEN York and Lancaster made War  
Within this famous Land ;  
The Lives of *England's* Noble Peers,  
Did much in Danger stand.  
Seven *English* Kings in bloody Fields,  
For *England's* Crown did fight ;  
In which their Heirs were, all but twain,  
Of Life bereaved quite.

Then Thirty Thousand *Englishmen*  
Were in one Battel slain ;  
Yet could not all this *English* Blood,  
A settled Peace obtain.  
Fathers unkind their Children kill'd ;  
And Sons their Fathers slew :  
Yea, Kindred fought against their Kind,  
And not each other knew.

At last, by *Henry's* lawful Claim,  
The wasting Wars had End :  
For *England's* Peace he soon restor'd,  
And did the same defend.  
For Tyrant *Richard*, nam'd the Third,  
The Breeder of this Woe ;  
By him was slain, near *Leicester* Town,  
As Chronicles do show.

All Feats of War he thus exil'd,  
Which joy'd each *Englishman*.  
And Days of long desired Peace,  
Within the Land began.  
He rul'd this Kingdom by true Love,  
To cheer his Subjects Lives :  
For every one had daily Joy  
And Comfort of their Wives.

King *Henry* had such Princely Care,  
 Our further Peace to frame,  
 Took Fair *Elizabeth* to Wife,  
 That Gallant *Yorkish* Dame.  
 Fourth *Edward's* Daughter, blest of God  
 To escape King *Richard's* Spite,  
 Was thus made *England's* Peerless Queen,  
 And *Henry's* Heart's Delight.

Thus *Henry* first of *Tudor's* Name,  
 And *Lancaster* the First,  
 With *York's* right Heir a true Love's Knot,  
 Did link and tie full fast.  
 Renowned *York* the White Rose gave,  
 Brave *Lancaster* the Red.  
 By Wedlock now conjoin'd to grow,  
 Both in one Princely Bed.

These Roses sprang and budded fair,  
 And carried such a Grace,  
 That Kings of *England* in their Arms  
 Afford them worthy Place.  
 And flourish may those Roses long,  
 That all the World may tell,  
 How Owners of those Princely Flow'rs  
 In Virtues did excel.

To glorify these Roses more,  
 King *Henry* and his Queen,  
 First plac'd their Pictures in wrought Gold,  
 Most gorgeous to be seen.  
 The King's own Guard now wear the same  
 Upon their Back and Breast;  
 Where Love and Loyalty remains,  
 And evermore shall rest.

The

The Red Rose on the Back is plac'd,  
 Thereon a Crown of Gold :  
 The White Rose on the Breast is brave,  
 And costly to behold.  
 Bedeck'd most rich with Silver Studs,  
 On Coat of Scarlet Red :  
 A blushing Hue which *England's* Fame,  
 Now many a Year hath bred.

Thus *Tudor* and *Plantagenet*,  
 These Honours first devis'd ;  
 To welcome long desired Peace,  
 With us so highly priz'd.  
 A Peace that now maintained is,  
 By *Charles* our Royal King :  
 For Peace brings Plenty to the Land,  
 With every blessed Thing.

To speak again of *Henry's* Praise,  
 His Princely liberal Hand ;  
 Gave Gifts and Graces many Ways  
 Unto this famous Land.  
 For which the Lord him Blessings sent,  
 And multiply'd his Store :  
 In that he left more Wealth to us,  
 Than any King before.

For first his sweet and lovely Queen  
 A Joy above the rest,  
 Brought him both Sons and Daughters fair,  
 To make his Kingdom bless'd.  
 The Royal Blood that was at Ebb,  
 So increas'd by his Queen,  
 That *England's* Heirs unto this Day,  
 Do flourish fair and green.

The first fair Blessing of his Seed!  
 Was *Arthur* Prince of *Wales*,  
 Whose Virtue to the *Spanish* Court  
 Quite o'er the Ocean sails.  
 There *Ferdinand* the King of *Spain*,  
 His Daughter *Katherine* gave,  
 For Wife unto the *English* Prince,  
 A Thing that God would have.

Yet *Arthur* in his lofty Youth,  
 And blooming Time of Age,  
 Submitted meekly his sweet Life,  
 To Death's impartial Rage;  
 Who dying so, no Issue left,  
 The sweet of Nature's Joy,  
 Which compass'd *England* round with Grief,  
 And *Spain* with sad Annoy.

King *Henry's* second Consort prov'd  
 A *Henry* of his Name:  
 In following Times Eighth *Henry* call'd  
 A King of noble Fame.  
 He conquer'd *Bulloign* with his Sword,  
 With many Towns in *France*:  
 His manly Mind, and Fortitude,  
 Did *England's* Fame advance.

He Popish Abbeyes first suppress'd,  
 And Papistry pull'd down;  
 And bound their Lands by Parliament  
 Unto his Royal Crown.  
 He had Three Children by Three Wives,  
 And Princes reigning here;  
*Edward*, *Mary*, and *Elizabeth*,  
 A Queen belov'd most dear.



These Three sweet Branches bear no Fruit,  
 God no such Joy did send ;  
 Thro' which the Kingly *Tudor's* Name  
 In *England* here had End.  
 The last *Plantagenet* that liv'd  
 Was nam'd *Elizabeth* :  
*Elizabeth* last *Tudor* was,  
 The greatest Queen on Earth.

Seventh *Henry* yet we name again,  
 Whose Grace gave free Consent  
 To have his Daughters married both,  
 To Kings of high Descent :  
*Margaret*, the Eldest of the Twain,  
 Was made great *Scotland's* Queen ;  
 As wise, as fair, as virtuous  
 As e'er was Lady seen.

From which fair Queen, our Royal King,  
 Does lineally descend ;  
 And rightfully enjoys that Crown,  
 Which God doth still befriend.  
 For *Tudor* and *Plantagenet*,  
 By yielding unto Death,  
 Have made renowned *Stuart's* Name  
 The greatest upon Earth.

His youngest Daughter, *Mary* call'd,  
 As princely in Degree ;  
 Was by her Father worthy thought,  
 The Queen of *France* to be :  
 And after to the *Suffolk* Duke  
 Was made a Noble Wife,  
 When in the famous *English* Court  
 She led a virtuous Life.

King *Henry*, and his loving Queen,  
 Rejoic'd to see the Day ;  
 To have their Children thus advanc'd,  
 With Honours every Way.  
 Which purchas'd Pleasure and Content,  
 With many Years Delight ;  
 'Till sad Mischance, by cruel Death,  
 Procur'd them both a Spite.

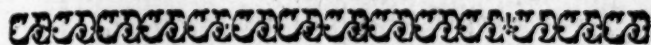
The Queen, that fair and princely Dame,  
 That Mother meek and mild ;  
 To add more Number to her Joy,  
 Again grew big with Child :  
 All which brought comfort to her King.  
 Against which careful Hour,  
 He lodg'd his Dear Kind-hearted Queen,  
 In *London's* stately Tower.

That Tower that was so fatal once,  
 To Princes of Degree ;  
 Prov'd fatal to this Noble Queen,  
 For therein died she.  
 In Childbed lost she her sweet Life,  
 Her Life esteem'd so dear ;  
 Which had been *England's* loving Queen,  
 Full many a happy Year.

The King herewith possess'd with Grief,  
 Spent many Months in Moan ;  
 And daily sigh'd and said, That he,  
 Like her, could find out none ;  
 Nor none could he in Fancy chuse  
 To make his wedded Wife :  
 Wherefore a Widow'r would remain,  
 The Remnant of his Life.

His after Days he spent in Peace  
 And Quietness of Mind.  
 Like King and Queen, as these two were,  
 The World can hardly find.  
 Our King and Queen, yet like to them  
 In Virtue and true Love ;  
 Have Heavenly Blessings in like Sort,  
 From Heav'nly Pow'rs above.





XVI. The doleful Death of Queen  
*Jane*, Wife to King *Henry VIII.*  
 and the Manner of Prince *Edward's*  
 being cut out of her Womb.

---

To the Tune of, *The Lamentation of Lord Essex.*

---

I have so often complained of the little Dependance that is to be made on our Historians in several Points, that I am ashamed to repeat the Complaint; especially when it concerns a Fact which happened no longer ago than under the Reign of *Henry VIII.* One would think it almost impossible that there should be the least Doubt amongst Writers in any Point so modern; and yet if we search all our Historians, we shall not find any Six of 'em agreeing in the Story of *Queen Jane*. I shall not therefore pretend to advance any Thing concerning the Manner of her Death, but shall quote the Opinions of some of our Writers, that every one may be at Liberty to judge for themselves; and indeed I have  
 another

another View in it, for I look upon this as a very good Opportunity of letting my Readers see how many Difficulties we are forc'd to undergo, when we undertake to reconcile the Inconsistencies and Contradictions of Authors, and how excusable a little Slip or Error is in us.

Anne of Bullen, this Monarch's second Queen, being beheaded in the Tower for Adultery (whether justly or not, is foreign to my Purpose) King Henry was married the very next Day to Lady Jane; who, on the 12th of October (according to the Opinion of a vast Majority) was deliver'd of a Son at Hampton-Court. But notwithstanding this, Sir John Hayward asserts, that Prince Edward was not born till the 17th, and adds, " All Reports do constantly run, that he was not by natural Passage delivered into the World but that his Mother's Belly was opened for his Birth; and that she died of the Incision the fourth Day following." Echard in his History of England, is of a very different Opinion, where talking of Prince Edward's Birth, he tells us, " That the Joy of it was much allay'd by the Departure of the admirable Queen, who, contrary to the Opinion of many Writers, dy'd 12 Days after the Birth of this Prince, having been well delivered, and without any Incision, as others have ma-  
" lic-

"liciously reported." Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his *History of Henry VIII.* asserts, "That the Queen died Two Days after her Delivery." And indeed he has the Authorities of Hollingshead and Stow to support the Assertion. Du Chesne, a Native of France, who in his *History of England*, has undertaken to clear up this Point, does but perplex us the more; talking of these Times, he goes on thus: La Roynne Jeanne estoit alors enceinte & prest a enfanter, mais quand ce vint au terme de l'accouchement elle eut tant de tourment & de peine, qu'il lui fallut fendre le Costé par lequel on tira son fruit le douzieme Jour d'Octobre a Windesore — Elle mourut douze jours après & fut enterré au Chateau de Windesore.

*I will not be one of those complaisant Writers, that suppose it impossible any of their Readers should be ignorant of the French Tongue; and shall therefore give an Explanation of this Passage. "Queen Jane was then with Child, and her Reckoning almost out; but when the Time of her Labour came, she suffer'd so much Pain and Torment, that they were obliged to open her Side, by which the Fruit of her Womb was taken out the 12th of October at Windfor. — She died 12 Days afterwards, and was buried at Windfor-Castle.*

*I will*



*I will not trouble my Reader with any more Quotations ; and shall only just observe, That this Ballad was written in the Reign of King James I. And indeed that Age so abounded with Poets, that we owe almost half our Historical Ballads to it: Not that I believe they were first written at that Time , but the Language of 'em being grown very obsolete, it was then refined , and the Songs put into a new and more fashionable Dress. We are told by some Criticks, that we are not so much beholden to the Number of Poets, who lived in that Time , as to the Number of Scots King James brought over with him ; for our English Bards fearing the Nation would be over-run with Scotchmen ; and that the Memory of own Worthies would perish, took care to revive all their Historical Ballads, and to disperse 'em amongst the People ; not only to transmit their Actions to Posterity, but that latest Ages might see we did not owe our Origin to the Scots.*

**W**hen as King Henry rul'd this Land,  
 He had a Queen I understand :  
 Lord Seymour's Daughter fair and bright,  
 King Henry's Comfort and Delight ;  
 Yet Death by his remorseless Power,  
 Did blast the Bloom of this sweet Flower :  
*O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,*  
*Jane your Queen, the Flower of England's dead.*

His former Queen being wrapt in Lead,  
 This gallant Dame possess'd his Bed :

Where

Where rightly from her Womb did spring  
A joyful Comfort to her King,  
A welcome Blessing to the Land,  
Preserv'd by God's most Holy Hand:  
*O mourn, &c.*

The Queen in Travail, pained sore  
Full thirty woful Days and more,  
And no Ways could delivered be,  
As every Lady wish'd to see :  
Wherefore the King made greater Moan,  
Than ever yet his Grace had shown :  
*O mourn, &c.*

Then being something eas'd in Mind,  
His Eyes a slumbering Sleep did find ;  
Where dreaming he had lost a Rose,  
But which, he could not well suppose :  
A Ship he had, a Rose by Name ;  
Oh, no ! It was his Royal *Fane* :  
*O mourn, &c.*

Being thus perplex'd with Grief and Care,  
A Lady to him did repair,  
And said, O King ! Show us thy Will ;  
The Queen's sweet Life to save or spill.  
If she cannot deliver'd be,  
Yet save the Flower, tho' not the Tree :  
*O mourn, &c.*

Then down upon his tender Knee,  
For Help from Heaven prayed he.  
Mean while into a Sleep they cast  
His Queen, which evermore did last :  
And opening then her tender Womb,  
Alive they took this budding Bloom :  
*O mourn, &c.*

This Babe so born, much Comfort brought,  
And cheer'd his Father's drooping Thought ;  
Prince

Prince *Edward* he was call'd by Name,  
 Graced with Virtue, Wit and Fame;  
 And when his Father left this Earth,  
 He rul'd this Land by lawful Birth:

*O mourn, &c.*

But mark the powerful Will of Heaven,  
 We from this Joy were soon bereaven:  
 Six Years he reigned in this Land,  
 And then obeyed God's Command,  
 And left his Crown to *Mary* here,  
 Whose five Years Reign cost *England* dear:

*O mourn, &c.*

*Elizabeth* reign'd next to her,  
 Fair *Europe's* Pride, and *England's* Star:  
 The World's Wonder, for such a Queen  
 Under Heaven was never seen:  
 A Maid, a Saint, and Angel bright,  
 In whom all Princes took Delight:

*O mourn, mourn, mourn, fair Ladies,*  
*Elizabeth, the Flower of England's dead.*



**XVII. Robin Hood's Golden Prize :**  
**Shewing how he robbed two Priests**  
**of Five Hundred Pounds.**

---

To the Tune of, *Robin Hood was a tall young*  
*Man, &c.*

---

*The following Song should have been inserted immediately after the Ballad of Robin Hood and the Bishop, but as it happened to be there omitted, I hope my Readers won't think it much out of Place here. And with this I shall conclude our English Historical Ballads.*

**I** Have heard talk of *Robin Hood,*  
*Derry, derry, derry down.*  
 And of brave *Little John,*  
 Of *Friar Tuck,* and *Will. Scarlet,*  
*Locksy,* and *Maid-marrion;*  
*Hey, down, derry, derry down.*

But such a Tale as this before,  
 I think was never known;  
 For *Robin Hood* disguised himself,  
 . And from the Wood he is gone.

Like to a Friar (bold *Robin Hood*)  
 Was accoutred in his Array,  
 With Hood, Gown, Beads, and Crucifix,  
 He pass'd upon the Way :

He had not gone past Miles two or three,  
 But it was his Chance to espy,  
 Two lusty Priests clad all in black,  
 Come riding gallantly.

*Benedicite*, then said *Robin Hood*,  
 Some Pity on me take,  
 Cross you my Hand with a single Groat,  
 For our dear Lady's Sake ;

For I have been wand'ring all this Day,  
 And nothing could I get ;  
 Not so much as one poor Cup of Drink,  
 Nor Bit of Bread to eat.

Now b' our holy Dame, the Priests reply'd,  
 We never a Penny have ;  
 For we this Morning have been robb'd,  
 And could no Money save.

I am much afraid, said bold *Robin Hood*,  
 That you do both tell a Lye ;  
 And now before you go hence,  
 I am resolv'd to try.

When as the Priests heard him say so,  
 Then they rode away a-main ;  
 But *Robin Hood* betook him to his Heels,  
 And soon overtook them again.

Then *Robin Hood* laid hold of them both,  
 And pull'd them down from their Horse.  
 O spare us, (Friar) the Priests cry'd out,  
 On us have some Remorse.

You said, you'd no Money, quoth *Robin Hood*,  
Wherefore without delay,  
We Three will fall down on our Knees,  
And for Money we will pray.

The Priests they could not gainsay,  
But down they kneel'd with Speed :  
Send us, O send us, then quoth they,  
Some Money to serve our Need :

The Priests did pray with a mournful Chear,  
Sometimes their Hands did wring ;  
Sometimes they wept and tore their Hair,  
Whilst *Robin* did merrily sing :

When they had been praying an Hour's Space,  
The Priests did still lament :  
Then, quoth bold *Robin*, now let us see,  
What Money Heaven hath us sent.

We will be Sharers all alike,  
Of Money that we have :  
And there is never a one of us,  
That his Fellow shall deceive ;

The Priests their Hands in their Pockets put,  
But Money could find none :  
We'll search our selves, said *Robin Hood*,  
Each other, one by one.

Then *Robin Hood* took Pains to search them.  
And he found good Store of Gold,  
Five Hundred Pieces presently,  
Upon the Grass he told.

Here is a brave Show, said *Robin Hood*,  
Such Store of Gold to see :  
And you each one shall have a part,  
'Cause you pray'd so heartily :



He gave them Fifty Pounds a-Piece,  
 And the rest for himself did keep :  
 The Priests durst not speak one Word,  
 But they sigh'd wondrous deep.

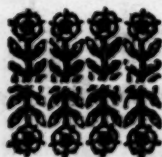
With that the Priests rose up from their Knees,  
 Thinking to have parted so :  
 Nay, stay, says *Robin Hood*, one thing more,  
 I have to say e'er you go ;

You shall be sworn, says bold *Robin Hood*,  
 Upon this holy Grass,  
 That you will never tell Lies again,  
 Which Way so ever you pass.

The second Oath that you here must make,  
 That all the Days of your Lives,  
 You never shall tempt Maids unto Sin,  
 Nor lie with other Men's Wives.

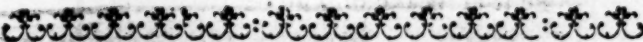
The last Oath you shall take is this ;  
 Be charitable to the Poor :  
 Say you have met a holy Friar,  
 And I desire no more.

He set them on their Horses again,  
 And away then they did ride ;  
 And he return'd to the merry green Wood,  
 With great Joy, Mirth and Pride.









## A Ballad on a Wedding.

---

*One of the greatest Complaints made by the Ladies against the first Volume of our Collection, and indeed the only one which has reach'd my Ears, is the want of merry Songs. I believe I may give a pretty good guess at what they call Mirth, in such Pieces as these, and shall endeavour to oblige them, tho' I have but very little room to spare. In the first of these they will find several merry insinuations, and I hope in the other two a great deal of Mirth. I do not give the first and last for the oldest of Ballads; the former being writ by Sir John Suckling, and the other, I believe, much about the same time, but there are really so many beauties in them both, that I chose to dispence with a few Tears rather than omit them. The second is really Old, and to my knowledge has a number of Admirers.*

**I** Tell thee Dick where I have been,  
Where I the rarest things have seen;  
O things beyond compare!

H

Such

Such fights again cannot be found  
In any place on *English* ground,  
Be it at Wake or Fair.

At *Charing-Cross*, hard by the way  
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,  
There is a House with Stairs ;  
And there did I see coming down  
Such Volk as are not in our Town,  
Vorty at least in pairs.

Amongst the rest, on pest'lent fine,  
(His Beard no bigger though than thine)  
Walk'd on before the rest :  
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him :  
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him  
Should he go still so drest.

At Courfe-a-Park, without all doubt,  
He should have first been taken out  
By all the Maids i'th' Town :  
Though lusty Roger there had been,  
Or little George upon the Green,  
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the Youth was going  
To make an end of all his wooing ;  
The Parson for him staid :  
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)  
He did not so much wish all past  
(Perchance) as did the Maid.

The Maid (and thereby hangs a tale)  
For such a Maid no Whitson-Ale  
Could ever yet produce :  
No Grape, that's kindly ripe, could be  
So round, so plump, so soft as she,  
Nor half so full of Juice.

Her Finger was so small, the Ring  
Would not stay on which he did bring,

It was too wide a Peck :  
And to say truth (for out it must)  
It look'd like the great Collar (just)  
About our young Colt's Neck.

Her Feet beneath her Peticoat,  
Like little Mice stole in and out,  
As if they fear'd the light :  
But (*Dick*) she Dances such a way !  
No Sun upon an *Easter-Day*  
Is half so fine a sight.

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,  
But she would not, she was so nice  
She would not do't in sight ;  
And then she look'd as who should say  
I will do what I list to Day ;  
And you shall do't at Night.

Her Cheeks so rare a white was on,  
No *Dazy* makes comparifon  
(Who sees them is undone)  
For streaks of red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a *Katherine Pear*,  
The side that's next the Sun.

Her Lips were red, and one was thin  
Compar'd to that was next her Chin ;  
(Some *Bee* had stung it newly)  
But (*Dick*) her Eyes so guard her Face,  
I durst no more upon them gaze,  
Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her Mouth so small when she does speak,  
Thou'dst swear her Teeth her words did break,  
That they might passage get,



But she so handled still the matter,  
They came as good as ours, or better,  
And were not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin  
The Parson himself had guilty been,  
(She look'd that Day so purely)  
And did the Youth so oft the feat  
At Night, as some did in conceit,  
It would have spoil'd him surely.

Passion o' me ! how I run on !  
There's that that would be thought upon,  
(I trow) besides the Bride.  
The business of the Kitchen's great,  
For it is fit that Men should eat ;  
Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the Cook knock'd thrice,  
And all the Waiters in a trice  
His summons did obey,  
Each Serving-man with Dish in Hand,  
March'd boldly up like our Train'd-band,  
Presented and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table,  
What Man of Knife, or Teerh, was able  
To stay to be intreated ?  
And this the very reason was  
Before the Parson could say Grace,  
The Company was seated.

Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouse ;  
Healts first go round, and then the House,  
The Bride's came thick and thick ;  
And when 'twas nam'd another's Health,  
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth ;  
(And who could help it Dick ?)

O'th' sudden up they rise and dance ;  
 Then sit again, and sigh, and glance :  
     Then dance again and kiss :  
 Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,  
 Whil'st every Woman wish'd her place,  
     And ev'ry Man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside,  
 To counsel and undress the Bride ;  
     But that he must not know :  
 But yer'twas thought he guess her Mind,  
 And did not mean to stay behind  
     Above an Hour or so.

When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay,  
 Like new-faln Snow melting away,  
     ('Twas time I trow to part)  
 Kisses were now the only stay,  
 Which soon she gave, as who would say,  
     God B'w'y' ! with all my Heart.

But just as Heavens would have to cross it,  
 In came the Bride-Maids with the Posset :  
     The Bridegroom eat in spight ;  
 For had he left the Women to't  
 It would have cost two Hours to do't,  
     Which were too much that Night.

At length the Candle's out, and now,  
 All that they had not done, they do :  
     What that is, who can tell ?  
 But I believe it was no more  
 Than thou and I have done before  
     With Bridget, and with Nell.



The Wanton Virgins Frightned ;  
 with the Spy's Downfal from the  
 Tree-top to the Pond-bottom : Or,  
 The old Man strangely Surpriz'd  
 and Bugbear'd by the Black Ban-  
 dileers and Buff-Coats, &c.

---

*Tune of, Ladies of London, &c.*

---

**Y**OU that delight in a jocular Song,  
 Come listen unto me a while, Sir,  
 I will engage you shall not tarry long,  
 Before it will make you to smile, Sir;  
 Near to the Town there liv'd an old Man,  
 Had three pretty Maids to his Daughters,  
 Of whom I will tell such a Story anon,  
 Will tickle your Fancy with Laughter.

The old Man he had in his Garden a Pond,  
 'twas in very fine Summer weather,  
 The Daughters one Night they were all very fond  
 To go and bath in it together,  
 Which they all agreed, but happen'd to be  
 Espy'd by a Youth in the House Sir,  
 Who got in the Garden, and climb'd up a Tree,  
 So there lay as still as a Mouse, Sir.

The Branch where he sat, it hung over the Pond,  
 And each puff of Wind he did totter ;  
 Pleas'd with the Thoughts he should sit so abscond,  
 And see them go into the Water ;  
 When the old Man was safe in his Bed,  
 'The Daughters to the Pond went, Sir,  
 One to the other two, laughing she said,  
 As high as our Bubbies we'll venture.

Upon the tender green Grails they sate down,  
 They all were of delicate Feature ;  
 Each pull'd off her Petticoat, Smock and Gown,  
 No Sight could ever be sweeter :  
 Into the Pond then they dabling went,  
 So clean that they need no washing ;  
 But they were so unluckily bent,  
 Like Boys they began to be dashing.

If any should chance to see us, says one,  
 They'd think we are bobbing of Evils,  
 And from the Sight of us quickly would run,  
 To avoid so many white Devils ;  
 This put the Youth into such a merry Pin,  
 He let go his hold thro' Laughter,  
 And as it fell out he fell tumbling in,  
 And scar'd them all out of the Water.

The old Man by this time a Noise had heard,  
 And rose out of Bed in a fright, Sir,  
 And comes to the Door with a rusty old Sword ;  
 There stood in a Posture to fight, Sir ;  
 The Daughters they all came tumbling in,  
 And over their Dad they did blunder,  
 Who cry'd out aloud, Mercy good Gentlemen,  
 And thought they were Thieves come to plunder.

The Noise by this Time the Neighbourhood hears  
 Who came with long Clubs to assist him ;  
 He said, three bloody Rogues run up Stairs,  
 He dar'd by no Means to resist 'em ;

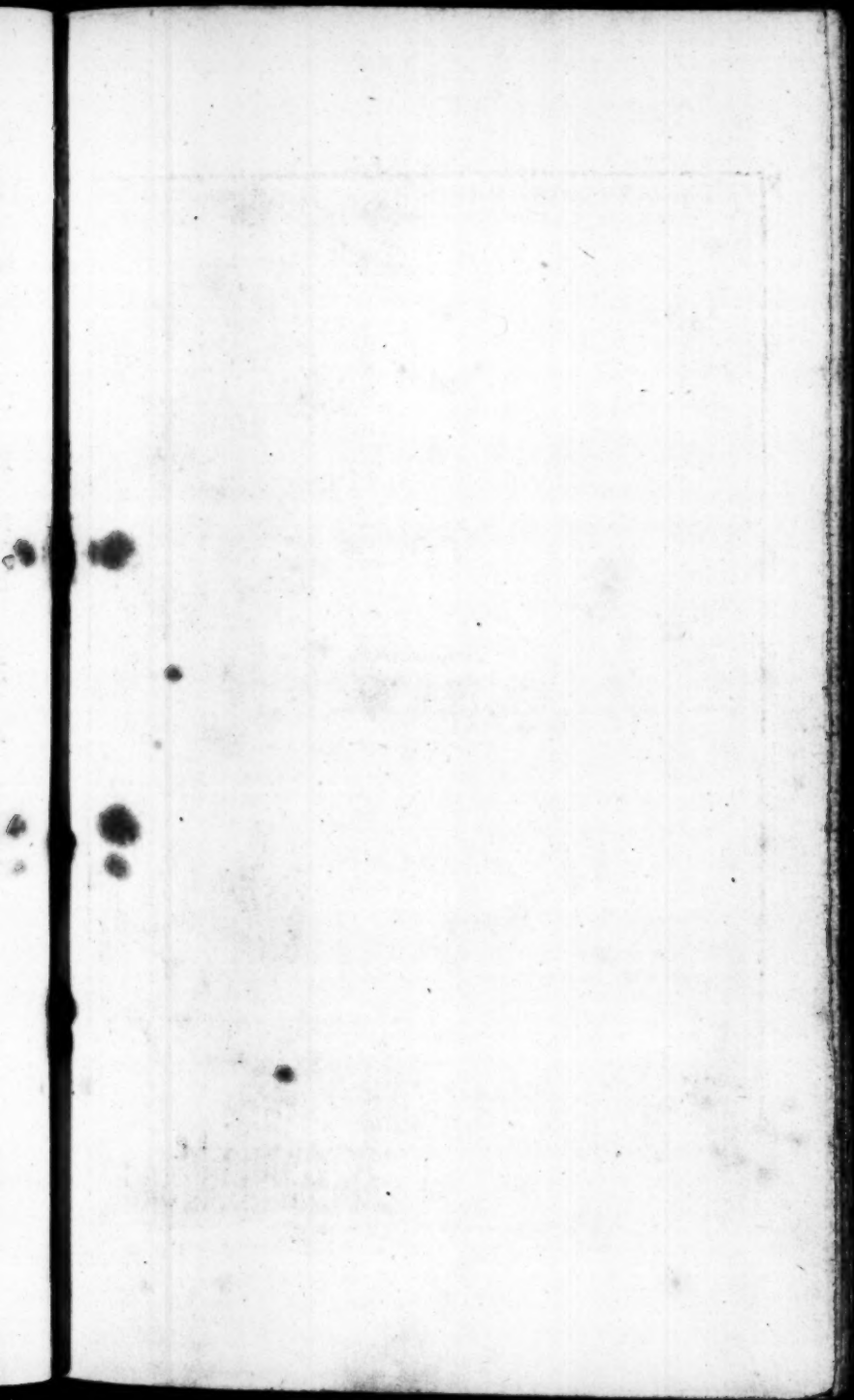
For they were cloathed all in their Buff,  
 He see as they shov'd in their Shoulders,  
 And black Pandiclers hung before like a Ruff,  
 Which made him believe they were Soldiers.

The Virgins their Cloaths in the Garden had left,  
 And Keys of their Trunks in their Pocket,  
 To put on the Sheets they were fain to make shift,  
 'Till their Chest they could not unlock it;  
 At last ventur'd up these valiant Men,  
 Though arm'd with Courage undaunted,  
 But took them for Spirits and run back again,  
 And swore that the House it was haunted.

As they retreated the young Man they met,  
 Come shivering in at the Door, Sir;  
 Who look'd like a Rat, his Cloaths dropping wet,  
 No Rogue that was pump'd could look worser,  
 All were amaz'd to see him come in,  
 And ask'd of him what was the matter?  
 He told them the story where he had been,  
 Which made them burst into a Laughter.

Quoth the old Dad I was in a huff,  
 And reckoned to cut them asunder,  
 Thinking that they had been three Soldiers in Buff,  
 That came here to rifle and plunder;  
 But they are my Daughters whom I ador'd,  
 All frighted from private Diversion,  
 Therefore I'll put up my rusty old Sword,  
 For why should I be in a Passion?











The Swimming Lady: Or, A Wanton Discovery. Being, a true Relation of a Coy Lady betray'd by her Lover as she was Stripping herself stark Naked, and Swimming in a River near Oxford.

---

*To the Tune of I'll never love thee more.*

---

THE four and twentieth Day of May,  
Of all Times in the Year,  
A Virgin-Lady bright and gay,  
Did privately appear  
Close by a River-side, which she  
Did single out the rather,  
'Cause she was sure, she was secure,  
And had an Intent to bath her.

With glittering Glance, her jealous Eyes,  
Did slyly look about,  
To see if any lurking Spies,  
Were hid to find her out;  
And being well resolv'd that none  
Could view her Nakedness;  
She puts her Robes off, one by one,  
And doth her self undress.

A purple Mantle (fring'd with Gold)  
 Her Ivory Hands unpin,  
 It would have made a Coward bold,  
 Or tempted a Saint to sin;  
 She turns about to look again,  
 I hope, says she, I am safe,  
 And then a Rosy Petticoat,  
 She presently put off.

The Snow-white Smock which she had on  
 Transparently so deck'd her,  
 It look'd like Cambrick-Lawn, upon  
 An Alabaster Picture,  
 Thro' which your Eye might faintly spy  
 Her Belly and her Back:  
 Her Limbs were strait, and all was white  
 But that which should be black.

The Part which she's ashamed to see  
 Without a bashful Blush,  
 Appear'd like curious Tiffany  
 Display'd upon a Bush:  
 But that Posterior extream Limb  
 She cannot look upon,  
 Did like a twisted Cherry seem  
 Before the white was gone.

As when a Masquing Scene is drawn,  
 And new Lights do appear,  
 When she put off her Smock of Lawn,  
 Just such a Sight was there:  
 The bright Reflection of her Eyes  
 In every Limb was shew'd,  
 As when the radiant Sun doth rise,  
 And gild each neighbouring Cloud.

Into a fluent Stream she leapt,  
 Which look'd like liquid Glass,  
 The Fishes from all Quarters crept,  
 To see what Angel 'twas;

She did so like a Vision look,  
 Or Fancy in a Dream,  
 'Twas thought the Sun the Sky forsook,  
 And dropt into the Stream,

Each Fish did wish himself a Man,  
 About her all were drawn,  
 And at the Sight of her began  
 To spread abroad their Spawn:  
 She turn'd to swim up on her Back,  
 And so display'd her Banner,  
 If *Jove* had then in Heaven been  
 He would have drept upon her.

Thus was the River's Diamond Head,  
 With Pearl and Sapphire crown'd:  
 Her Legs did shove, her Arms did move,  
 Her Body did rebound;  
 She that did ~~quaff~~ the Juice of Joy,  
 (Fair *Venus* Queen of Love)  
 With *Mars* did never in more ways,  
 Of melting Motion move.

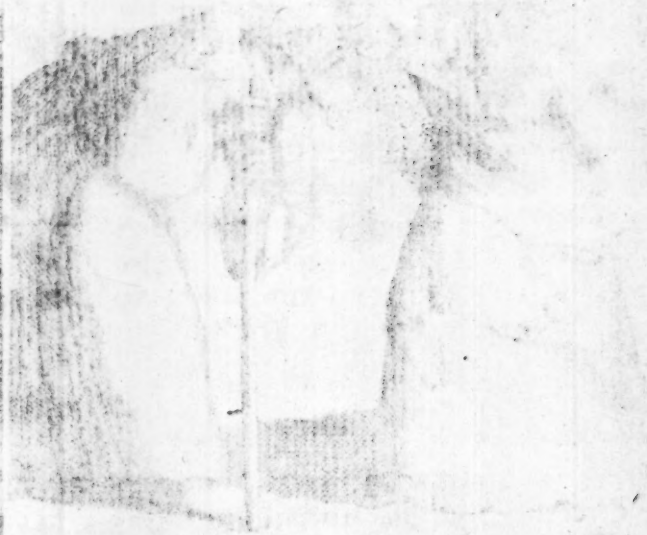
A Lad that long her Love had been,  
 And could obtain no Grace,  
 For all her prying, lay unseen,  
 Hid in a secret Place:  
 Who having been repuls'd when he  
 Did often come to wooe her,  
 Pull'd off his Cloaths, and furiously  
 Did run and leap in to her.

She shrieks, she strives, and down she dives,  
 He brings her up again,  
 He got her o'er, upon the Shore,  
 And then, and then, and then!  
 As *Adam* did old *Eve* enjoy,  
 You may guess what I mean;  
 Because she all uncover'd lay,  
 He cover'd her again,

With

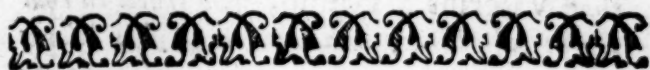
With watry Eyes, the pants, and cries  
 I'm utterly undone,  
 If you'll not be wedded to me,  
 E'er the next Morning Sun :  
 He answer'd her, I'll never stir  
 Out of thy Sight 'till then ;  
 We'll both clap Hands, in Wedlock Bands,  
 Marry, and to't agen.











A Worthy Example of a Vertuous Wife, who fed her Father with her own Milk, he being commanded by the Emperor to be starved to Death, but afterwards pardoned.

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Tune is, *Flying Fame.*

---

*I should be thought a little too partial to my own Country, if Ballads written on Foreign Subjects could not find a Place in my Collection. The following Song is very popular, but the History of it very little known. I cannot imagine by what means the common Notion was first receiv'd, or how it spread, to wit, that the Nobleman here mentioned was one Petrus, a Roman, and first Minister to Tiberius Cæsar, whose Empress having a mind to ruin him, feign'd her self in Love with him; and so artfully play'd her part, that he really was enamour'd, and an appointment made, which she betray'd to Tiberius, who immediately cast his Minister into Prison, there to be starv'd. And indeed this Notion has so far prevail'd, that the Pictures of this Fact are generally known by the Name of Roman Charity.*

Charity. But how they could imagine that Valerius Maximus, who lived in that Emperor's Time, and dedicated his Works to him, should touch upon so Tender a Point is something strange. There are others who have just got the Name, and tell us 'twas Cimon the Athenian, the Son of Miltiades, who when his Father's Creditors would not suffer him to be buried, the Son piously offer'd himself up to them, and was conducted to Prison, whilst the Father's Coarse was carried to the Funeral Pile; but being soon enabled to pay off the Debts, he became Chief of the Athenians. To this they add, That in process of Time, he was by the State Sentenc'd to be starv'd to Death; but that Heaven, who would not leave his filial Piety unrewarded, had given him a Daughter endued with the same generous and divine Qualities, and who ventur'd her Life to save her Father. Where they met with this latter part of the Story I cannot tell. Valerius Maximus, is the only Author by whom I find the History of Cimon related, and he has taken care to let us know, that this Man and Cimon the Athenian General were two different Persons. The Minute particulars of this Story he has not entred into, he only tells us, that Cimon was a Grecian very much stricken in Years, who being condemn'd, was not immediately put to Death, the Jaylor keeping him in Prison without giving him any Victuals, or suffering

fering any to be carried to him, rather chusing to let him end his Days in that manner than to imbrue his Hands in the Blood of so old a Man; upon which his Daughter went daily to give him Suck, and by that means preserv'd his Life. By telling us that the rest of this Story is of a piece, with that he had just before related, we may conclude that his Judges mov'd with the Piety of the Daughter pardon'd the Father.

**I**N Rome, I read, a Nobleman,  
The Emperor did offend,  
And for that fault he was adjudg'd  
Unto a cruel end:  
That he should be in Prison cast,  
With Irons many an one,  
And there be famish'd unto Death,  
And brought to Skin and Bone.

And more, if any one were known,  
By Night, or yet by Day,  
To bring him any kind of Food,  
His hunger to allay,  
The Emperor swore a mighty Oath,  
Without remorse, quoth he,  
They shall sustain the cruellest Death  
That can devised be.

This cruel Sentence once pronounc'd,  
The Nobleman was cast  
Into a Dungeon dark and deep,  
With Irons fetter'd fast;  
Where, when he had with Hunger great  
Remained ten Days space,  
And tasted neither Meat nor Drink,  
In a most woful case;

The Tears along his aged Face  
Most piteously did fall,  
And grievously he did begin  
For to complain withal:  
O Lord, quoth he, what shall I do,  
So hungry, Lord, am I?  
For want of Bread, one bit of Bread,  
I perish, starve and die!

How precious is one grain of Wheat,  
Unto my hungry Soul,  
One Crust, or Crumb, or little piece,  
My hunger to controul!  
Had I this Dungeon heap'd with Gold,  
I would forgo it all,  
To buy and purchase one brown Loaf,  
Yea, were it ne'r so small.

O that I had but every Day,  
One bit of Bread to eat,  
Tho' ne'r so mouldy, black or brown,  
My Comfort would be great;  
Yea, albeit I took it up  
Trod down in Dirt and Mire,  
It would be pleasing to my taste,  
And sweet to my desire.

Good Lord, how happy is the Hind,  
That labours all the Day,  
The drudging Mule, the Peasant poor,  
That at command do stay,  
They have their ordinary Meals,  
They take no heed at all,  
Of those sweet Crumbs and Crusts that they  
Do carelessly let fall.

How happy is that little Chick,  
That without fear may go  
And pick up those most precious Crumbs  
Which they away do throw:

O that some pretty little Mause,  
So much my friend would be,  
To bring some old forsaken crust  
Into this Place to me.

But oh! my Heart, it is in vain,  
No succour can I have,  
No Meat, nor Drink, nor Water eke,  
My loathed Life to save:  
O bring some Bread for Christ his sake,  
Some Bread, some Bread for me;  
I die, I die for want of Food,  
None but Stone Walls I see.

Thus Day and Night he cryed out,  
In most outrageous sort,  
That all the People far and near  
Were griev'd at this Report:  
And tho' that many Friends he had,  
And Daughters in the Town,  
Yet none durst come to succour him,  
Fearing the Emperor's Frown.

Yet now behold one Daughter dear  
He had, as I do find,  
Who liv'd in his displeasure great,  
For matching 'gainst his Mind;  
Altho' she liv'd in Mean estate,  
She was a vertuous Wife,  
And for to help her Father dear,  
She ventur'd thus her Life.

She quickly to her Sisters went,  
And of them did intreat,  
That by some secret means they would  
Convey their Father Meat:  
Our Father dear doth starve, she said,  
The Emperor's wrath is such,  
He dies, alas! for want of Food,  
Whereof we have too much.



Pray Sisters, therefore use some means  
 His Life for to preserve,  
 And suffer not your Father dear,  
 In Prison for to starve.  
 Alas! quoth they, What shall we do  
 His hunger to sustain?  
 You know 'tis Death for any one  
 That would his Life maintain.

And tho' we wish him well, quoth they,  
 We never will agree,  
 To spoil ourselves; we had as leif  
 That he should die as we;  
 And Sister, if you love your self,  
 Let this attempt alone,  
 Though you do ne'er so secret work,  
 At length it will be known.

Oh! hath our Father brought us up,  
 And nourish'd us, quoth she,  
 And shall we now forsake him quite,  
 In his extremity:  
 No, I will venture Life and Limb,  
 To do my Father good;  
 The worst that is, I can but die,  
 To fit a Tyrant's mood.

With that, in haste, away she hies,  
 And to the Prison goes,  
 But with her woful Father dear  
 She might not speak, God knows;  
 Except the Emperor would grant  
 Her favour in that case,  
 The Keeper would admit no Wight  
 To enter in that Place.

Then she unto the Emperor lies,  
 And falling on her Knee,  
 With wringed Hands, and bitter Tears,  
 These Words pronounced she,

My hopeless Father, Sovereign Lord,  
 Offending of your Grace,  
 Is judg'd unto a pining Death,  
 Within a woful Place.

Which I confels he hath deserv'd,  
 Yet mighty Prince, quoth she,  
 Vouchsafe, in gracious sort, to grant  
 One simple boon to me :

It chanced so, I match'd my self  
 Against my Father's mind,  
 Whereby I did procure his wrath,  
 As Fortune hath assign'd.

And seeing now the time is come,  
 He must resign his Breath,  
 Vouchsafe that I may speak to him,  
 Before his Hour of Death ;  
 And reconcile my self to him,  
 His favour to obtain,  
 That when he dies, I may not then  
 Under his Curse remain.

The Emperor granted her request  
 Conditionally, That she  
 Each Day unto her Father came,  
 Should thoroughly searched be.  
 No Meat nor Drink she with her brought  
 To help him there distress,  
 But ev'ry Day she nourish'd him,  
 With Milk from her own Breast.

Thus, by her Milk he was preserv'd,  
 A Twelvemonth and a Day,  
 And was as Fair and Fat to see,  
 Yet no Man knew which way :  
 The Emperor musing much thereat,  
 At length did understand  
 How he was fed, and not his Law  
 Was broke at any hand.

And

And much admired at the same,  
 And her great Vertue shown,  
 He pardon'd him, and honour'd her  
 With great Preferments known:  
 Her Father ever after that,  
 Did love her as his Life,  
 And blest the Day that she was made  
 A loving wedded Wife.



Faithful



Faithful Friendship: Or, *Alphonso*  
and *Ganselo*.

---

To the Tune of *Flying Fame*.

---

Whether the two following Songs are owing to the invention of the Poet, or whether they are grounded upon History I cannot say; if on the latter, I must confess my Ignorance so great, that I never was able to trace either of them out. I remember indeed an old Novel written on the same Subject as the former of these Songs, but that Novel I take to be borrowed from the Ballad, not the Ballad from the Novel, our Song being certainly by much the more ancient; tho' by comparing their Stiles, those who are unacquainted with the purity of the Language, generally used by these old Song-Enditers, would be apt to conclude the contrary. Those who are desirous to know how it comes to pass that our old Poets excel in their Stile, may see this point discuss'd at length in the Preface.

In

**I**N stately *Rome* sometime did dwell  
 A Man of Noble Fame,  
 Who had a Son of seemly Shape,  
*Alphonso* was his Name:  
 When he was grown and come to Age;  
 His Father thought it best,  
 To send his Son to *Athens* fair,  
 Where Wisdom's School did rest.

And when he was to *Athens* come,  
 Good Lectures for to learn,  
 A place to board him with Delight,  
 His Friends did well discern;  
 A Noble Knight of *Athens* Town,  
 Of him did take the Charge,  
 Who had a Son *Ganselo* call'd,  
 Just of his Pitch and Age;

In Stature and in Person both,  
 In Favour, Speech and Face,  
 In Quality and Conditions,  
 They 'greed in every Place:  
 So like they were in all Respects,  
 The one unto the other,  
 They were not known, but by their  
 Of Father or of Mother. (Names,

And as in Favour they were found  
 Alike in all Respects,  
 Ev'n so they did most dearly Love,  
 As prov'd by good effects:  
*Ganselo* lov'd a Lady fair,  
 Which did in *Athens* dwell,  
 Who was in beauty Peerless found,  
 So far she did excel.

Upon a time it chanced so,  
 As Fancy did him move,  
 That he would visit, for Delight,  
 His Lady and his Love;

And to his true and faithful Friend  
He did declare the same,  
Asking of him if he would see  
That fair and comely Dame.

*Alphonso* did thereto agree,  
And with *Ganselo* went  
To see the Lady which he lov'd,  
Which bred his Discontent :  
But when he cast his crystal Eyes  
Upon her Angel Hue,  
The Beauty of that Lady bright,  
Did strait his Heart subdue.

His gentle Heart so wounded was,  
With that fair Lady's Face,  
That afterwards he daily liv'd  
In sad and woful case ;  
And of his Grief he knew not how  
Therefore to make an end,  
For that he knew the Lady's Love  
Was yielded to his Friend.

Thus being sore perplex'd in Mind,  
Upon his Bed he lay,  
Like one whom Death and deep Despair,  
Had almost worn away.  
His Friend *Ganselo* that did see  
His Grief and great distress,  
At length requested for to know  
His cause of Heaviness.

With much ado, at length he told  
The Truth unto his Friend ;  
Who did relieve his inward Woe,  
With Comfort to the end :  
Take Courage then, dear Friend, quoth he  
Though she through Love be mine ;  
My Right I will resign to thee,  
The Lady shall be thine.



You know our Favours are alike,  
 Our Speech also likewise ;  
 This Day in mine Apparel  
 You shall your self disguise,  
 And unto Church then shall you go  
 Directly in my stead ;  
 Lo, though my Friends suppose 'tis I,  
 You shall the Lady Wed.

*Alphonso* was so well appaid,  
 And as they had decreed,  
 He went that Day and wedded plain  
 The Lady there indeed :  
 But when the Nuptial-Feast was done,  
 And *Phœbus* quite was fled,  
 The Lady for *Ganselo* took  
*Alphonso* to her Bed.

That Night they spent in pleasant Sport,  
 And when the Day was come,  
 A Post for fair *Alphonso* came,  
 To fetch him home to *Rome*.  
 Then was the matter plainly prov'd,  
*Alphonso* wedded was,  
 And not *Ganselo*, to that Dame :  
 Which brought great Woe, alas.

*Alphonso* being gone to *Rome*,  
 With this his Lady gay,  
*Ganselo's* Friends and Kindred all,  
 In such a Rage did stay,  
 That they depriv'd him of his Wealth,  
 His Land and rich Attire,  
 And banish'd him their Country quite,  
 In Rage and wrathful Ire.

With sad and pensive Thoughts, alas !  
*Ganselo* wandred then ;  
 Who was constrain'd thro' want, to beg  
 Relief of many Men.

In this Distress oft would he say,  
 To *Rome* I mean to go,  
 To seek *Alphonso*, my dear Friend,  
 Who will relieve my Woe.

To *Rome* when poor *Ganselo* came,  
 And found *Alphonso's* Place,  
 Which was so famous, huge and fair,  
 Himself in such poor Case,  
 He was ashamed to shew himself,  
 In that his poor Array,  
 Saying, *Alphonso* knows me well,  
 If he would come this way.

Therefore he staid within the Street;  
*Alphonso* then came by,  
 But heeded not *Ganselo* poor,  
 His Friend that stood so nigh:  
 Which griev'd *Ganselo* to the Heart,  
 Quoth he, And is it so?  
 Doth proud *Alphonso* now disdain  
 His Friend indeed to know?

In desperate sort away he went,  
 Into a Barn hard by,  
 And presently he drew his Knife,  
 Thinking thereby to die:  
 And bitterly in Sorrow there,  
 He did lament and weep,  
 And being over-weigh'd with Grief,  
 He there fell fast asleep.

While soundly there he sweetly slept,  
 Came in a murdering Thief,  
 And saw a naked Knife lie by  
 This Man so full of Grief;  
 The Knife so bright he took up strait,  
 And went away amain,  
 And thrust it in a murdered Man,  
 Which he before had slain.

And afterwards he went with speed,  
 And put this bloody Knife  
 Into his Hand that sleeping lay,  
 To save himself from Strife:  
 Which done, away in haste he ran,  
 And when that Search was made,  
*Ganselo* with his bloody Knife,  
 Was for the Murther staid.


And brought before the Magistrate,  
 Who did confesse most plain,  
 That he indeed with that same Knife,  
 The murther'd Man had slain.  
*Alphonso* sitting there as Judge,  
 And knowing *Ganselo's* Face,  
 To save his Friend, did say himself  
 Was guilty in that case.

None, quoth *Alphonso*, kill'd the Man,  
 My Lord, but only I ;  
 And therefore set this poor Man free,  
 And let me justly die :  
 Thus while for Death these faithful Friends,  
 In striving did proceed,  
 The Man before the Senate came,  
 That did the Fact indeed.

Who being moved with Remorse,  
 Their friendly Hearts to see,  
 Did say before the Judges plain  
 None did the Fact but he.  
 Thus when the Truth was plainly told,  
 Of all sides Joy was seen ;  
*Alphonso* did embrace his Friend,  
 Which had so woful been.

In rich Array he cloathed him  
 As fitted his Degree,  
 And help'd him to his Lands again,  
 And former Dignity.  
 The Murtherer for telling Truth,  
 Had pardon at that Time,  
 Who afterwards lamented much,  
 His Foul and grievous Crime.




  
 A Lamentable Ballad of the  
 Tragical End of a Gallant Lord  
 and Virtuous Lady; together  
 with the Untimely Death of their  
 two Children; wickedly per-  
 formed by a Heathenish and  
 Blood-thirsty Black-a-Moor, their  
 Servant; the like of which Cruelty  
 and Murther was never before  
 heard of.

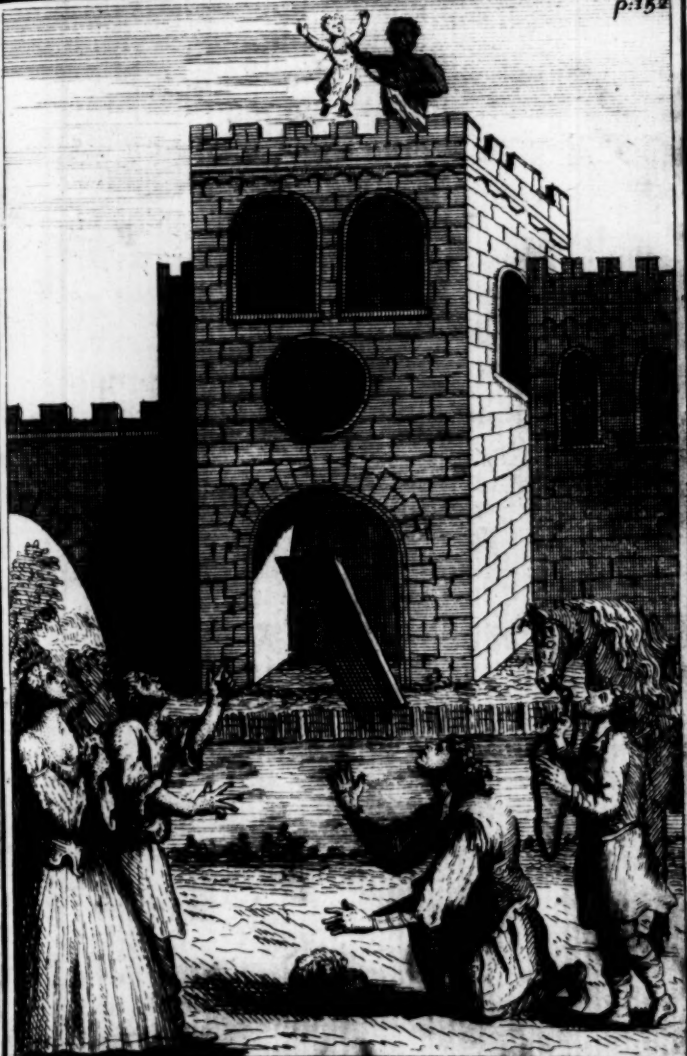
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To the Tune of, *The Lady's Fall, &c.*

---

**I**N *Rome* a Nobleman did wed  
 A Virgin of great Fame,  
 A fairer Creature never did  
 Dame Nature ever frame;  
 By whom he had two Children fair,  
 Whose Beauty did excel;  
 They were their Parents only Joy,  
 They loved them both so well.

The Lord he lov'd to hunt the Buck,  
 The Tyger and the Boar;  
 And still for Swiftneſs always took  
 With him a Black-a-Moor;  
 Which Black-a-Moor within the Wood  
 His Lord he did offend;  
 For which he did him then correct,  
 In hopes he would amend.







The Day it grew unto an end,  
 Then homewards he did haste,  
 Where with his Lady he did rest,  
 Until the Night was past:  
 Then in the Morning he did rise,  
 And did his Servants call,  
 A hunting he provides to go,  
 Straight they were ready all.

To cause the Toyl the Lady did  
 Intreat him not to go:  
 Alas, good Lady, then quoth he,  
 Why art thou grieved so?  
 Content thy self, I will return  
 With speed to thee again.  
 Good Father, quoth the little Babes,  
 With us here still remain.

Farewel, dear Children, I will go  
 A fine thing for to buy.  
 But they therewith nothing content,  
 Aloud began to cry:  
 The Mother takes them by the Hand,  
 Saying, *Come, go with me*  
*Unto the highest Tower, where*  
*Your Father you shall see.*

The Black-a-Moor perceiving now,  
 Who then did stay behind,  
 His Lord to be a hunting gone,  
 Began to call to mind,  
 My Master he did me correct,  
 My Fault not being great;  
 Now of his Wife I'll be reveng'd,  
 She shall not me intreat.

The Place was moted round about,  
 The Bridge he up did draw;  
 The Gates he bolted very fast,  
 Of none he stood in awe:

He up into the Tower went,  
 The Lady being there,  
 Who when she saw his Countenance grim,  
 She straight began to fear.

But now my trembling Heart it quakes  
 To think what I must write,  
 My Sences all begin to fail,  
 My Soul it doth affright :  
 Yet must I make an end of this,  
 Which here I have begun,  
 Which will make sad the hardest Heart,  
 Before that I have done.

This Wretch unto the Lady went,  
 And her with speed did will,  
 His Lust forthwith to satisfy,  
 His Mind for to fulfil :  
 The Lady she amazed was,  
 To hear the Villain speak ;  
 Alas, quoth she, What shall I do ?  
 With Grief my Heart will break.

With that he took her in his Arms,  
 She straight for Help did cry :  
 Content your self, Lady, he said,  
 Your Husband is not nigh :  
 The Bridge is drawn, the Gates are shut,  
 Therefore come lye with me,  
 Or else I do protest and vow,  
 Thy Butcher I will be.

The crytal Tears ran down her Face,  
 Her Children cry'd amain,  
 And sought to help their Mother dear,  
 But all it was in vain ;  
 For that egregious filthy Rogue,  
 Her Hands behind her bound,  
 And then per force with all his might,  
 He threw her on the ground.

With that she shriek'd, her Children cry'd,  
 And such a Noise did make,  
 That Towns-folks hearing her Laments,  
 Did seek their parts to take:  
 But all in vain, no way was found  
 To help the Lady's need,  
 Who cried to them most piteously,  
 O help, O help with speed.

Some run into the Forrest wide,  
 Her Lord home for to call;  
 And they that stood still did lament  
 This gallant Lady's Fall.  
 With speed her Lord came posting home,  
 He could not enter in,  
 His Lady's Cries did pierce his Heart,  
 To call he did begin.

O hold thy Hand, thou savage Moor,  
 To hurt her do forbear,  
 Or else be sure if I do live,  
 Wild Horses shall thee tear.  
 With that the Rogue ran to the Wall,  
 He having had his Will,  
 And brought one Child under his Arm,  
 His dearest Blood to spill.

The Child seeing his Father there,  
 To him for help did call:  
 O Father, help my Mother dear,  
 We shall be killed all.  
 Then fell the Lord upon his Knee,  
 And did the Moor intreat,  
 To save the Life of his poor Child,  
 Whose Fear was then so great.

But this vile Wretch the little Child  
 By both the Heels did take,  
 And dash'd his Brains against the Wall,  
 Whilst Parents Hearts did ake:

That being done, straight way he ran  
The other Child to fetch,  
And pluck'd it from the Mother's Breast,  
Most like a cruel Wretch.

Within one Hand a Knife he brought,  
The Child within the other;  
And holding it over the Wall,  
Saying, Thus shall die thy Mother;  
With that he cut the Throat of it,  
Then to the Father he did call,  
To look how he the Head did cut,  
And down the Head did fall.

This done, he threw it down the Wall  
Into the More so deep;  
Which made the Father wring his Hands,  
And grievously to weep:  
Then to the Lady went this Rogue,  
Who was near dead with fear,  
Yet this vile Wretch most cruelly  
Did drag her by the Hair.

And drew her to the very Wall,  
Which when her Lord did see;  
Then presently he cry'd out,  
And fell upon his Knee,  
Quoth he, If thou wilt save her Life,  
Whom I do love so dear;  
I will forgive thee all is past,  
Though they concern me near.

O save her Life, I thee beseech;  
O save her, I thee pray,  
And I will grant thee what thou wilt  
Demand of me this Day.  
Well, quoth the Moor, I do regard  
The Moan that thou dost make:  
If thou wilt grant me what I ask,  
I'll save her for thy sake.

O save her Life, and then demand  
 Of me what thing thou wilt :  
 Cut off thy Nose, and not one drop  
 Of her Blood shall be spilt.  
 With that the Lord presently took  
 A Knife within his Hand,  
 And then his Nose he quite cut off,  
 In place where he did stand.

Now I have bought my Lady's Life,  
 He to the Moor did call :  
 Then take her, quoth this wicked Rogue,  
 And down he let her fall.  
 Which when her Gallant Lord did see  
 His Sences all did fail ;  
 Yet many sought to save his Life,  
 But nothing could prevail.

When as the Moor did see him Dead,  
 Then did he laugh amain,  
 At them who for their Gallant Lord  
 And Lady did complain :  
 Quoth he, I know you'll torture me,  
 If that you can me get,  
 But all your threats I do not fear,  
 Nor yet regard one whit.

Wild Horses shall my Body tear,  
 I know it to be true,  
 ut I'll prevent you of that pain,  
 And down himself he threw :  
 Too good a Death for such a Wretch  
 A Villain void of fear ;  
 And thus doth end as sad a Tale,  
 As ever Man did hear.





A Pleasant BALLAD of *TOBIAS*:  
 Wherein is shewed what wonder-  
 ful Things chanced to him in his  
 Youth; and how he wedded a  
 young Damofel that had Seven  
 Husbands, but never enjoy'd their  
 Company, being all Slain by an  
 Evil Spirit.

*Amongst our scarcest old Ballads, there are  
 a great number written on Scripture Stories,  
 such is the Destruction of Sodom, David  
 and Bertheba, and a great many more  
 which I at first intended to make use of,  
 but was advised to the contrary by a  
 Friend, who told me, that, for want of  
 other Employment, I might draw the Clergy  
 upon my back. They are a set of People I  
 must confess that I would by no means  
 have any Dispute with; I shall therefore  
 renounce all the Stories drawn from Ca-  
 nonical Books, and meddle with none but  
 what are taken out of the Aprocrypha,  
 which, as I am inform'd, these Gentlemen  
 have no direct claim to. The following  
 Story of Tobit and his Son is pretty long,  
 but for the benefit of those who have not,  
 or do not care for reading Fourteen Chap-  
 ters,*

ters, I shall give as short an Abstract of it as possibly I can. Old Tobit was a Man who delighted very much in Pious and Charitable Works, in the prosecution of which he lost his Sight; for laying under a Wall to purify himself, after having buried a poor Brother, the Sparrows dung'd, or, as I think the Aprocryphal Translator calls it, muted in his Eyes, and a white Film grew over them.

There was it seems at the same time in Media, another Jew, one Raguel by Name, who had an only Daughter call'd Sarah, good and virtuous, but beloved by an Evil Spirit, who would suffer no Man to come near her; for she had been marry'd Seven times, and on the bridal Nights the several Husbands had been slain, and Sarah being reproached by her Mother's Maids, had recourse to Prayer, upon which the Angel Raphael was sent down to her assistance, and to that of Tobit, who had lost his Eye Sight, and this the rather, because his Son Tobias was next of kin to Sarah, and by the Law of the Moses obliged to Marry her.

Mean while Tobit feeling himself decay apace, call'd his Son Tobias, and told him, That in the time of his Prosperity, he had lent one Gabael, who lived in Media Ten Talents of Silver, advising him to go and demand the Money, at the same time giving him Gabael's promisory Note. Tobias not knowing the way, sought a Guide,

Guide, and the Angel Raphael, who had assumed the shape of a Man, and call'd himself Azarias, offer'd himself and they agreed. On the Road a large Fish leap'd out of the Sea, which would have devoured Tobias, but by his Guide's Advice he kill'd it, and took out the Heart, Liver and Gall; the Smoke of the two former it seems was good to drive away Evil Spirits, and the last wou'd cure Sore Eyes, or Blindness, and they then dress'd the Fish and eat it. In their way they took Raguel's House, saw Sarah, and a match between her and Tobias was concluded. At Night the Bridegroom burnt the Heart and Liver of the Fish, and the Devil fled away into Egypt, and was chained up by the Angel; then Tobias made his Bride get out of Bed, and after they had been at Prayers they lay down and slept. Azarias went on and received the Money of Gabael, after which they all return'd home to Old Tobit, whose Eyes were cured by the Gall of the Fish, and the Angel revealed himself to them. These I think are the most material passages of that History, one Circumstance indeed I have passed over, relating to a Dog, but that I did designedly, because I find him but once mentioned, and that, I believe, rather for Ornament than Use; nor did I much care for showing my Ignorance, not having hitherto been able to discover whether this Dog did originally belong to Tobias, or whether he was part of Sarah's Portion. In

IN *Nineve* old *Toby* dwelt,  
 An aged Man, and blind was he,  
 And much Affliction he had felt,  
 Which brought him unto Misery :

He had by *Anna*, his true Wife,  
 One only Son, and eke no more,  
 Which was the comfort of his Life,  
 And he by him did set great store.

He brought him up most virtuously,  
 In true Obedience and in awe,  
 And every Day he did apply,  
 To fear the Lord, and keep his Law.

Upon a time it came to pass  
 He call'd his Son to him with speed,  
 And thus to him these Words did frame,  
 My Son, quoth he, thou know'st my Need.

Thou must unto *Gabael* go,  
 To *Raguel's* House in *Media* Land,  
 For I did lend him long ago  
 Ten Talents, on his only Bond.

My Father dear, *Tobias* said,  
 At your command strait will I go;  
 How shall I get the Money paid,  
 Seeing the Man I ne'er did know ?

Take then the Writings here with thee,  
 Which is sufficient to be seen ;  
 And get a Guide to go with thee,  
 Since thou the way hast never been.

A Guide *Tobias* soon had got,  
 An Angel in the shape of Man,  
 Which thing he did not know, God wot,  
 The Lord had so appointed then.

*Tobias*, with his blessed Guide,  
Went on his Journey thus with speed,  
Until they came to *Tigris* side :  
At the fair Flood they did abide.

*Tobias* would go wash him there,  
By reason of the Summer's heat ;  
A mighty Fish put him in fear,  
Which leapt out of the Waters deep.

Cut up the Fish, the Angel said,  
And keep the Liver, Heart and Gall,  
To do the same be not afraid,  
Great Cures there shall be done withal.

When this was done, away they went,  
And coming near their Journey's end,  
We'll lodge to Night, the Angel said,  
With *Raguel*, thy Father's Friend.

He hath a Daughter fair of Face,  
And also of a virtuous Life ;  
And when we come unto that Place  
I'll speak, that she may be thy Wife.

Why, *Azarias*, then quoth he,  
(For so they did the Angel call)  
I wist she is no Wife for me,  
Swift Death doth on her Lovers fall.

Seven Men to her have married been,  
Which in her Love did take delight,  
When her Bed-Chamber they had seen,  
They have not lived half the Night.

A wicked Spirit loves her so  
He will not suffer any Man,  
With her into the Bed to go,  
But works his Death do what they can.

The Angel said, Good courage take,  
 For so it shall not be with thee,  
 For such perfumes I will thee make,  
 The wicked Spirit away shall flee.

To *Raguel's* House away they run,  
 Where *Sarah* met them, fair and bright,  
 And after Salutations done,  
 She brought them, to her Father's sight

Great Cheer there was, and down they sat,  
 And all for young *Tobias's* sake;  
 And after long and pleasant chat,  
 Betwixt them two a Match they make.

By *Moses's* Law they married were,  
 The Bride's Bed-Chamber prepar'd likewise  
 When young *Tobias* came in there,  
 The Tears fell down from *Sarah's* Eyes.

A Pan of Coals, he brought with him,  
 The Fish's Heart and Liver there,  
 Within the Fire he did cast in,  
 Which cast a savour every where:

And by that sweet and pleasant smell  
 The wicked Spirit was displac'd;  
 Within that Room he could not dwell,  
 And therefore out he went in haste.

In Bed they laid this beauteous Bride,  
 The Chamber-door was shut therefore;  
 Young *Toby* lying by her side,  
 Whom they did think to see no more.

And therefore *Raguel* in the Night  
 For him before hand made a Grave;  
 And to his Wife he wept and said,  
 There is no means his Life to save.



One of the Maidens send, quoth he,  
 To see how all the matter stands,  
 And if so be that dead he be  
 He shall be buried by my hands.

This Maiden joyful News did bring,  
*Tobias* is alive, quoth she :  
 When *Raguel* heard of this thing,  
 He did rejoyce exceedingly.

For joy he made a solemn Feast,  
 The Bridal Fourteen Days they kept,  
 There came many a friendly Guest ;  
 In sorrow now no more they slept.

*Azarias* went straight way  
 And to the Feast, *Gabael* brought ;  
 Rejoycing at his Marriage-Day,  
 And paid the Money that he ought.

But yet Old *Toby* and his Wife,  
 Did all this while in sorrow dwell,  
 They thought their Son had lost his Life,  
 And nothing could their Grief expel.

His aged Mother every Day  
 Did watch the High-way-side ;  
 And for his welfare oft did pray,  
 No Meat nor Drink she could abide.

But when the Wedding ended was,  
 Young *Toby*, with his lovely Bride  
 To *Nineve* did homewards pass,  
 With Goods and Chattles on each side.

But *Toby* and his Angel bright,  
 Before his Wife made haste to go  
 For to prepare all Things aright,  
 His lovely Bride to welcome ho.

His Mother watching in the way,  
Full soon espied her tender Son ;  
Rejoycing at that happy Day,  
She told her Husband he was come.

Whereat old *Toby* tumbled out,  
For he was Blind and could not See ;  
Young *Toby* with the Fish's Gall,  
Rub'd both his Eyes immediately.

Whereat the whiteness of his Eyes,  
Incontinent did fall out quite,  
So that before he did arise,  
He had again his perfect Sight:

Great Joy there was on every side  
Young *Toby* told his Father all ;  
Who went to meet his lovely Bride  
With Joy, and Mirth that was not small.





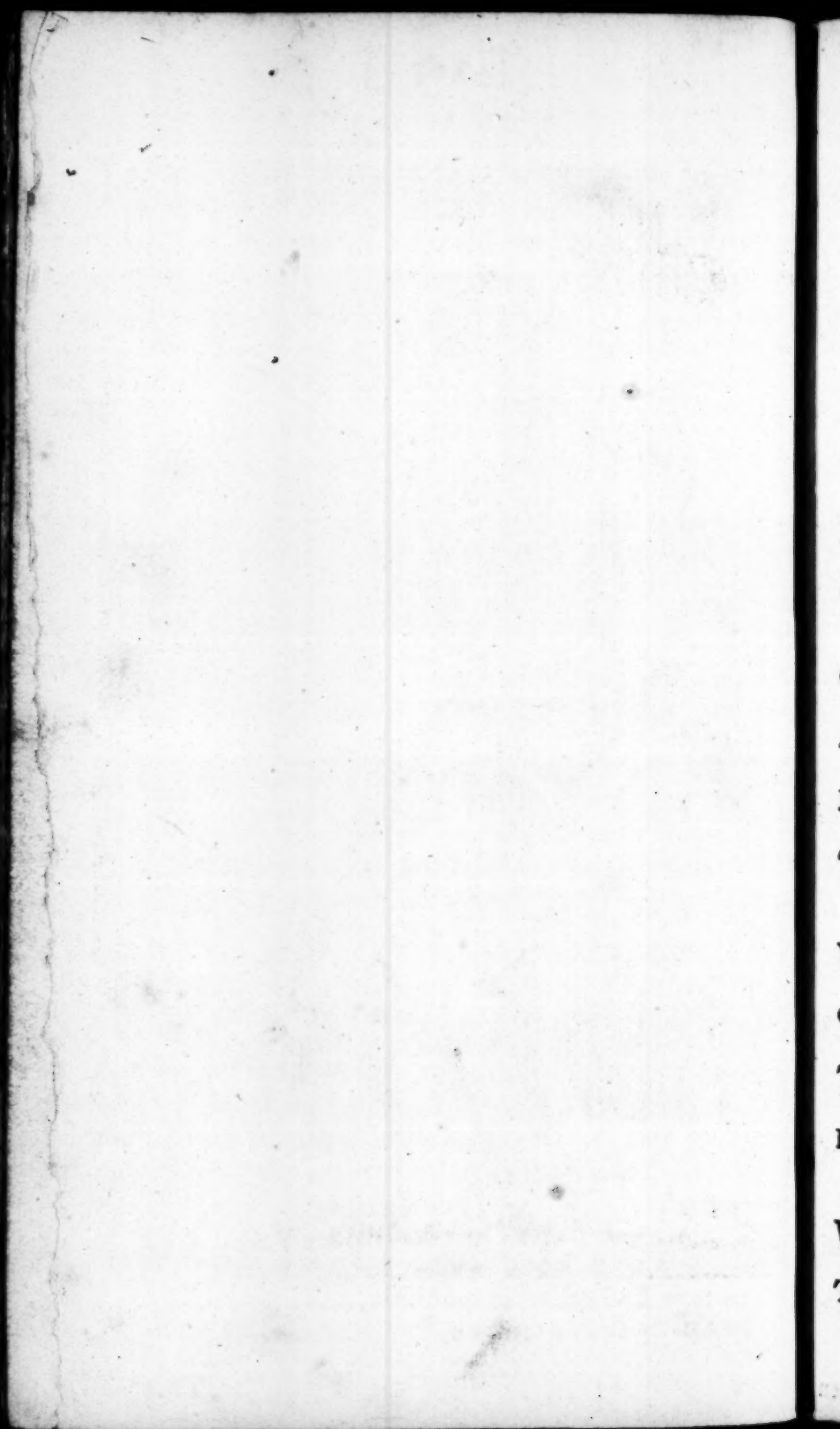
The Overthrow of proud *Holofernes*,  
and the Triumph of virtuous Queen  
*Judith*.

*The History of Judith is related so at large in the following Song, that an Introduction would be superfluous, and her Panegyrick is a Task far above my Pen ; we have Examples of Women who have sacrificed their Lives for their Country, but I believe her the Phoenix of her Sex, the only one who had ever Courage enough to sacrifice her Honour in so glorious a Cause ; and tho' a strict Observer of the Law of Moses, she rather chose to submit to an uncircumcised Lover, than to see the Walls of her City raz'd, and its Inhabitants starv'd or put to the Sword.*

WHEN King *Nebuchadnezar*,  
was puffed up with Pride,  
He sent forth many Men of War  
by *Holofernes* Guide ;  
To plague and spoil the World throughout  
By fierce *Bellona's* Rod,  
That would not fear and honour him,  
And acknowledge him their God.

Which





Which when the holy Israelites  
 Did truly understand,  
 For to prevent this Tyranny,  
 They fortified their Land:  
 Their Towns and stately Cities strong  
 They did with Victuals store ;  
 Their warlike Weapons they prepar'd  
 Their furious Foe to gore.

When stately *Holofernes* then  
 Had knowledge of that thing,  
 That they had thus prepar'd themselves  
 For to withstand the King;  
 Quoth he, What God is able now  
 To keep these Men from me ?  
 Is there a Greater than our King,  
 Whom all Men fear to see ?

Come, march with me, therefore, he said,  
 My Captains every one ;  
 And first unto *Bethulia*  
 With speed let us be gone:  
 I will destroy each Mother's Son,  
 That is within the Land,  
 Their God shall not deliver them  
 Out of my furious Hand,

Wherefore about *Bethulia*,  
 That little City then,  
 On Foot he planted up and down  
 An Hundred Thousand Men ;  
 Twelve thousand more on Horses brave,  
 About the Town had he :  
 He stopt their Springs and Water-pipes,  
 To work their Misery.

When four and thirty Days they had  
 With Wars besieged been,  
 The poor *Bethulians* at that time,  
 So thirsty then were seen,

That



That they were like to starve and die,  
They were both weak and faint;  
The People 'gainst the Rulers cry,  
And this was their Complaint:

Better it is for us, quoth they,  
To yield unto our Foe,  
Than by this great and grievous Thirst,  
To be destroyed so:  
O render up the 'Town therefore,  
We are forsaken quite;  
There is no Means to escape their Hands:  
Who might escape their Might?

When as their grieved Rulers heard  
The Clamours which they made,  
Good People be content, said they  
And be no whit dismay'd;  
Yet five Days stay in hope of Health,  
God will reward your Woe:  
But if by then no Succour come,  
We'll yield unto our Foe.

When *Judith*, prudent princely Dame,  
Had Tydings of this thing,  
Which was *Manasses's* beauteous Wife,  
That sometimes was their King,  
Why tempt ye God so sore, she said,  
Before all Men this Day,  
Whom mortal Men in Conscience ought  
To fear and eke obey?

If you will grant me Leave, quoth she,  
To pass abroad this Night,  
To *Holofernes* I will go,  
For all his furious Might:  
But what I there intend to do,  
Enquire not now of me:  
Go then in Peace, fair Dame, they said  
And God be still with thee.

When she from them was gotten home,  
 Within her Palace-gate,  
 She called to her chiefeſt Maid,  
 That on her then did wait:  
 Bring me my beſt Attire, quoth ſhe,  
 And Jewels of fine Gold,  
 And waſh me with the fineſt Balms,  
 That are for Silver fold.

The faireſt and the richeſt Robe,  
 That then ſhe did poſſeſs,  
 Upon her dainty Corſe ſhe put,  
 And eke her Hair did dreſs:  
 With coſtly Pearls, and precious Stones,  
 And Ear-rings of fine Gold ;  
 That like an Angel ſhe did ſeem,  
 Moſt ſweet for to behold :

A Pot of ſweet and pleaſant Oil,  
 She took with her that time,  
 A Bag of Figs, and fine Wheat-flower,  
 A Bottle of fine Wine ;  
 Becauſe ſhe would not eat with them,  
 That worſhip Gods of Stone ;  
 And from her City thus ſhe went,  
 With one poor Maid alone.

Much ground, alas, ſhe had not gone,  
 Out of her own City ;  
 But that the Centinels eſpy'd  
 A Woman wond'rous pritty :  
 From whence came you, fair Maid, quoth they,  
 And where walk you ſo late ?  
 From yonder Town, good Sirs, quoth ſhe,  
 Unto your Lord of high Eſtate.

When they did mark and view her well,  
 And ſaw her fair Beauty ;  
 And therewithal her rich Array,  
 So gorgeous to the Eye :

They were amazed in their Minds,  
 So fair a Dame to see,  
 They set her in a Chariot then,  
 In Place of high Degree :

An hundred proper chosen Men,  
 They did appoint likewise,  
 To wait on princely *Judith* there,  
 Whose Beauty clear'd their Eyes:  
 And all the Soldiers running came,  
 To view her as she went ;  
 And thus with her they past along,  
 Unto their General's Tent.

Then came his stately Guard in haste,  
 Fair *Judith* for to meet ;  
 And to their high renowned Lord,  
 They brought this Lady sweet :  
 And then before his Honour,  
 Upon her Knee she fell,  
 Her Beauty bright made him to muse,  
 So far she did excel.

Rise up, renowned Dame, quoth he,  
 The Glory of thy Kind,  
 And be no whit amaz'd at all,  
 To shew to me thy Mind.  
 When she had utter'd her Intent,  
 Her Wit amaz'd them all,  
 And *Holofernes* strait therewith,  
 By Love was brought to Thrall :

And bearing in his lofty Breast  
 The Flames of hot desire,  
 He granted every thing to her,  
 She did of him require :  
 Each Night therefore he gave her leave  
 To walk abroad to pray,  
 According to her own Request,  
 Which she had made that Day.

When she in Camp had three Days been  
 Near *Holofernes* Tent,  
 His chiefeft Friend, Lord Treasurer,  
 Unto her then he sent :  
 Fair Dame, quoth he, my Lord commands,  
 This Night your Company.  
 Quoth she, I will not my dear Lord  
 In any thing deny.

A very great and sumptuous Feast  
 Did *Holofernes* make,  
 Amongst the Lords and valiant Knights,  
 And all for *Judith's* sake :  
 But of their Dainties in no case  
 Would virtuous *Judith* taste :  
 Yet *Holofernes* merry was,  
 So near him she was plac'd.

And being very pleasantly  
 Disposed at that time;  
 He drunk with them abundantly  
 Of strong delicious Wine :  
 So that his Strength and Memory,  
 So far from him was fled,  
 They laid him down, and *Judith* then  
 Was brought unto his Bed.

When all the Doors about were shut,  
 And every one was gone,  
 Hard by the Pillow of his Bed,  
 His Sword she 'spy'd anon :  
 Then down she took it presently ;  
 To God for Strength she pray'd,  
 She cut his Head from Shoulders quite,  
 And gave it to her Maid.

The rich and golden Canopy,  
 That hung over his Bed,  
 She took the same with her likewise,  
 With *Holofernes* Head ;

And thus thro' all the Court of Guards  
 She 'scaped clean away,  
 None did her stay, thinking that she  
 Had gone forth for to pray.

When she had thus escaped quite  
 The Danger of them all,  
 And that she was come near unto  
 The besieged City's Wall :  
 Come, open me the Gates, quoth she,  
 Our Foe the Lord hath slain,  
 See here his Head within my Hand,  
 That bore so great a Fame.

Upon a Pole they pitcht his Head,  
 That all Men might it 'spy,  
 And o'er the City-wall forthwith,  
 They set it presently :  
 Then all the Soldiers in the Town  
 March'd forth in rich Array,  
 But soon their Foes 'spy'd their Approach,  
 For 'twas at break of Day.

Then running hastily to call  
 Their General out of Bed,  
 They found his Lifeless Body there,  
 But clean without his Head :  
 When this was known, all in amaze,  
 They fled away each Man,  
 They left their Tents full rich behind,  
 And so away they ran.

Lo here, behold how God provides  
 For them that in him trust,  
 When earthly Hopes are all in vain,  
 He takes us from the Dust :  
 How often hath our *Judith* sav'd  
 And kept us from Decay,  
 'Gainst *Holofernes* and the Pope,  
 As may be seen this Day ?



## The wanton Wife of *Bath*,

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To the Tune of, *Flying Fame*, &c.

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*I need not acquaint my Readers that the following Story is borrow'd from old Chaucer. The Ballad itself has always been esteem'd, and even Mr Addison has commended it, whose Judgement in Poetry, I believe never was disputed. In one of his Spectators he has recourse to the Authority of this Song to prove something he asserts, and does it in these Words. That excellent old Ballad of the wanton Wife of Bath, has the following Lines. And I should think it a Piece of Injustice to the Memory of our English Bard, if I did not observe that this great Man having occasion to give us some Lines of Ovid upon the same Subject, has first quoted our Song Enditer, and then the Roman.*

**I**N Bath a wanton Wife did dwell,  
 As Chaucer he doth write;  
 Who did in Pleasure spend her Days,  
 In many a fond Delight.

K

Unto



Upon a time sore sick she was,  
 And at the length did dye ;  
 Her Soul at last at Heaven's Gate,  
 Did knock most mightily.

Then *Adam* came unto the Gate,  
 Who knocketh there? quoth he,  
 I am the Wife of *Bath*, she said,  
 And fain would come to thee.

Thou art a Sinner, *Adam* said,  
 And here no place shall have.  
 Alas, for you, good Sir, she said,  
 Now gip you doting Knave.

I will come in, in spight she said,  
 Of all such Churles as thee ;  
 Thou wert the Causer of our Woe,  
 Our Pain and Misery.

And first broke God's Commandments,  
 In pleasure of thy Wife :  
 When *Adam* heard her tell this Tale,  
 He run away for Life.

Then down came *Jacob* at the Gate,  
 And bids her pack to Hell,  
 Thou false Deceiver! why, said she,  
 Thou may'st be there as well.

For thou deceiv'd'st thy Father dear,  
 And thine own Brother too.  
 Away went *Jacob* presently,  
 And made no more ado.

She knocks again with might and main,  
 And *Lot* he chides her strait:  
 Why then, quoth she, thou drunken Ass,  
 Who bids thee here to wait.

With thy two Daughters thou did'st lye,  
 On them two Bastards got ;  
 And thus most tauntingly she chaff  
 Against poor silly Lot.

Who knocks there, quoth *Judith* then  
 With such shrill sounding Notes ?  
 This fine Minks you cannot hear,  
 Quoth she, for cutting Throats.

Good Lord, how *Judith* blush'd for shame  
 When she heard her say so ;  
 King *David* hearing of the same,  
 He to the Gate did go.

Quoth *David*, who knocks there so loud,  
 And maketh all this Strife ?  
 You were more kind, good Sir, she said,  
 Unto *Uriah's* Wife.

And when thou caus'd'st thy Servant  
 In Battle to be slain,  
 Thou caus'd'st then more Strife than I,  
 Who would come here so fain.

The Woman's mad, said *Solomon*,  
 That thus doth taunt a King.  
 Not half so mad as you, she said,  
 I know in many a thing.

Thou had'st seven Hundred Wives,  
 For whom thou did'st provide,  
 Yet for all this, three hundred Whores,  
 Thou did'st maintain beside.

And those made thee forsake thy God,  
 And worship Stocks and Stones,  
 Besides the charge they put thee to  
 In breeding of young Bones.

Had'st

Had'st thou not been besides thy Wits,  
 Thou would'st not thus have ventur'd;  
 And therefore I do marvel much,  
 How thou this Place hast enter'd.

I never heard, quoth *Jonas* then,  
 So vile a Scold as this,  
 Thou Whore-son Runaway, quoth she,  
 Thou diddest more amiss.

I think, quoth *Thomas*, Women's Tongues  
 Of Aspen-Leaves are made.  
 Thou unbelieving Wretch, quoth she,  
 All is not true that's said.

When *Mary Magdalen* heard her then,  
 She came unto the Gate,  
 Quoth she, Good-Woman, you must think  
 Upon your former State.

No Sinner enters in this Place,  
 Quoth *Mary Magdalen* then.  
 'Twere ill for you, fair Mistress mild,  
 She answer'd her again.

You for your Honesty, quoth she,  
 Should once be ston'd to Death,  
 Had not our Saviour Christ come by,  
 And written on the Earth.

It was not your Occupation,  
 You are become divine,  
 I hope my Soul in Christ's Passion  
 Shall be as safe as thine.

Then rose the good Apostle *Paul*,  
 Unto this Wife he cry'd,  
 Except thou shake thy Sins away,  
 Thou here shalt be deny'd.

Remember

Remember *Paul*, what thou hast done,  
 All thro' a lewd Desire,  
 How thou did'st persecute God's Church,  
 With Wrath as hot as fire.

Then up starts *Peter* at the last,  
 And to the Gate he highs,  
 Fond Fool, quoth he, knock not so fast,  
 Thou weariest Christ with Cries.

*Peter*, said she, content thy self,  
 For Mercy may be won,  
 I never did deny my Christ,  
 As thou thy self hast done.

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,  
 With heavenly Angels bright,  
 He comes unto this sinful Soul,  
 Who trembled at his Sight.

Of him for Mercy she did crave,  
 Quoth he, thou hast refus'd,  
 My proffer'd Grace, and Mercy both,  
 And much my Name abus'd.

*Sore have I sinn'd, O Lord, she said,*  
*And spent my time in vain,*  
*But bring me like a wand'ring Sheep,*  
*Into thy Flock again :*

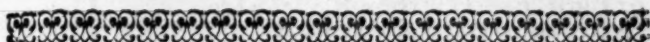
O Lord my God, I will amend  
 My former wicked Vice.  
 The Thiet at these poor silly Words,  
 Past into Paradise.

My Laws and my Commandments,  
 Saith Christ, were known to thee,  
 But of the same, in any wise,  
 Not yet one Word did ye.

Grant the same, O Lord, quoth she,  
Most lewdly did I live,  
But yet the loving Father did  
His prodigal Son forgive.

So I forgive thy Soul, he said,  
Through thy repenting Cry,  
Come you therefore into my Joy,  
I will not thee deny.





## The Ballad of *Tom* and *Will*.

*Most of the following Songs being written on Humourous Subjects, and it being impossible to say something new of every one, I shall give 'em my Reader without any Introduction. The last of 'em, the Spanish Lady's Love, I have been very much importun'd to insert in this Collection.*

**T**OM. and *Will*. were Shepherds Swains,  
 That liv'd and lov'd together,  
 When fair *Pastora* crost their Plains  
 Alas, why came she thither !  
 For tho' they fed two several Flocks,  
 They felt but one Desire :  
*Pastora's* Eyes and Amber Locks  
 Set both their Hearts on fire.

*Tom*. came of a genteel Race,  
 By Father and by Mother ;  
*Will*. was Noble, but, alas,  
 He was a younger Brother.  
*Tom*. was forlorn, *Will* was sad,  
 No Huntsman nor no Fowler ;  
*Tom*. was held the properer Lad,  
 But *Will* the better Bowler.

*Tom*. was young, but something bald,  
 It seem'd no Imperfection ;  
*Will*. was grey, but yet not old,  
 And browner of Complexion.



The touching Flames their Breasts did bear,  
 They could no longer smother,  
 For tho' they knew they Rivals were,  
 They still lov'd one another.

*Tom* would drink her Health and swear  
 His very Ghost should haunt her ;  
*Will* would take her by the Ear,  
 And with his Voice inchant her ;  
*Tom* kept always in her Sight,  
 And ne'er forgot his Duty,  
 But *Will* was witty, and could write  
 Sweet Sonnets on her Beauty.

*Pastora* was a Lovely Lass,  
 And of a gentle Nature,  
 Divinely good and Fair she was  
 And kind to every Creature ;  
 Of Favours she was provident,  
 But yet not over sparing ;  
 She gave no loose Encouragement,  
 Yet kept Men from despairing.

Which of the two she loved most,  
 Or whether she lov'd either,  
 'Tis thought they'll find it to their Cost,  
 That she indeed lov'd neither ;  
 Yet so charming, so sweet was she,  
 So pleasing of Behaviour,  
 That *Tom*. thought he, and *Will* thought he,  
 Was chiefest in her Favour.

Thus did she handle *Tom* and *Will*  
 Who both did dote upon her,  
 For graciously she us'd them still,  
 Yet still preserv'd her Honour ;  
 She dealt her Favours equally,  
 They both were well contented,  
 And kept them still from Jealousy  
 Not easily prevented.

Till rattling Fame had made report,  
 Of fair *Pastora's* Beauty,  
*Pastora's* sent for to the Court,  
 There to perform her Duty:  
 Unto the Court *Pastora's* gone,  
 There were no Court without her,  
 The Queen amongst her Train, had none,  
 Was half so fair about her.

*Tom* hang'd his Dog, and cast away,  
 His Shepherd's Hook and Wallet;  
*Will* broke his Pipe, and curs'd the Day  
 That e'er he made a Ballad:  
 Their Nine-Pins and their Bowls they break,  
 Their Sports were turn'd to Tears;  
 'Tis time for me an end to make,  
 Let them go shake their Ears.





ROGER's Delight : Or, the *West*  
Country Christ'ning and Gof-  
siping.

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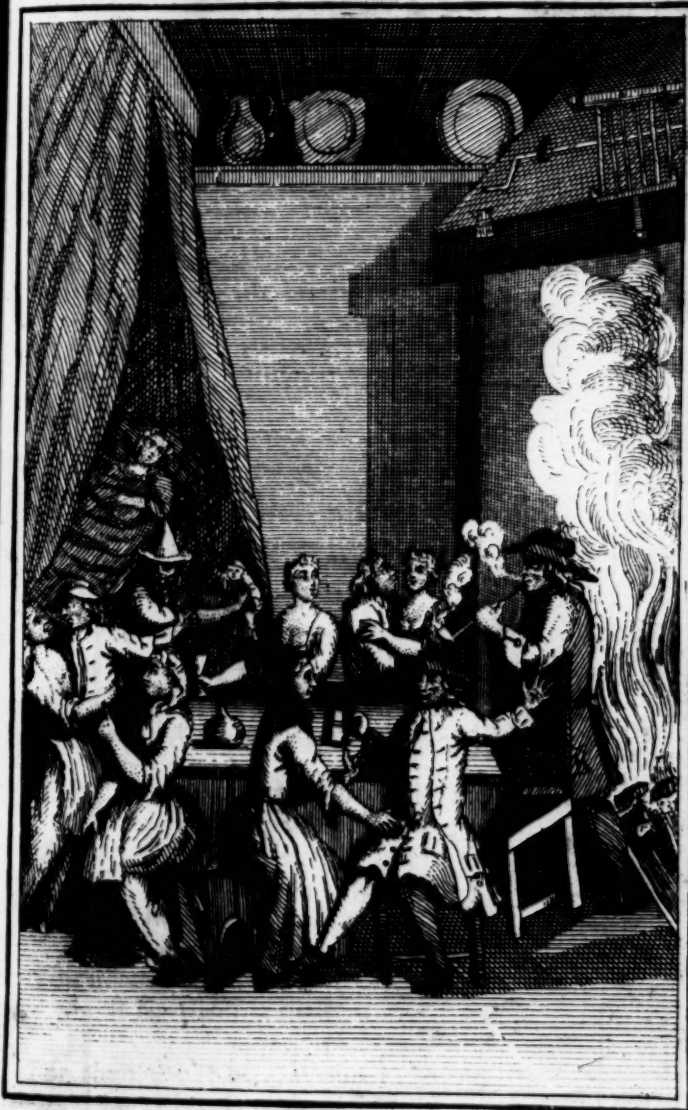
To the Tune of, *Cold and Raw.*

---

**W**hen *Sol* had left his weary Teams,  
And turn'd his Steeds a Grazing,  
Ten Fathom deep in *Neptune's* Streams,  
He his *Thetis* lay Embracing ;  
The Stars tript in the Firmament,  
Like School-Boys on a Play Day ;  
The Country Lasses a Mumming went,  
Like Milk-maids on a *May-Day*.

Then apace grew on the Grey Morn,  
When the Herd-Man's Flocks were Lowing,  
And amongst the Poultry in the Barn,  
'The Plow-Man's Cocks were Crowing :  
Whilst *Roger* he Dream'd of Golden Joys,  
Was wak'd by a Revel-rout, Sir,  
And *Cicely* she tells him he needs must rise,  
For his *Juggy* was crying out, Sir.

Not half so fast the Cup went round,  
At the Tapping of good Ale-Ferkin,  
Than *Roger* his Hose and Shoes had found,  
And button'd his Leather Jerkin ;  
Grey Mare was Saddled with wond'rous speed,  
With Pillion and Buttock'd aright, Sir,  
And for an old Midwife away he rid,  
To bring the poor Kid to light, Sir.





Oh good Mother ! I pray get up,  
 For the Fruits of my Labour it's now come,  
 And there it lyes struggling in *Fuggy's* Womb,  
 But it cannot get out till you come.  
 I'll help her, quoth the old Hag, ne'er doubt,  
 Thy *Fuggy* shall be well again, Boy,  
 And I'll warrant that I'll get the Kid out  
 As well as thou gottest it in, Boy.

Grey Mare they mount, and away they ride,  
 No Whip nor Spur was wanting ;  
 As soon as the old Hag enter'd the Room,  
 Then hoop cry'd out the Bantling :  
 A Female Chit, so small it was born,  
 You might put it into a Flaggon,  
 And it must be Christen'd that very Morn,  
 For fear it should die a *Pagan*.

Then *Robin* and *Dell*, with constant *Kate*  
 Were Gossips for this great Christ'ning,  
 And the good Wives did merrily prate,  
 Whilst *Fuggy* in Bed lay list'ning :  
 They talk'd of this, and they talk'd of that,  
 Of Chatting they were not sparing,  
 Some said it was so small a Brat,  
 'Twas hardly worth the rearing.

Then *Roger* he strutted about the Hall,  
 As great as the Prince of *Conde* ;  
 What if her Parts they are but small,  
 They will be bigger one Day :  
 What if her Legs and Thighs lie close,  
 As little as any Spider,  
 You need not fear, e'er seventeen Years,  
 She'll lig them a little wider :

For then she'll be a Woman grown,  
 I'll lay Five Pounds in Money,  
 And have a little one of her own,  
 As well as *fug* my Honey :



These will be joyful Days to see,  
 I'll study for to advance her,  
 That *Juggy* may a Granny be,  
 Then I shall be a Grandfire.

The Nappy Ale went fairly round,  
 As brown as any Berry,  
 With which the good Wives being Crown'd,  
 They all were Brisk and Merry :  
 Whilst *Roger* he turn'd Cups over his Thumb  
 To every honest Neighbour,  
 Saying, A Twelve Month hence pray come,  
 Once more to my *Juggy's* Labour.



The

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## The Cowardly Clown of *Flanders* Cuckolded.

**A**N honest Man as I am told,  
He was a Cuckold made;  
With his sweet Wife, a *Spaniard* bold,  
The wanton Frolick plaid.  
I'll tell you how it came to pass,  
If you'll attend a while;  
A Guinea to a single Groat,  
This Song will make you smile.

In *Flanders* fair, a simple Clown,  
As he travelling had been;  
Bringing his Wife in Company,  
Came late into his Inn:  
A *Spanish* Solder being there,  
A Guest unto the Place.  
No sooner saw, but lik'd his Wife,  
(She had a comely Face).

Her Cheeks for curious Red and White,  
The like is seldom seen;  
All over charming Beauty bright,  
And of a courteous Meen;  
The Soldier then his Weapon drew,  
And stood upon his Guard,  
And vow'd he'd have a touch or two,  
Or it shou'd 'scape him hard.

No Rest or Quiet could he take,  
For *Cupid's* loud Alarms:  
Free Plunder he resolv'd to make  
Of her Delightful Charms.

He watch'd when they were gone to Bed,  
 Then boldly in comes he,  
 And never said, Friend, by your leave,  
 But made their Number Three.

He clasp'd her round her tender Wasse,  
 And fairly fell to work ;  
 She had not oft been so embrac'd,  
 He pleas'd her at a Jerk :  
 The Clown lay still and felt a stir,  
 But durst not speak for's Life :  
 At length his Patience was so mov'd,  
 He softly jogg'd his Wife.

And said to her, Prithee intreat  
 The *Spaniard* to be still.  
 To speak *Spanish*, Man, quoth she,  
 You know I have no Skill.  
 But, Husband, if you please to rise,  
 And to the Sexton go,  
 He understandeth *Spanish* well,  
 Assuredly I know.

Faith, and I'll fetch him strait, quoth he,  
 And so the Rustick rose,  
 And softly sneaking out a Door,  
 About his Message goes:  
 Mean time imagine what you will,  
 To me it is unknown :  
 But e're her Husband came again,  
 The *Spaniard* he was gone.

Which when the simple Man perceiv'd,  
 He fell to Domineer ;  
 O Wife, said he, for Twenty Pound  
 I would he had been here,  
 This Cudgel should have thrash'd his Hide  
 Till all his Bones were broke:  
 That I would have been satisfy'd,  
 'Cause he did me provoke.

By this chastizing Hand of mine,  
 He should have felt the Smart:  
 I know he had some base design,  
 Which vex'd me to the Heart.  
 Tell me, Sweet heart, when I was gone,  
 How long the Knave did stay?  
 Quoth she, You scarce was out of Doors  
 Before he ran away.

Wife, quoth the Clown, thou mak'st me laugh,  
 That I did fear him thus:  
 Come let us take a little nap,  
 For his disturbing us;  
 You see what comes of Policy,  
 And good discretion Wife,  
 If I had been some hasty Fool,  
 It might have cost my Life.

Ah, so it might, quoth she, my Dear,  
 'Tis well you had that Wit,  
 I should have dy'd for very Fear,  
 If you and he had fit;  
 Come let us keep each other warm,  
 And pleasant Stories tell:  
 O! as he has done me no harm,  
 So all I hope is well.





The Low-Country Soldier: Or, His  
Humble Petition at his Return in-  
to *England*, after his Bold Ad-  
ventures in Bloody Battels.

GOOD your Worship cast an Eye  
Upon a Soldier's Misery ;  
Let not these lean Cheeks, I pray,  
Your Worship's Bounty from me stay ;  
But like a noble Friend,  
Some Silver lend,  
And *Jove* shall pay you in the end ;  
And I will pray that Fate  
May make you Fortunate  
In Heaven, or in some Earthly State.

To beg I ne'er was bred, kind Sir,  
Which makes me blush to keep this stir ;  
Nor do I rove from Place to Place,  
For to make known my woeful Case :  
For I am none of those  
That a Roving goes,  
And in Rambling shew their drunken Blows ;  
For all that they have got,  
Is by banging of the Pot,  
In wrangling who should pay their Shot.

*Olympick* Games I oft have seen,  
And in brave Battles have I been ;  
The Cannons there aloud did roar,  
My Proffer high was ever more :

For, out of a Bravado,  
 When in a Barricado,  
 By tossing of a Hand-Granado,  
 Death then was very near,  
 When it took away this Ear ;  
 But yet, thank God, I'm here, I'm here,

And at the Siege of *Buda*, there,  
 I was blown up into the Air,  
 From whence I tumbled down again,  
 And lay awhile among the slain ;  
     Yet rather than be beat,  
     I got upon my Feet,  
     And made the Enemy retreat ;  
 My self and seven more  
 We fought Eleven score,  
 The Rogues were ne'er so thrash'd before.

I have, at least a dozen times,  
 Been blown up by these roguish Mines :  
 Twice through the Scull have I been Shot,  
 That my Brains do boil like any Pot :  
     Such Dangers have I past,  
     At first and at last,  
     As would make your Worship fore aghast ;  
 And there I lay for dead,  
 Till the Enemy was fled,  
 And then they carried me home to Bed.

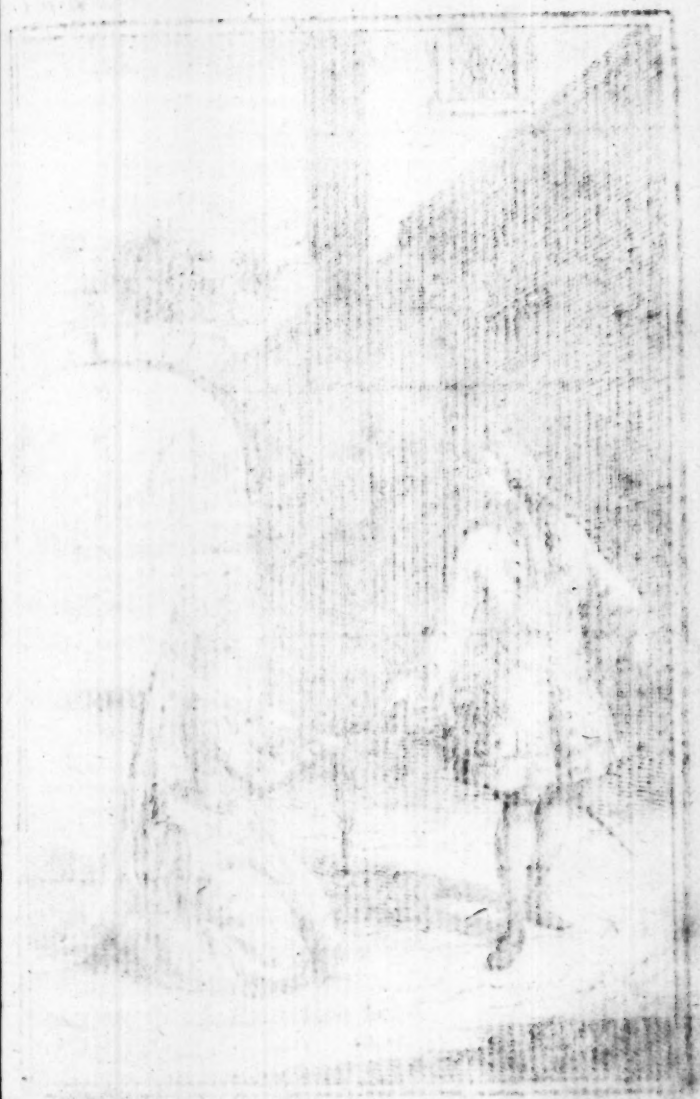
At push of Pike I lost this Eye,  
 And at *Birgam*-Siege I broke this Thigh ;  
 At *Ostend*, like a warlike Lad,  
 I laid about as I were Mad :  
     But little would you think,  
     That e'er I had been,  
     Such a good Old Soldier of the Queen :  
 But if Sir *Francis Vere*,  
 Were living now, and here,  
 He would tell you how I slash'd 'em there.



The *Hollanders* my Fury know,  
 For oft with them I've dealt a Blow:  
 Then did I take a warlike Dance,  
 Quite through *Spain*, and into *France*;  
     And there I spent a Flood  
     Of very noble Blood,  
     Yet all would do but little good;  
 For now I home am come,  
 With my Rags upon my Bum,  
 And crave of your Worship one small Sum.

And now my Case you understand,  
 Pray lend to me your helping Hand;  
 A little thing would pleasure me,  
 To keep in mind your Charity:  
     It is not Bread and Cheese,  
     Nor Barley-Lees,  
     Or any such like Scraps as these;  
 But what I beg of you,  
 Is a Shilling one or two,  
 Kind Sir, your Purse-strings pray undo.









## The *Spanish* Lady's Love.

WILL you hear a *Spanish* Lady,  
 How she woo'd an *English* Man;  
 Garments gay as rich as may be,  
 Deck'd with Jewels had she on;  
 Of a comely Countenance  
 And Grace was she;  
 Both by Birth and Parentage  
 Of high degree.

As his Prisoner there he kept her,  
 In his Hands her Life did lie;  
*Cupid's* Bands did tye them faster  
 By the liking of an Eye:  
 In his courteous Company  
 Was all her Joy;  
 To favour him in any thing  
 She was not coy:

But at last there came Commandment  
 For to set all Ladies free,  
 With their Jewels still adorned:  
 None to do them Injury;  
 Then, said this Lady most mild,  
 Full woe is me,  
 O let me still sustain this kind  
 Captivity.  
 Gallant Captain take some pity  
 On a Woman in distress,  
 Leave me not within this City,  
 For to die in heaviness:

Thou

Thou hast set this present Day  
 My Body free,  
 But my Heart in Prison still  
 Remains with thee.

How should'st thou fair Lady love me,  
 Whom thou know'st thy Country's Foe.  
 Thy fair Speech makes me suspect thee,  
 Serpents lie where Flowers grow.  
 All the harm I think on thee,  
 Most courteous Knight,  
 God grant upon my Head the same,  
 May fully light ;

Blessed be the Time and Season,  
 That you came on *Spanish* Ground,  
 If you may our Foes be termed,  
 Gentle Foes we have you found  
 With our City you have won  
 Our Hearts each one ;  
 Then to your Country bear away  
 That is your own.

Rest you still most gallant Lady,  
 Rest you still and weep no more,  
 Of fair Flowers you have plenty,  
*Spain* doth yield you wond'rous store.  
*Spaniards* fraught with Jealousy  
 We oft do find,  
 But *English* Men throughout the World  
 Are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a *Spaniard*,  
 Thou alone enjoy'st my Heart ;  
 I am lovely, young and tender,  
 Love is likewise my desert :  
 Still to save thee Day and Night  
 My Mind is prest,  
 The Wife of every *English* Man  
 Is counted blest.

It would be a Shame fair Lady,  
 For to bear a Woman hence,  
*English* Soldiers never carry  
 Any such without Offence.  
 I will quickly change my self,  
 If it be so,  
 And like a Page will follow thee  
 Where-e'er thou go.

I have neither Gold nor Silver,  
 To maintain thee in this case,  
 And to Travel is great Charge,  
 As you know in every Place.  
 My Chains and Jewels every one  
 Shall be thy own,  
 And eke Ten thousand Pounds in Gold,  
 That lies unknown.

On the Seas are many Dangers,  
 Many Storms do there arise,  
 Which will be to Ladies dreadful,  
 And force Tears from watry Eyes:  
 Well in Troth I shall endure  
 Extreemly,  
 For I could find in Heart to lose  
 My Life for thee.

Courteous Lady leave this folly,  
 Here comes all that breeds the Strife,  
 I in *England* have already  
 A sweet Woman to my Wife;  
 I will not falsify my Vow,  
 For Gold nor Gain,  
 Nor yet for all the fairest Dames  
 That live in *Spain*.

O how happy is that Woman  
 That enjoys so true a Friend,  
 Many happy Days God lend her,  
 Of my suit I make an End:



On my Knees I pardon crave  
 For my Offence,  
 Which love and true affection  
 Did first commence.

Commend me to that gallant Lady,  
 Bear to her this Chain of Gold,  
 With these Bracelets for a Token  
 Grieving that I was so bold,  
 All my Jewels in like sort,  
 Take thou with thee,  
 For they are fitting for thy Wife,  
 But not for me.

I will spend my Days in Prayer,  
 Love and all his Laws defy,  
 In a Nunnery I will shrowd me,  
 Far from any Company;  
 But e'er my Prayers have an end,  
 Be sure of this,  
 To pray for thee and for thy Love,  
 I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant Captain,  
 Farewel to my Heart's content;  
 Count not *Spanish* Ladies wanton,  
 Though to thee my Mind was bent,  
 Joy and true Prosperity  
 Remain with thee;  
 The like fall unto thy share  
 Most fair Lady.





## THE CRONICLE.

*As in the Frontispiece of my first Volume, I have placed the Heads of Sir John Suckling and Mr Cowley, it would be ridiculous not to insert some one of their Ballads in this Collection. I do not doubt but the Wedding of the former has been a grateful Entertainment to those who never saw it before, nor will, I believe, this Ballad of the latter's be less acceptable. I would gladly oblige my Readers with more of their Songs, but must beg to be excused for fear of being thought an Invader of other Men's Property.*

**M** *Aragritta* first posselt,  
 If I remember well, my Breast,  
*Margaritta* first of all;  
 But when a while the wanton Maid  
 With my restless Heart had plaid,  
*Martha* took the flying Ball.

*Martha* soon did it resign  
 To the Beauteous *Katherine*,  
 Beauteous *Katherine* gave Place,  
 Though loth and angry she to part  
 With the Possession of my Heart  
 To *Elisa*'s conquering Face.

*Elisa*

*Elisa* 'till this Hour might reign,  
Had she not *Evil Counsels* ta'en ;  
*Fundamental Laws* she broke,  
And still new *Favourites* she chose,  
Till up in *Arms* my *Passions* rose,  
And cast away her Yoke.

*Mary* then and gentle *Ann*  
Both to reign at once began,  
Alternately they sway'd ;  
And sometimes *Mary* was the *Fair*,  
And sometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,  
Sometimes I *Both* obey'd.

Another *Mary* then arose,  
And did rigorous *Laws* impose,  
A mighty *Tyrant* she !  
Long, alas, should I have been  
Under that *Iron-Sceptred Queen*,  
Had not *Rebecca* set me free.

When fair *Rebecca* set me free,  
'Twas then a *golden Time* for me  
But soon those *Pleasures* fled ;  
For the gracious *Princess* dy'd  
In her *Youth* and *Beauty's Pride*,  
And *Judith* reigned in her stead.

One Month, three Days and half an Hour  
*Judith* held the *Sov'raign Power*,  
Wondrous beautiful her Face,  
But so weak and small her Wit  
That she to govern was unfit,  
And so *Susannah* took her Place.

But when *Isabella* came  
Arm'd with a resistless Flame,  
And th' *Artillery* of her Eye,  
Whilst she proudly march'd about  
Greater *Conquests* to find out,  
She beat out *Susan* by the Bye.

But in her Place I then obey'd  
 Black-ey'd *Bess* her *Vice-Roy Maid*,  
 To whom ensu'd a *Vacancy* ;  
 Thousand worse Passions then possesse  
 The *Inter-regnum* of my Breast,  
 Bless me from such an Anarchy !

Gentle *Henrietta* then  
 And a third *Mary* next began,  
 Then *Joan*, and *Jane*, and *Andria*,  
 And then a pretty *Thomasine*,  
 And then another *Katherine*  
 And then a long *et cetera*.

But should I now to you relate  
 The Strength and Riches of their *State*  
 The Powder, Patches, and the Pins,  
 The Ribbons, Jewels, and the Rings  
 The Lace, the Paint, and Warlike things  
 'I hat make up all their *Magazines* :

If I should tell the Polltick Arts  
 To take and keep Men's Hearts,  
 The Letters, Embassies, and Spies,  
 The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,  
 The Quarrels, Fears and Perjuries,  
 Numberless, Nameless *Mysteries* !

And all the little *Lime-Twigs* laid  
 By *Matchiavill* the waiting-Maid ;  
 I more voluminous should grow,  
 (Chiefly if I like them should tell  
 All change of *Weathers* that beset)  
 Than *Holinshed* or *Stow*.

But I will briefer with them be,  
 Since few of them were long with me:  
 A higher and a nobler Strain  
 My present *Emperess* does claim  
*Heleonora*, First o'th' Name,  
 Whom God grant long to Reign.



The



## The old Woman's Wish.

When my Hairs grow hoary and my Cheeks  
 (look pale,  
 When my Forehead has Wrinkles and my Eye-  
 (Sight does fail,  
 Let my Words both and Actions be free from all  
 (Harm  
 And may I have my old Husband to keep my Back  
 (warm :  
 The Pleasures of Youth are Flowers but of *May*,  
 Our Life's but a Vapour, our Body's but Clay,  
 Oh, let me live well, tho' I live but a Day,

With a Sermon on Sundays and a Bible of good Print  
 With a Pot on the Fire, and good Victuals in't,  
 With Ale, Beer and Brandy both Winter and Summer  
 To drink to my Gossip, and be pledg'd by my Com-  
 (mer :

The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With Pigs and with Poultry, with some Money in store  
 To lend to my Neighbour and to give to the Poor,  
 With a Bottle of Canary to drink without Sin,  
 And to comfort my Daughter when that she lies in.  
 The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With a Bed soft and easy to rest on at Night,  
 With a Maid in the Morning to rise when 'tis Light,  
 To do her Work neatly, to obey my Desire,  
 To make the House clean and to blow up the Fire.  
 The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

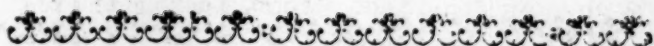


With Coals and with Bavins, and a good warm Chair  
 With a thick Hood and Mantle, when I ride on my  
 (Mare,  
 Let me dwell near my Cupboard and far from my Foes  
 With a pair of Glafs Eyes to clap on my Nofe.  
 The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

And when I am dead, with a Sigh let them fay,  
 Our Honeft old Gammar is laid in the Clay,  
 When young ſhe was chearful, no Scold nor no Whore  
 She helped her Neighbours, and gave to the Poor.  
 Tho' the Flower of her Youth in her Age did decay,  
 Tho' her Life was a Vapour that vaniſh'd away,  
 She liv'd well and happy unto her laſt Day.



The



## The Maid's Wish.

**V**irgins so fair, at length it may prove  
 Your Destiny to be in Love,  
 Pray grant me such a Fate ;  
 May Prudence always be my Guide,  
 With a little, little Decency and Pride  
 My Actions to regulate.

When first in Love I do commence,  
 May it be with a Man of Sence,  
 And learned Education ;  
 May all his Courtship be to me,  
 Neither too formal, nor too free,  
 But wisely shew his Passion.

May his Estate agree with mine,  
 That it may look like no Design  
 To bring us both to Sorrow,  
 Grant me this that I have said,  
 And willingly I'd live a Maid  
 No longer than to Morrow.

When we are wed, may we agree,  
 And neither of us angry be,  
 But live free from all Sorrow ;  
 If one be cross, may the other say,  
 My Dear, we wont fall out to Day,  
 Whare'er we do to Morrow.





of many, even of our oldest Ballads) nothing is more probable than that his Body was not found amongst the Slain, or at least not known again, upon which our Poet took the liberty of supposing him only wounded, and unknown to any Body to have stollen from the Camp. Nor has this raising a Man from the Dead, any thing so very uncommon in it. 'Tis what Mr. Dryden himself has done for Don Sebastian, and claims it as the particular Privilege of a Poet. This Earl left several Children behind him in France, but Simon de Montfort, one of 'em, did not long stay there, and coming over to England found the Means of getting in the King's Favour, which he so improv'd, that he at length was marry'd to the Countess Eleanor the King's Sister. He was slain at the Battle of Evesham in the Year 1265.

**I**T was a blind Beggar that long lost his Sight,  
He had a fair Daughter most pleasant and bright,  
And many a gallant brave Suitor had she,  
For none was so comely as pretty Bessie.

And though she was of Favour most fair,  
Yet seeing she was but a Beggar his Heir,  
Of ancient House-keepers despised was she,  
Who came as Suitors to pretty Bessie.

Wherefore in great Sorrow fair Bessie did say,  
Good Father and Mother, let me go my Way,  
To seek out my Fortune where-ever it be,  
The Suit was then granted to pretty Bessie.

Thus *Bessie* that was of Beauty most bright,  
Then clad in grey Ruffet, and late in the Night,  
From Father and Mother alone parted she,  
Who sigh'd and sobb'd for pretty *Bessie*.

She went till she came to *Stratford* near *Bow*,  
Then she knew not whither nor which way to go,  
With Tears she lamented her hard Destiny,  
So sad and so heavy was pretty *Bessie*,

She kept on her Journey until it was Day,  
And went unto *Rumford* along the Highway;  
And at the King's Arms entertained was she,  
So fair and well-favour'd was pretty *Bessie*.

She had not been there one Month to an End,  
But Master, and Mistress and all was her Friend;  
And every brave Gallant that once did her see,  
Was straitway in love with pretty *Bessie*.

Great Gifts they did send her of Silver and Gold,  
And in their Songs daily her Love they extoll'd;  
Her Beauty was blazed in every Degree,  
So fair and so comely was pretty *Bessie*.

The young Men of *Rumford* in her had their Joy,  
She shew'd herself courteous, but never too coy;  
And at her Commandment still would they be,  
So fair and so comely was pretty *Bessie*.

Four Suitors at once unto her did go,  
They crav'd her Favour, but still she said no,  
I would not with Gentlemen to marry with me:  
Yet ever they honoured pretty *Bessie*.

The one of them was a gallant young Knight,  
And he came to her disguis'd in the Night;  
The second a Gentleman of good Degree,  
Who woo'd and sued to pretty *Bessie*.

A Merchant of *London* whose Wealth was not small,  
Was then the third Suitor, and proper withal ;  
Her Master's own Son the fourth Man must be,  
Who swore he would die for pretty *Bessie*.

And if thou wilt marry with me, quoth the Knight,  
I'll make thee a Lady with Joy and Delight ;  
My Heart is enthral'd by thy fair Beauty,  
'Then grant me thy Favour, my pretty *Bessie*.

The Gentleman said, come, marry with me,  
In Silks and in Velvet my *Bessie* shall be ;  
My Life's distressed, O hear me, quoth he,  
And grant me thy Love, my pretty *Bessie*.

Let me be thy Husband, the Merchant did say,  
'Thou shalt live in *London* most gallant and gay, ;  
My Ships shall bring home rich Jewels for thee,  
And I will for ever love pretty *Bessie*.

Then *Bessie* she sighed, and thus she did say,  
My Father and Mother I mean to obey,  
First get their good Will, and be faithful to me,  
And you shall enjoy your pretty *Bessie*.

To every one this Answer she made,  
Wherefore unto her they joyfully said,  
This thing to fulfil we all do agree,  
But where dwells thy Father, my pretty *Bessie*.

My Father, quoth she, is plain to be seen,  
The silly blind Beggar of *Bednal-green*,  
That daily sits begging for Charity,  
He is the good Father of pretty *Bessie*.

His Marks and his Tokens are known full well,  
He always is led with a Dog and a Bell ;  
A silly old Man, God knoweth is he,  
Yet he is the Father of pretty *Bessie*.



Nay, then quoth the Merchant, thou art not for me,  
Nor, quoth the Inholder, my Bride shall not be ;  
I loath, quoth the Gentleman, a Beggar's Degree ;  
Therefore fare you well my pretty *Bessie*.

Why then, quoth the Knight, hap better or worse,  
I weigh not true love by the weight of the Purse ;  
And Beauty is Beauty in every Degree,  
Then welcome to me my pretty *Bessie*.

With thee to thy Father forthwith will I go,  
Nay soft, quoth his Kinsman, it must not be so,  
A Beggar's Daughter no Lady shall be,  
Then take thy adieu of pretty *Bessie*.

And soon after this, by break of the Day,  
The Knight had from *Rumford* stole *Bessie* away ;  
The young Men of *Rumford* so sick as may be,  
Rode after to fetch again pretty *Bessie*.

As swift as the Wind to ride they were seen,  
Until they come near unto *Bednal-green* ;  
And as the Knightlighted most courteously,  
They fought against him for pretty *Bessie*.

But rescue came presently over the Plain,  
Or else the Knight for his Love had been slain ;  
The Fray being ended, then strait he did see,  
His Kinsman come railing at pretty *Bessie*.

Then spake the blind Beggar, altho' I be poor,  
Rail not against my Child at my own Door ;  
Though she be not deckt with Velvet and Pearl,  
Yet will I drop Angels for thee with my Girl.

And then if my Gold will better her Birth,  
And equal the Gold that you lay on the Earth,  
Then neither rail nor grudge you to see,  
The blind Beggar's Daughter a Lady to be.

But first I will hear, and have it well known,  
 The Gold that you drop shall all be your own ;  
 With that they reply'd, contented we be ;  
 Then there's, quoth the Beggar, for pretty *Bessie*.

With that an Angel he cast on the Ground,  
 And dropped in Angels full three thousand Pound ;  
 And oftentimes it proved most plain,  
 For the Gentleman's one, the Beggar dropt twain.

So as the Place where he did sit,  
 With Gold was covered every whit;  
 The Gentleman having dropt all his Store,  
 Said, Beggar, hold, for I have no more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy Promise aright,  
 Then marry my Girl, quoth he to the Knight :  
 And here, quoth he, I'll throw you down,  
 A hundred Pound more to buy her a Gown.

The Gentlemen all that this Treasure had seen,  
 Admir'd the Beggar of *Bednal-green* ;  
 And those that were her Suitors before,  
 Their Flesh for very Anger they tore.

Thus was their *Bessie* a Match for a Knight,  
 And made a Lady in others despight ;  
 A fairer Lady there never was seen,  
 Than the Beggar's Daughter of *Bednal-green*.

But of her sumptuous Marriage and Feast,  
 And what brave Lords and Knights thither were prest,  
 The second Part shall set forth to your Sight,  
 With marvellous Pleasure and wished Delight.

The

## The second P A R T,

W<sup>I</sup>thin a gallant Palace most brave,  
 Adorned with all the Cost they could have,  
 This Wedding was kept most sumptuously,  
 And all for the Love of pretty *Bessie*.

All kind of Dainties most delicate sweet,  
 Were brought to their Banquet as was thought meet;  
 Partridge, Plover, and Venison most free,  
 Against the brave Wedding of pretty *Bessie*.

This Wedding thro' *England* was spread by report,  
 So that great Numbers did thither resort ;  
 Of Nobles and Gentles of every Degree,  
 And all for the Fame of pretty *Bessie*.

To Church then went this gallant young Knight,  
 His Bride follow'd after like a Lady most bright,  
 With Troops of Ladies, the like was ne'er seen,  
 As went with sweet *Bessie* to *Bednal-green*.

This Wedding being solemnized then,  
 With Musick performed by skilful Men ;  
 The Nobles and Gentles sat down at that Tide,  
 Each one beholding the beautiful Bride.

But after the sumptuous Dinner was done,  
 To talk and to reason a Number begun ;  
 Of the blind Beggar's Daughter most bright,  
 And what with his Daughter he gave to the Knight.

Then spake the Nobles, much marvel have we,  
 The jolly blind Beggar we cannot here see ;  
 My Lords, quoth the Bride, my Father's so base,  
 He's loath with his Presence these Statesto disgrace.

The

*The Praise of a Woman in Question to bring,  
Before her own Face, were a flattering thing;  
We think thy Father's baseness (quoth they)  
Might by thy Beauty be clean put away.*

*They had no sooner these pleasant Words spoke,  
But in comes the Beggar with a silken Cloak;  
A Velvet Cap and a Feather had he,  
And now a Musician, forsooth, he would be.*

*And being led in from catching of Harm,  
He touch'd his Strings which made such a Charm,  
Said, please you hear any Musick of me,  
A Song I'll sing of pretty Bessie.*

*With that his Lute he twang'd straitway,  
And thereon began most sweetly to play,  
And after a Lesson was plaid two or three,  
He strain'd out his Song most delicately.*

*A Beggar's Daughter did dwell on the Green,  
Who for her Beauty might well be a Queen;  
A blith bonny Lass, and dainty was she,  
And many one call'd her pretty Bessie.*

*Her Father had no Goods nor Lands,  
But begg'd for a Penny all Day with his Hands;  
And yet in Marriage gave Thousands three,  
Yet still he has somewhat for pretty Bessie.*

*And if any one her Birth do disdain,  
Her Father is ready with Might and with Main;  
To prove she is come of a noble Degree,  
Therefore let none flout my pretty Bessie.*

*With that the Lords and Company round,  
With hearty laughter were ready to sound;  
At last said the Lords full well may we see,  
The Bride and the Beggar's beholden to thee.*

With

With that the Bride, all blushing did rise,  
 With the fair Water all in her bright Eyes;  
*Pardon my Father, brave Nobles (quoth she)*  
*That through blind Affection thus doteth on me.*

If this be thy Father, the Nobles did say,  
 Well may he be proud of this happy Day;  
 Yet by his Countenance well may we see,  
 His Birth with his Fortune did never agree.

And therefore blind Beggar, we pray thee bewray,  
 And look that the Truth to us thou dost say,  
 Thy Birth and thy Parentage what it might be,  
 Even for the Love thou bearest to pretty Bessie.

Then give me leave, you Gentles each one,  
 A Song for to sing and then I'll be gone;  
 And if that I do not win good report,  
 Then do not give me a Groat for my sport.

When first our King his Fame did advance,  
 And fought for his Title in delicate France;  
 In many Places great Perils past be,  
 But then was not born my pretty Bessie.

And in those Wars went over to fight,  
 Many a brave Duke, a Lord and a Knight;  
 And with them young Monford of Courage so free,  
 But then was not born my pretty Bessie.

And there did young Monford with a blow o'th' Face.  
 Lose both his Eyes in a very short space;  
 His Life also had been gone with his Sight,  
 Had not a young Woman come forth in the Night.

Amongst the slain Men her Fancy doth move,  
 To search and to seek for her own Love;  
 Who seeing young Monford there gasping to dye,  
 She saved his Life through her Charity.

*And then all our Victuals in Beggar's Attire,  
At the Hands of good People we then did require ;  
At last into England, as now it is seen,  
We came and remained at Bednal-green.*

*And thus we have lived in Fortune's Despight,  
Though poor, yet contented, with humble delight ;  
And in my old Years a comfort to be,  
God sent me a Daughter call'd pretty Bessie.*

*And thus you, my Nobles, my Song I do end,  
Hoping the same no Man doth offend ;  
Full forty long Winters thus I have been,  
A silly blind Beggar of Bednal-green.*

Now when the Company had every one,  
Heard the strange Tale in the Song he had shewn ;  
They were all amazed, as well they might be,  
Both at the blind Beggar and pretty Bessie.

With that the fair Bride they then did embrace,  
Saying, *You're come of an honourable Race ;  
Thy Father likewise of high Degree,  
And thou art worthy a Lady to be.*

Thus was the Feast ended with Joy and Delight,  
A happy Bridegroom was made the young Knight ;  
Who lived in Joy and Felicity,  
With his fair Lady, pretty Bessie.



Jolly





## JOLLY ROGER.

**J**olly Roger Twangdillo of *Plowden Hill*,  
 In Chest had Two thousand good Pounds,  
 Fat Oxen and Sheep, and a Barn well fill'd,  
 And a Hundred good Acres of Ground ;  
     Which made e'ery Maiden  
     With Maidenhead laden,  
 And Widows tho' just set free,  
     To wrangle and fret,  
     And pump up their Wit,  
     To train to the Net  
 Twangdillo, Twangdillo, Twangdillo, Twangdil-  
     lo, young lusty Twangdillo, Twangdee

The first that broke Ice was a Lass had been  
     Born of a good House but decay'd,  
 Her Gown was newdy'd, and her Nightrail clean,  
     And to sing and talk French had been bred ;  
     She'd dance Northern Nancy,  
     Ask'd Parlez vous Francois  
 That Hodge might her Breeding see,  
     She'd rowl her black Eye,  
     Breathe short with a Sigh,  
     Whene'er she came nigh Twangdillo, &c.

The next was a Sempstrefs of Stature low,  
     That fancy'd she wanted a Male,  
 Her Hair was as black as an Autumn Sloe,  
     And hard as a Coach-Horse's Tail,  
     She'd Oagle and Wheedle,  
     And prick with her Needle,  
 What d' lack what d' buy, cry'd she ;  
     But now the brisk Tone  
     Is chang'd to a Groan,  
     Ah pity my Moan, Twangdillo, &c.

A musty old Chambermaid lean and tall,  
 The next as a Suitor appears,  
 With a Tongue loud and shrill but no Teeth at all,  
 For Time had drawn them many Years;  
     Cast Gowns, and such Lumber,  
     Old Smocks without number,  
 She bragg'd should her Dow'ry be ;  
     Forty Pair of Lac'd Shoes,  
     Ribbons Green Red and Blues,  
 But all would not noose Twangdillo, &c.

The next was, a Lass of a Popish strain,  
 That Jesuit Whims had been taught,  
 She bragg'd they should soon have K. *James* again,  
 Tho' her Spouse was late hang'd for the Plot ;  
     The French would come over,  
     And land here at *Dover*,  
 And all as they wish'd would be ;  
     The Jacobite Jade  
     Talk'd as if she was mad,  
 In hopes to have had Twangdillo, &c.

A Vintner's-fat Widow then strait was view'd,  
 Whose Cuckold had pick'd up some Pelf,  
 He had kill'd half his Neighbours with Wine he had  
 And lately had poyson'd himself. (brew'd,  
     With Bumpers of Claret  
     No Soufe paying for it,  
 She'd Roger's Companion be,  
     Strike Fift on the Board,  
     Huzza was the Word,  
 Come kifs me ador'd Twangdillo, &c.

But *Roger* resolv'd not to be her Man,  
 And so gave a loose to the next,  
 The Niece of a Canting bleer Ey'd Non Con,  
 That stily could canvass a Text.  
     A Dame in Cheapside,  
     Would fain be his Bride,  
 And make him of *London* so free,

But

But no Lads would go down  
 In Country nor Town,  
 So Purse proud was grown Twangdillo, &c.

Till at last pretty *Nancy*, a Farmer's Joy,  
 That newly a Milking had been,  
 Round Fac'd, Cherry Cheek'd, with a smirking Eye,  
 Came tripping it over the Green ;  
 She mov'd like a Goddess,  
 And in her lac'd Bodice

A Span she could hardly be ;  
 Her Hips were plump grown,  
 And her Hair a dark brown,  
 'Twas she brought down  
 Twangdillo, Twangdillo, Twangdillo, Twangdil-  
 lo, Twangdillo, young lusty Twangdee.





An excellent Song, entituled a Penny-  
worth of Wit.

---

To the Tune of, *Labandulishot.*

---

**I**N ancient Years, as Books exprefs,  
Of old done Deeds both more and lefs,  
A Merchant young, of tender Years,  
(As by the Sequel well appears)  
A worthy Woman took to Wife,  
Right well brought up, and void of Strife,  
Could he with her have been content,  
Great Blessings might the Lord have sent ;  
But he a Harlot loved more,  
Wherewith his Friends were vexed fore.

In tract of Time his Chance it was,  
In Merchant-wife the Seas to pass,  
For Lands right strange was his Intent,  
With Merchandize he forward went,  
And at his parting thought it meet  
His Concubine and Quean to greet :  
And of her love did sweetly pray,  
And favour for to part away :  
With sighing semblance, then quoth she,  
My Dear will you depart from me ?

Then to his wedded Wife he went,  
Saying, Dame, what thing most excellent  
You are desirous for to have,  
Of any thing that Heart can crave :

Give

Give me your Money to bestow :  
 Then from her Purse she forth did draw  
 A fair coin'd Penny, verily ;  
 Wherewith she will'd him Wit to buy ;  
 Of other Toys small Mind had she,  
 But Jesus blefs your long Journey.

This said, she wept, then parted he,  
 Thinking great scorn of her Penny,  
 But past the Seas and took the Shore,  
 And sped right well, what would we more ?

In many Wares did he abound,  
 Of Merchandize both good and sound,  
 His Ships well fraught, he homeward sent,  
 So well had he his Substance spent :  
 And for his Concubine, alack,  
 He had bestowed many a Knack.

Then last, his Wife remembred he,  
 And with his Mates of merry glee,  
 Unto a Tavern forth they go,  
 In jesting sort (the Truth is so,)

He said he should be much unkind,  
 Her Merchandize to leave behind,  
 But said the Substance was so small,  
 That it would buy nothing at all:  
 And thereat made a jesting Sport,  
 To all that thither did resort.

Not far upon a Bench right nigh,  
 There was an old Man sitting by,  
 Who said, good Sir, I can you show  
 How you the Penny shall bestow :

For if you have a wedded Wife,  
 I wish you have her during Life.  
 A Wife I have indeed, quoth he,  
 And a Leman fair, and bright of blee,  
 Whom I do trust and ever shall,  
 So constant in her Love withal.

The old Man answer'd at last,  
 So soon as you the Seas have past,  
 Then put off all your fair Array,  
 And to your Leman take your way,  
 Saying, that you a Merchant great  
 Did rob and wickedly intreat;  
 And for his Goods thou hast him slain,  
 And art pursu'd therefore amain:  
 Now which of both doth pity shew,  
 With her abide in weal and woe.

With that the Penny forth he drew,  
 Which to the old Man strait he threw  
 Saying, he would go try the same:  
 So in short space he over came,  
 In Cloathes rent, too vile to see,  
 So to his Leman's House went he,  
 And softly knocked at the Door:  
 But when she saw he was so poor,  
 In frowningfort she turn'd her back,  
 Perceiving him to be in lack.

He said, sweet Leman, for Christ's sake  
 Upon me here some Pity take,  
 Upon the Seas my Goods I lost,  
 My self in danger greatly tost;  
 A Merchant murdered and slain,  
 By Means of me and of my train;  
 Wherefore Sweet-heart now pity me,  
 For need alack! I come to thee:  
 But she with Words right fierce and fell,  
 Said Villain, Wretch, adieu, farewell

Shall I give succour to thy Deed?  
 The Devil grant thee ill to speed,  
 Avoid, thou Rascal, hence apace,  
 Thy Fact deserves to have no grace,  
 Go home unto that Gib thy Wife,



Let her give succour to thy Life,  
For by the Faith to God I owe,  
I mean the Officer shall know,  
Except from hence in haste thou pack:  
He turn'd his Face, and cry'd alack!

Then in that poor and simple Array,  
Unto his Wife he took his way,  
And told like Tale as he before  
Had uttered to this wicked Whore:

And said, sweet Wife without your aid  
I fear I shall be soon betray'd.  
My Spouse, quoth she, take you no grief  
A hundred Pounds for your Relief,  
I yet have here for thee in store,  
When that is gone we will get more.

And for your Pardon, Sir, quoth she,  
I will make means, as you shall see,  
And all your Creditors will pray,  
To take with you a longer Day:

Good Friends I have take you no thought,  
This thing to pass shall well be brought:  
And as much Goods as here before  
They shall you give, or rather more:  
With that he did his Wife embrace,  
And told her true in every case.

Together then that Night they lay,  
And in the Morning passing gay  
This Merchant did himself attire,  
In costly Suits for his Desire,

With Servants two for his Intent,  
Unto his Leman's House he went,  
As by the Way she did him spy,  
She ran and met him by and by,  
And said, my Love for very shame,  
What moved you to work this Game?

Why came you basely to my Door?  
 Why did you feign yourself so poor?  
 Sith you do know you have my Love,  
 And all my Goods for your behoove?

She then with him did kifs and dally,  
 As she was wont with ancient folly:  
 My Leman dear, he said again,  
 To me it hath been told right plain,  
 You have another Friend in store,  
 Whom you do love at Heart right sore.

Jewels the which I gave to you,  
 He hath inhold, I tell you true:  
 Up then she rose all in a braid,  
 And all those things before him laid:

He took them up, and call'd his Men,  
 And said go get you home again  
 With this Apparell, and this Gear,  
 She said, what will you rob me here?  
 He took all things to hand that came,  
 And bear all home unto his Dame.

And said, behold my loving Fair,  
 See here these Jewels and this Gear,  
 Look well thereon, and do not spare,  
 Here is a Pennyworth of Ware:

He told her likewise how and when,  
 He had this Counsel of a Man:  
 She saw those Jewels did abound,  
 In value worth an Hundred Pound:  
 They both did thank God for his Grace,  
 And after liv'd in happy Case.

James



# JAMES and SUSAN.

*James.* **P**Rithee *Susan* what doth muse on,  
                     By this doleful Spring?  
 You are I fear, in love my Dear,  
             Alas poor thing !

*Sus.* Truly *Femmy*, I must blame ye,  
             You look so pale and wan,  
 I fear 'twill prove you are in love,  
             Alas poor Man !

*Jam.* Nay my *Suey*, now I view ye,  
             Well I know your Smart,  
 When you're alone, you sigh and groan,  
             Alas poor Heart:

*Sus.* *Femmy* hold, I dare be bold  
             To say, thy Heart is stole,  
 And know the She as well as thee  
             Alas poor Soul !

*Jam.* Then my *Sue* tell me who ?  
             I'll givethee a Chain of Pearl,  
 And ease thy Heart of all this smart,  
             Alas poor Girl !

*Sus.* *Femmy* no, if you should know,  
             I fear 'twould make you sad,  
 And pine away both Night and Day,  
             Alas poor Lad !

*Jam.*

*Jam.* Why then my *Sue* it is for you  
That I burn in these Flames,  
And when I dye, I know you'll cry,  
Alas poor *James*.

*Suf.* Say you so, then *Femmy* know  
If you should prove untrue ;  
Then must I likewise cry,  
Alas poor *Sue* !

Quoth he then joyn thy Hand with mine,  
And we will wed to Day ;  
I do agree, here 'tis, quoth she,  
Come let's away.

And when we shall wedded be,  
Then we'll have a Ball  
And dance about, in and out,  
Up Tailsall.

When that is done, and all are gone,  
I'll shew thee other Feats,  
And have a Dance, called in *France*  
The shaking of the Sheets.



M

Sawney

*Sawney and Teague, or the unfortunate Success of a Dear-Joy's Devotion.*

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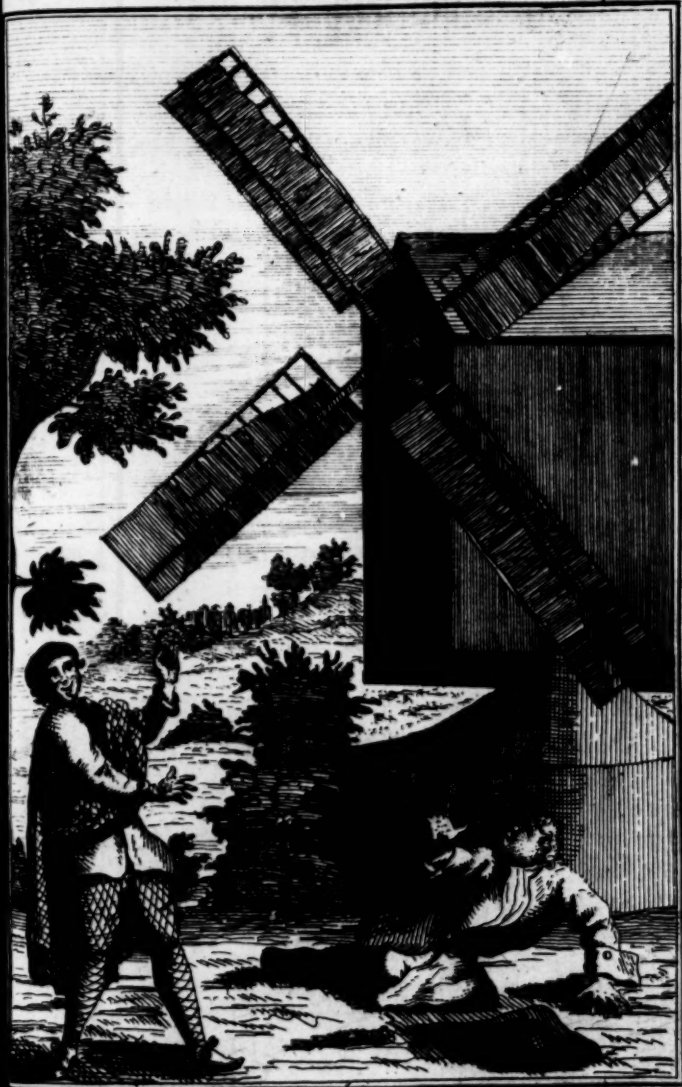
To the Tune of, *Lilly-burlero.*

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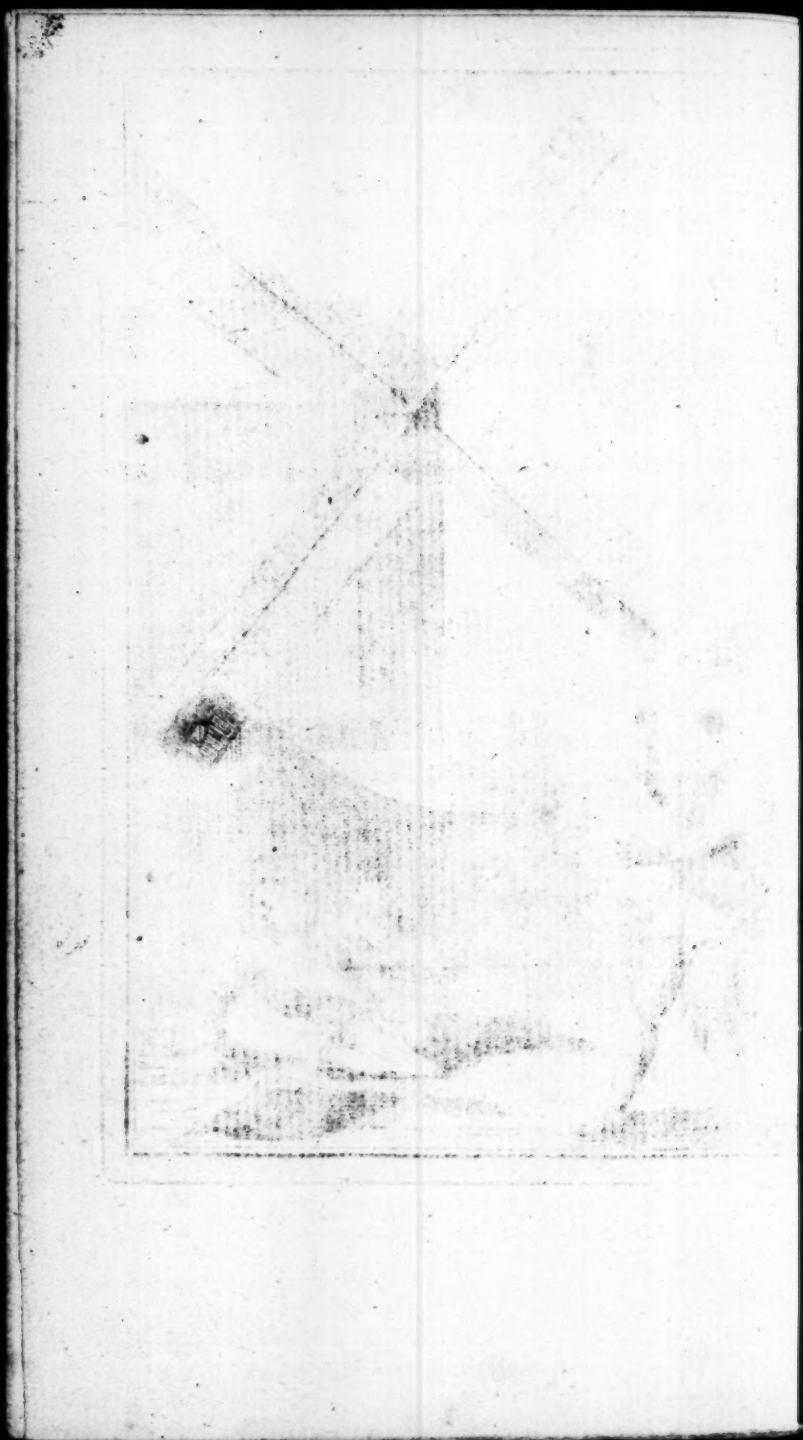
**Y**OU that love Mirth give ear to my Song,  
 A Moment you never can better employ.  
*Sawney and Teague* were marching along,  
 A bonny Scotch Loon, and an Irish Dear-Joy:  
 They had never seen a Windmill  
 Nor had they heard of any such Name,  
 As they were a walking and merrily talking,  
 At last by meer chance to a Windmill they came.

Hah! says *Sawney* what do you call that?  
 To tell its geud Name I am at a Loss.  
*Teague* very readily answer'd the Scot  
 Indeed I believe it's *St. Patrick's Cross*.  
 Said *Sawney*, Sir, you are mistaken,  
 For it's *St. Andrew's Cross* I will swear;  
 There is his Bonnet, and Garments hang on it  
 The muckle geud Saint did in *Edinborough* wear.

Nay by my Shoul thou tellest all Lees,  
 For dat I will shwear is *St. Patrick's Coat*  
 I see him in *Ireland* buying the Frieze  
 And dat is the same *St. Patrick* bought.  
 He's a better Saint than ever  
 Hungry *Scotland* e'er did breed,  
 By my *Shalvation* he was my Relation  
 And had a great kindness for honest poor *Teague*.  
 Therefore







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Therefore says *Teague* I will by my Shoul  
 Now lay down my Arms and pluck out my Beads,  
 Under this holy Cross, Fet, will I fall  
 And say *Pater-noster* and some of our *Creeds*.  
*Teague* began with great Devotion,  
 For to adore *St. Patrick's* Cross;  
 The Wind set a blowing, and turn'd the Sails going  
 And gave our Dear Joy a terrible Toss.

*Sawney* laugh'd to see how poor *Teague*  
 Lay scratching his Ears on the top of the Grass;  
 Swearing it was the Devil's Whirlegig  
 And none he was sure of *St. Patrick's* Cross.  
*Teague* cry'd out in a mighty Passion  
 Ah! by my Shoul I am very much fore,  
 By my Shalvation this shall be a Caution  
 To trust to *St. Patrick's* Kindness no more.

*Sawney* to *Teague* than scoffingly cry'd  
*St. Patrick* was but a very sad Loon,  
 To hit you such a sore bang on the Hide  
 For kneeling before him and asking a Boon.  
 Prithee *Teague* serve good *St. Andrew*,  
 He by my Sol was a muckle geud Man:  
 Since that *St. Patrick* has serv'd you such a Trick  
 I'd see the De'l take him e'er trust him again.





A Dialogue between *Morgan, Sawney,*  
and *Teague*, on the 19th of *October*, 1714 the Eve of his Majesty's  
Coronation.

---

To the Tune of, *Dear Catholick Brother.*

---

*As I am now enter'd upon Scotch and Irish Dialogues, I shall beg leave to insert the following Ballad, tho' a very modern one. Those who think that by so doing I have transgress'd the Rules I ought to have observed in inserting nothing but old Songs, will I hope find some amends made 'em in the low Humour of these Three Loyalists.*

**W**Elch *Morgan*, young *Teague*, and brisk *Saw-*  
ney the Scot  
*October* the Nineteenth together they got,  
Near *Westminster*, over a Bottle, and they  
Were pleas'd with the King and his C'ronation-Day.

Quoth *Morgan* the Son of *Welch Shinkin* by Name,  
From the North *Welch* Mountains, Cot blefs hur,  
(hur came,  
With Uncles and Cousins full Forty or more,  
To see hur King crown'd, which hur ne'er see before.  
All

All Plood of hur Plood, and dear Bone of hur Bones,  
 Ap *Powel*, ap *Davis*, ap *Rice*, and ap *Shones*;  
 All Uncles and Cousins, *Welch* Shentlemen born,  
*Goat-keepers*, *Geese-drivers*, and *Grinders of Corn*.

Their *Windmills* and *Mountains*, their *Pigs*, *Geese*, and  
 (Goats,  
 They left in *North Wales*, and put on their best Coats;  
 Their Swords, Tucks, and Tackers, and what might  
 (be found,  
 To come up to *London* to see hur King Crown'd.

Sir *Faffy* her Uncle, Cot so will be there,  
 With *Winny* hur Daughter, sweet *Winny* the fair;  
 Amongst all the Nobles in *Westminster-Hall*;  
 If hur is not there too, it shall cost hur a Fall.

Hur hopes hur shall see there, ads-splutter-a-nails,  
 The Son of King *George*, now our dear Prince of  
 (Wales,  
 Who never made use of a Father Confessor,  
 Next Heir to the Crown of *Great Britain*, Cot pless  
 (hur.

Because at the Show hur resolves to look big,  
 Hur sold an old Cow for to buy a new Wig;  
 Hur knows how to strut and hur knows what to say,  
 Is call 'em *Nonjurors* that stand in hur Way.

A true *Briton* born, and a Protestant bred,  
 Hur Hat, Wig, and Feather shall cover hur Head;  
 Hur Sword by hur Side that will cut, hack, and cleave  
 The Foes of *Great Britain*, if they'll give hur Leave.

Hub bubub, bub a boo, quoth the *Irish* Dear Joy,  
 You must not by fighting those Triumphs annoy,  
 Should you cut a Man into three or four Halves,  
 My Shoul, you'll ne'er cure him, with Balam nor  
 (Salve.

Wherefore my Dear Joy, put your Sheath in your  
 (Sword,  
 The C'ronation Day will much Pleasure afford,  
 For with Lords and Ladies of e'ery Degree,  
 His Majesty's Grace I am willing to see.

Because I'll be ready at that glorious Sight,  
 I'll go in the Morning by Nine over Night,  
 And get to the Abby before I come there,  
 And see them come walking by Five in a Pair.

The brave *Irish* Lords, the joy of poor *Teague*,  
 As sure as e'er *Peggy* and I was in League  
 Before e'er I knew her, will walk with a Grace,  
 And I shall rejoice for to see their sweet Face.

I swear by the Seals of *St. Patrick's* Brogues,  
 They're kind to good Men, and a Terror to Rogues;  
 I shall see them there with the rest of their Train,  
 Dress'd in their blew Ribbons of Scarlet in grain.

Where they'll lead the Way for his Majesty's Grace,  
 Before, or behind, or in some other Place;  
 While Conduits are ringing and Bells run with Wine  
 Dear Joy we will drink 'till our Noses do shine.

My Honey, my Croney, and Cousin *Aggaw*,  
*Macdonald*, my Dear Joy and Brother in Law,  
 Will beat on the Trumpets and Drums found the  
 (Charge,  
 As they walk it on Foot through the Street in a Barge.

Betimes in the Morning by Six Afternoon,  
 Rich Wine full of Glasses I'll tipple off soon.  
 With *Irish* Potatoes, good Mustard and Honey,  
 Which I'll buy without e'er a Penny of Money.

Quoth *Sawney* the *Scot*, what a Dish you'll provide,  
 Potatoes with Mustard, and Honey beside;  
 The De'l split your Craig, the like I ne'er knew,  
 You're a Cook of all Cooks, give the Devil his due.  
 Quoth

Quoth *Sawney* I swear by *St. Andrew's* Cross,  
Your Dish and your Blunders make me at a Loss;  
To know what you mean, give me Bacon and Cale,  
On which Iſe can make a good moderate Meal.

But waving the Talk of this new Fashion Dish,  
Amongst Fortune's Favours I heartily wiſh;  
She'd grant me the Honour to ſee the King Crown'd,  
Iſe caſt up my Bonnet Ten Foot from the Ground.

In Token of Joy, he's a Proteſtant King,  
Now muckle Content to this Land he does bring,  
The Kirk and the *Scottiſh* true Proteſtant Peers:  
May his Iſſue reign for a Million Years.

Sir *Teague* and Sir *Taffy* I ſpeak to you both,  
If you'll not believe me, Iſe give you my Oath,  
Our King ſprang, God bleſs him, from King *James*  
(the Firſt,  
Once King of fair *Scotland*, wiſe, noble and juſt.

We'll all go together, and *Taffy* ſhall play,  
Before us, to honour the C'ronation Day;  
Upon our *Welſh* Harp, to which *Taffy* agreed,  
So to the C'ronation they all did proceed.







The Merchant's Son and Beggar  
Wench of *Hull*.

**Y**oung Gallants all I pray draw near,  
And you this pleasant Jest shall hear,  
How a poor Beggar-Wench of *Hull*,  
A Merchant's Son of *York* did gull.

One Morning on a certain Day,  
He cloath'd himself in rich Array,  
And took with him as it is told,  
The Sum of Sixty Pounds in Gold.

So mounting on a prancing Steed,  
He towards *Hull* did ride with speed,  
Where in his Way he chanc'd to see  
A Beggar-Wench of base Degree.

She asked him for some Relief,  
And said with seeming Tears of grief,  
That she had neither House nor Home,  
But for her Living was forc'd to Roam.

He seem'd to lament her Case,  
And said thou hast a pretty Face,  
And if thou'lt lodge with me he cry'd,  
With Gold thou shalt be satisfy'd.

Her silence seem'd to give consent,  
So to a little House they went,  
The Landlord laugh'd to see him ki's  
The Beggar-Wench and ragged Miss.

He

He needs would have a Supper drest,  
 And call'd for Liquor of the best,  
 And there they took off Bumpers free,  
 The jovial Beggar-Wench and he.

A Dose she gave him as 'tis thought,  
 Which by the Landlady was bought,  
 For all the Night he lay in Bed,  
 Secure as if he had been dead.

Then did she put on all his Cloaths,  
 His Coat, his Breeches, and his Hose,  
 His Hat and Perriwig likewise,  
 And seiz'd upon the Golden Prize.

Her greasy Petticoat and Gown  
 In which she rambled up and down,  
 She left the Merchant's Son in lieu,  
 Her Bag of Bread and Bacon too.

Down Stairs like any Spark she goes,  
 Ten Guineas to the Host she throws,  
 At which he smil'd, she went her Way,  
 And ne'er was heard of from that Day.

When he had took his long Repose,  
 He look'd about and miss'd his Cloaths,  
 And saw her Rags left in the Room,  
 How he did storm, nay fret and fume!

Yet wanting Cloaths and Friends in Town,  
 Her ragged Petticoat and Gown,  
 He did put on, and mounting strait,  
 Bemoaned his unhappy Fate.

You would have laugh'd to see the Dress  
 Which he was in, yet ne'er the less,  
 He Homewards rid and often swore,  
 He'd never kiss a Beggar more.



The *Worcestershire* Wedding, or  
Joy after Sorrow.

---

To the Tune of, *Kind Husband and Imperious Wife.*

---

A N old Woman cloathed in gray,  
Her Daughter was charming and Young,  
Who chanc'd to be nudled astray,  
By *Roger's* false flattering Tongue,  
With whom she'd so often been,  
Abroad in the Meadows and Fields,  
Her Belly got up to her Chin,  
And her Spirits quite down to her Heels.

At length she began for to puke,  
Her Mother possess'd with a fear,  
Then gave her a gentle Rebuke,  
And said, Child, a Word in thy Ear,  
I fear thou hast been playing the Fool,  
Which many call high ding a ding :  
Why didst thou not follow my Rule,  
And tye thy two Toes in a String.

Dear Mother your Counsel I took,  
But yet it was never the near,  
He got to my Conjuring Book,  
And broke all the Paultry Geer :  
'Twas Thread of two Shillings an Ounce,  
He broke it and wou'd have his scope ;  
It is but a Folly to flounce,  
'Tis done and it cannot be hope.

But

But who is the Father of it, *son of my old and old*  
 Tell me without longer delay, *I am right and old*  
 For now I am just in the *Fir*, *the old and old*  
 To go and hear what he will say; *the old and old*  
 'Twas *Roger* the Damsel reply'd,  
 Who call'd me his dear pretty Bird;  
 And told me I should be his Bride  
 But he's not so good as his Word.

What *Roger* that lives in the Mill?  
 Yes verily Mother the same,  
 Of me he has had his Will;  
 I'll hop to him tho' I am *Lame*;  
 Go fetch me my Crutches with speed,  
 And bring me my Spectacles too  
 A Lecture to him I will read,  
 Shall ring his Ears thro and thro.

This said she went hopping away,  
 And came to young *Hodge* in the Mill;  
 On whom she her Crutches did lay,  
 And cry'd you have ruin'd poor *Gill*,  
 In getting her dear Maidenhead;  
 This Truth you can no Ways deny;  
 With her I advise you to wed,  
 And make her as honest as I.

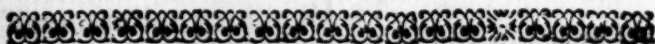
But what will you give me, quoth *Hodge*,  
 If I take her off of your Hands;  
 You shall make me Heir of your Lodge;  
 Your Houses, your Money and Lands;  
 Your Barns, your Cattle and Plows,  
 With every Weather and Yew;  
 This done I will make her my Spouse;  
 Speak up, are you willing or no?

She said, taking *Hodge* by the Hand,  
 Let it come to Have and to Hold,  
 You shall have my Houses and Land,  
 My Cattle, my Silver and Gold:

Make.

Make her but thy honoured Wife,  
 And thou shalt be Lord of my Store,  
 Whene'er I surrender my Life,  
 In case it was Forty times more.

The Bargain was presently struck ;  
 The Marriage and this being done,  
 The old Woman wish'd them good luck,  
 Being proud of her Daughter and Son :  
 Then hye for a Girl or a Boy,  
 Young *Siss* look'd as great as a Dutcheffs:  
 The old Woman caper'd for Joy,  
 And danced a Jigg in her Crutchca.



## The Lover's lamentable Tragedy.

---

To the Tune of, *In the West of Devonshire.*

---

**T**ENDER Hearts of *London City*,  
 Now be mov'd with Grief and Pity,  
 Since by Love I am undone ;  
 Now I languish, in my Anguish,  
 Too too soon my Heart was won.

By

By him I am strangely slighted,  
 In whom I so long delighted,  
 He unkindly shews Disdain ;  
 And my Grief is past Relief,  
 Alas ! my Heart will break with Pain.

Damon you my Passion knew well,  
 How then could you be so cruel,  
 First my Heart to set on Fire ;  
 Then to leave me, and decieve me,  
 When I've granted your Desire.

Come and see me as I'm lying,  
 Bleeding for your Sake and dying ;  
 Yet my Ghost shall trouble you,  
 When I depart with broken Heart,  
 Then all your Comfort bid adieu.

Thou shalt never be contented,  
 But by Night and Day tormented,  
 Since thou wert so false to me :  
 Celia dying, thus lay crying,  
 I will be a Plague to thee.

Down her Cheeks the Tears did trickle,  
 Blaming Damon too too fickle,  
 Till her tender Heart was broke ;  
 Discontented, thus she fainted,  
 Yielding to Death's fatal Stroke.

When this News was to him carried,  
 All his joys were spoyl'd and marred,  
 And his Heart was fill'd with Pain ;  
 Still expressing, what a Blessing,  
 He had lost by his Disdain.

The



## The Crafty Lover : Or, the Lawyer out-witted.

---

To the Tune of, *I love you more and more.*

---

OF a rich Counsellor I write,  
Who had one only Daughter,  
Who was of youthful Beauty bright,  
Now mark what follows after ;  
Her Uncle left her I declare,  
A sumptuous large Possession,  
Her Father he was to take care,  
Was to take care,  
Of her at his Discretion.

She had ten Thousand Pounds a Year,  
In Gold and Silver ready,  
And courted was by many a Peer,  
Yet none could gain this Lady ;  
At length a Squire's youngest Son  
In private came a wooing,  
And when he had her favour won,  
Her favour won  
She fear'd his utter Ruin.

The Youthful Lady straitway cry'd,  
I must confess I love thee ;  
Both Lords and Knights I have defy'd,  
For none I prize above thee.  
Thou art a Jewel in mine Eye,  
But here (said she) the Care is,  
I fear you will be doom'd to dye,  
Be doom'd to dye,  
For stealing of an Heiress.

The

The Young Man he reply'd to her  
 Like a true Politician,  
 Thy Father is a Counsellor,  
 I'll tell him my Condition;  
 Ten Guineas, Love, shall be his Fee,  
 He'll think it is some Stranger,  
 Thus for that Gold he'll Counsel me,  
 He'll Counsel me,  
 And keep me safe from Danger.

Unto her Father he did go  
 The very next Day after,  
 But did not let the Lawyer know  
 The Lady was his Daughter ;  
 But when the Lawyer saw the Gold,  
 That he should be the Gainer,  
 A pleasant Trick to him he told,  
 To him he told,  
 With Safety to obtain her.

Let her provide a Horse, he cry'd  
 And take you up behind her,  
 Thus with you to some Parson ride,  
 Before her Parents find her ;  
 Then She steals you, you may complain  
 And so avoid their Fury,  
 Now this is Law I will maintain,  
 I will maintain  
 Before a Judge or Jury.

Here take my Writing, Hand and Seal  
 Which I can't deny thee,  
 And if you any trouble feel,  
 In Courts I will stand by thee.  
 I give you Thanks the Young Man cry'd,  
 By you I am befriended,  
 And to your House I'll bring my Bride,  
 I'll bring my Bride,  
 After the Work is ended,

Next Morning e'er the Day did break,  
 This News to her was carry'd,  
 She did her Father's Counsel take,  
 And they were fairly marry'd;  
 When they all Night had took their Ease  
 In Joys beyond expressing,  
 She Home return'd where on their Knees,  
 Where on their Knees,  
 They ask'd their Father Blessing.

Now when he did behold them both,  
 He seem'd like one distracted,  
 And vow'd to be reveng'd in Wrath,  
 For what they then had acted ;  
 With that bespake his new made Son,  
 There can be no indicting,  
 That this is Law which we have done,  
 Which we have done,  
 Here is your own Hand writing.

The Counsellor did then reply,  
 Was ever Man so fitted,  
 My Hand and Seal I can't deny,  
 By you I am outwitted ;  
 Ten Thousand Pounds a Year in store,  
 I have left by my Brother,  
 And when I dye there will be more,  
 There will be more,  
 For Child I have no other.

She might have had a Lord or Knight,  
 From Royal Loins descended,  
 But since thou art her Hearts delight,  
 I will not be offended ;  
 If I the Gordian Knot should part,  
 'Twere Cruel out of Measure,  
 Enjoy thy Love with all my Heart,  
 With all my Heart,  
 In Plenty, Peace, and Pleasure.



Distracted *Fockey's* Lamentation, or  
O'er the Hills and far away.

To observe the same Method I did in my first Volume, I shall here insert a few Scotch Songs.

**J**Ockey met with *Fenny* fair,  
Betwixt the dawning of the Day;  
And *Fockey* now is full of Care,  
For *Fenny* stole his Heart away:  
Altho she promis'd to be true,  
Yet she alas has prov'd unkind,  
The which does make poor *Fockey* rue,  
For *Fenny*'s fickle as the Wind:  
And, 'Tis o'er the Hills and far away,  
'Tis o'er the Hills and far away,  
'Tis o'er the Hills and far away,  
The Wind has blow'd my *Plad* away.

*Fockey* was a bonny Lad,  
As e'er was born in Scotland fair;  
But now poor *Fockey* is run mad,  
For *Fenny* causes his despair;  
*Fockey* was a Piper's Son,  
And fell in Love while he was young;  
But all the Tunes that he could play  
Was, O'er the Hills and far away,  
And, 'Tis o'er, &c.

When first I saw my *Fenny's* Face,  
She did appear with such a Grace,  
With muckle Joy my Heart was fill'd,  
But now alas with Sorrow kill'd ;

Oh was she but as true as fair,  
 'Twould put an end to my despair;  
 But oh, alas this is unkind,  
 Which sore does terrify my Mind,  
 'Twas o'er &c.  
*TO That Jenny stole my Heart away.*

Did she but feel the dismal Woe,  
 That for her sake I undergo,  
 She surely then would grant Relief,  
 And put an end to all my Grief:  
 But oh, she is as false as fair,  
 Which causes all my sad despair:  
 She triumphs in a proud disdain,  
 And takes delight to see my Pain.  
 'Tis o'er, &c.

Hard was my hap to fall in Love,  
 With one who does so faithless prove,  
 Hard was my Fate to court the Maid,  
 That has my constant Heart betray'd;  
 A thousand times to me she swore,  
 She would be true for evermore,  
 But oh, alas, with Grief I say,  
 She's stole my Heart and run away.  
 'Tis o'er, &c.

Good gentle *Cupid* take my part,  
 And pierce this false one to the Heart,  
 That she may once but feel the Woe  
 That I for her do undergo;  
 Oh make her feel this raging Pain,  
 That for her Love I do sustain;  
 She sure would then more gentle be,  
 And soon repent her Cruelty.  
 'Tis o'er, &c.

I now must wander for her sake,  
 Since that she will no pity take:  
 Into the Woods and shady Groves,  
 And bid adieu to my false Love:

Since

Since she is false whom I adore,  
 I ne'er will trust a Woman more;  
 From all their Charms I'll fly away,  
 And on my Pipe will sweetly play.  
*'Tis o'er, &c.*

There by my self I'll Sing and Say,  
*'Tis o'er the Hills and far away,*  
 That my poor Heart is gone astray,  
 Which makes me grieve both Night and Day.  
 Farewel, Farewel thou cruel she,  
 I fear that I shall dye for thee;  
 But if I live this Vow I'll make,  
 To love no other for your sake.

*'Tis o'er the Hills and far away,*  
*'Tis o'er the Hills and far away,*  
*'Tis o'er the Hills and far away,*  
*The Wind has blow'd my Plaid away.*



**Peggy's Choice, Or, the Three Lovers.**

**JOCKER** was a dowdy Lad,  
 And *Femmy* swarth and rawnny;  
 They my Heart no Captive made,  
 For that was press'd to *Sauney*.

*Fockey* woes,  
 And sighs and fues;  
 And *Femmy* offers Money:

**Weel**



Weel I see,  
They both love me,  
But I love none but *Sawney*.

*Jockey* oft' would squeeze my Thighs,  
And *Femmy* wring my Hands too,  
But when *Sawney* darts his Eyes,  
I yield what he commands to:

*Sawney's* won,  
I am quite undone,  
He makes my Soul to shiver;  
*Cupid's* Dart  
Has struck my Heart,  
And empty'd all his Quiver.

*Jockey* swears he is my Swain,  
And *Femmy* calls me Honey;  
But in vain they both complain,  
For I love none but *Sawney*.

Cake and Ale  
Shall ne'er prevail,  
Nor no Court that is so tickling;  
*Sawney's* Plad  
Shews he's a Lad  
That is the best for tickling.

*Jockey* high his Voice can raise,  
And *Femmy* hums the Viol;  
But when *Sawney* pipes sweet Lays  
My Heart finds no denial,  
One he sings,

And t'other strings,  
Tho' sweet, they only lease me;  
*Sawney's* Flute  
Can only do't,  
And pipe a Tune to please me.

*Sawney's* of a Noble Birth,  
His Equal who can find him?  
Should my *Sawney* gang to Death,  
I ne'er mun stay behind him;

Shape, and Face,  
And noble Grace,  
Makes e'ry Lads adore him ;  
Sword and Pike,  
Can *Sawney* strike,  
And push down all before him.

He never values hardy Blows,  
No Loons alive can rout him,  
When in the midst of many Foes,  
With Forty Swords about him ;  
He clear'd the way,  
And gain'd the day,  
Like one bold, brisk and brawny  
Now ever since,  
Without Offence,  
I am in Love with *Sawney*.



## The Bonny *Scot*, Or, the yielding Lads.

**A** SI sat at my Spinning-Wheel,  
A bonny Lad there pass'd by,  
I ken'd him round, and I lik'd him well,  
Gude Faith he had a bonny Eye:  
My Heart new panting, 'gan to feel,  
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Most

Most gracefully he did appear,  
 As he my Presence did draw near,  
 And round about my slender Waiste,  
 He clasp'd his Arms and me embrac'd  
*To kiss my Hand he down did kneel,*  
*As I sate at my Spinning-Wheel.*

My Milk-white Hand he did extol,  
 And prais'd my Fingers long and small,  
 And said there was no Lady fair,  
 That ever could with me compare:  
*Those pleasing Words my Heart did feel,*  
*But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.*

Altho' I seemingly did chide,  
 Yet he would never be deny'd,  
 But did declare his Love the more,  
 Untill my Heart was wounded fore.  
*That I my Love could scarce conceal,*  
*But yet I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.*

As for my Yarn, my Rock, and Reel,  
 And after that my Spinning-Wheel,  
 He bid me leave them all with speed,  
 And gang with him to yonders Mead?  
*My panting Heart strange Flames did feel,*  
*Yet still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.*

He stop'd and gaz'd and blithly said,  
 Now speed thee weel my bonny Maid,  
 But if thou'st to the Hay-Cock go,  
 I'll learn thee better Work, I trow.  
*Gued faith I lik'd him passing weel,*  
*But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.*

He lowly vail'd his Bonnet oft,  
 And sweetly kiss'd my Lips so soft,  
 Yet still between each honey Kifs,  
 He urg'd me gang to further blifs;  
*'Till I resistless Fire did feel,*  
*Then let alone my Spinning Wheel.*

Among the pleasant Cocks of Hay,  
 Then with my benny Lad I lay,  
 What Damsel ever could deny,  
 A Youth with such a Charming Eye?  
*The Pleasure I cannot reveal,*  
*It far surpass'd the Spinning-Wheel.*

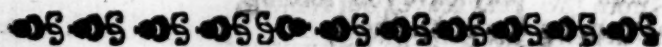


## A SCOTCH SONG.

WITH tuneful Pipe and merry glee,  
 Young Fockey won my Heart,  
 A blithier Loon you ne'er did see  
 All beauty without Art,  
 His smoothing Tale did soon prevail,  
 To gain my Fond Belief,  
 But soon the Swain goes over the Plain;  
 And leaves me full, and leaves me full, and leaves me  
 (full of Grief.)

Young Femmy courts with artful Song,  
 But few regard his moan:  
 The Lasses they about him throng,  
 And Femmy's left alone:  
 In Aberdeen sure ne'er was seen  
 A Loon that gave such Pain,  
 He daily woes, and still pursues,  
 'Till he does all, 'till he does all, 'till he does all  
 (obtain

But as soon as he had gain'd the Bliss,  
 Away the Loon does run,  
 And hardly will afford a Kiss  
 To silly me undone;  
 Bonny Molly, Moggy, Dolly  
 Avoid the roying Swain,  
 His wily Tongue,  
 Be sure you shun,  
 Or you like me, or you like me, like me will be  
 undone.



## A SCOTCH SONG.

BY Moon Light on the Green,  
 Our bonny Lasses Cooing,  
 One Dancing there I've seen,  
 Who seem'd alone worth wooing;  
 Her Skin like driven Snow,  
 Her Hair brown as a Berry,  
 Her Eyes as black as a Sloe,  
 Her Lips red as a Cherry.

Oh how she tript it, skipt it,  
 leapt it, slept it,  
 whislt it, friskt it,  
 whirl'd it, twirl'd it;

Swimming

Swimming, springing,  
 Starting so quick,  
 The Tune to nick,  
 With a Heave and a Toss  
 And a Jerk at parting,  
 With a Heave and a Toss  
 And a Jerk at parting.

As she sat down I bowed,  
 And vail'd my Bonnet to her,  
 Then took her from the Crowd,  
 With Honey Words to woo her.  
 Sweet blithest Lads, quoth I,  
 It being bleak Weather,  
 I prithee let us try,  
 Another Dance together.  
*Oh, how she, &c.*

Whilst suing thus I stood,  
 Quoth she, pray leave your fooling,  
 Some dancing heats the Blood,  
 But yours I fear lacks cooling;  
 Still for a Dance I pray'd,  
 And we at last had Seven,  
 And whilst the Fiddle play'd,  
 She thought herself in Heaven  
*Oh, how she, &c.*

At last she with a Smile,  
 To dance again desired me,  
 Quoth I, pray stay a while,  
 For now, good faith, ye've tired me:  
 With that she look'd on me,  
 And sigh'd with muckle Sorrow,  
 Then gang your Ways quoth she,  
 But dance again To-morrow.  
*Oh, how she, &c.*



Oh! the Grief that I lie under  
In this World can find no ease;



## The Unfortunate Lovers.

When my bonny Jockey left me,  
Sighing for him weel weight Man,  
And that surly Maw bereft me,  
Of my sprightly Companion;  
Oh! how muckle were my Sorrows,  
None before e'er ken'd my Grief:  
O'er my Cheeks my Tears made Furrows  
Yet could ne'er give my Heart Relief.

Waw is me, since cruel Fortune,  
Has bereft me of my Dear,  
I shall ne'er have joy for certain,  
Since to me they're so severe;  
Jockey has my Heart in keeping,  
Let him go by Land or Sea,  
For his Absence I lie weeping,  
Yet can never happy be.

When first bonny Jockey view'd me,  
He did strive my Heart to gain,  
Muckle times he still pursu'd me,  
Begging Love for to obtain;  
Jockey seem'd so charming to me,  
That I could not him deny;  
But alas, it does undo me,  
That so soon I did comply.

For as soon as I consented,  
Jockey he was forc'd away,  
And in Sorrow I'm tormented,  
'Cause he could no longer stay

Oh ! the Grief that I lie under  
 In this World can find no ease;  
 After Jockey I will wander,  
 Seek him out by Land or Seas.

Blightly I rose when the Cock crew,  
 Putting on my Hose and Shoon;  
 And trudg'd along the Way I knew  
 Was the Path Dear Jockey run ;  
 When I saw the foaming Billows,  
 Of enraged Neptune's Wave,  
 To my Head the Sands made Pillows,  
 For I knew there was my Grave.



*The Scotch Lovers, Or, an Amorous  
Encounter between Sawney and  
Peggy.*

**B**onny Peggy lived near

To Ednborough,

And Sawney he believ'd,

That Peggy lov'd him too,

For She sighing often,

Unto her self would say,

Ah ! why is Sawney scoffing,

And gangs not this Way ?

Once he vow'd he lov'd me,

And ife do declare,

That his Words did move me,

To own him for my Dear:

For his Looks pierc'd through me,

So sharpen were his Eyne,

Ife fear he will undo me,

Ife mun die for him.

Lately at Hay making

In a Meadow by,

As the Hay was raking

Sawney he drew nigh,

Come, my pretty Peggy,

Let's gang to yonder Broo,

Ife shew thee how our Daddies,

Got both me and you.

An na, an na, an na,

Sawney, that munno be,

Unless the Man of Gad,

First join both me and thee ;

For

For it will bring on me;

A muckle, muckle Harm;

What's my Virginity

When he am got with Bearn?

O my dearest Peggy,

If it happen so,

He will keep the young Scot;

Do, my Peggy do;

Now we are at leisure,

Come gang along with me,

He shew theemuckle Pleasure,

Under yonder Tree.

Then Hand in Hand they walked

To the Place design'd,

And of Love they talked

To please each other's Mind:

And they sat them down

Beneath the Tree to chat;

Cries Peggy, now alas,

My Heart goes pit-a-pat.

But when those Fears were over,

Which She underwent,

Her Eyes did then discover

That Love was her Intent

Sawney kifs'd and hugg'd her,

And so they hugg'd that Day,

As long as Sawney could do,

Then they gang'd away.

The *Scotch* Wedding, Or, The Lads  
with the Golden Hair.

**N**OW *Jockey* and *Moggy* are ready  
To gang to the Kirk to sped,  
As fine as a *Laird* and a *Lady*  
For they are resolved to Wed:  
Come aw let's away to the Wedding,  
For there will be liting there;  
*Jockey*'ll be marry'd to *Moggy*,  
The Lads with the golden Hair.

And for a whole Month together  
Brisk *Jockey* a wooing went,  
'Till *Moggy*'s Mother and Vather  
At last gave their Consent.  
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be long Keel and Pottage,  
And Bannarks of Barley-Meal;  
And there'll be gend'Sawt-herring,  
To relish a Coge of good Ale:  
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be *Sawney* the Soater,  
And *Will* with muckle mow;  
And there'll be *Tommy* the Butler,  
And *Andrew* the Tinker Itrow.  
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be Bow legg'd *Bobby*,  
And thumblefs *Kate*'s gend Man;  
And there'll be blue-cheeked *Dolly*,  
And *Luwry* the Laird of the Land.

And

And there'll be low lipper *Peggy*,  
 And pluggy fac'd *Wat* of the Mill;  
 And there'll be farnicled *Huggy*,  
 That wins at the Ho at the Hill  
*Come aw let's, &c.*

And there'll be *Annefter Dowal*  
 That splay-footed *Betty* did woe;  
 And mincing *Bessey* and *Tibley*,  
 And *Chrissy* the Belly Gut Sow.  
*Come aw let's, &c.*

And *Crony* that marry'd *Steny*,  
 That lost him his Bricks till his Arse;  
 And after was hang'd for stealing,  
 It's well that it happen'd no warse.  
*Come aw let's, &c.*

And there'll be Copper Ars'd *Nancy*,  
 And farcy Fac'd *Fenny* by Name;  
 Glud *Kate* and fat legged *Lissev*,  
 The Laffwith the Codling Wem:  
*Come aw let's, &c.*

And there'll be *Johnny* go gibby,  
 And his glack'd Wife *Fenny Bell*;  
 And messed Skin blolen *Jordy*,  
 The Lad that went Skipper Himself.  
*Come aw let's, &c.*

There'll be all the Lads and Lasses  
 Set down in the middle o'th' Hall;  
 To Sybouse and Rastacks and Carlings,  
 That are both sudden and raw.  
*Come aw let's &c.*

There'll be Tart, Perry and Carham,  
 And Fish of geud Gabback and Skate;  
 Profody and Dramuck and Brandy,  
 And Collard Near's Feet in a Plate.  
*Come aw let's, &c.*



And there'll be Meal, Kell and Castocks,  
 And Kink to sup all you live,  
 And Roaches to roast on the Gridiron  
 And Flukes that were ta'en alive.  
 Come aw let's, &c.

Cropt head Wilks and Pangles,  
 And a Meal of sweeting to ney ;  
 And when you're all burst with eating  
 We'll rise up and dance till we dec.  
 Come aw let's away to the Wedding,  
 For there will be liting there?  
 Jockey'll be marry'd to Moggy,  
 The Lass with the golden Hair.



## A SCOTCH SONG.

**G**In thou wert my ene Thing,  
 I would love thee, I would love thee,  
 Gin thou wert my ene Thing,  
 So dearly I would love thee.

I would take thee in my Arms;  
 I'd secure thee from all Harms;  
 Above all Mortals thou hast Charms,  
 So dearly I do love thee.

What Charms are those that conquer me?  
 A Slave I find I still must be;  
 Divine Creature pity me,  
 For dearly I do love thee.

Thou hast stole my Heart away,  
 Oh! those Words I ne'er should say;  
 But if you'll think of me you may,  
 For dearly I do love thee.

Oh, I never, never knew  
 What the Pains of Love could do;  
 E'er I felt these Pains for you,  
 So dearly I do love thee.

Of Divine Race thou needs must be,  
 Since nothing Earthly equals thee;  
 By Heav'n's I beg you'll favour me,  
 For dearly do I love thee.

To Merit I no Claim can make,  
But that I love, and for your Sake ;

What Man can do I'll undertake  
So dearly do I love thee.

To shew how constant I will prove,  
No Wealth on Earth shall change my Love ;  
By all the Sacred Powers above,  
Most dearly do I love thee.



Blith



*Blith Fockey.*

**B**lith *Fockey* young and gay,  
 Is all my Soul's delight ;  
 He's all my Talk by Day,  
 And all my Dream by Night :  
 If from the Lad I be,  
 'Tis Winter still wit me,  
 But when he's with me here,  
 'Tis *Summer* all the Year.

I'm blith when *Fockey* comes,  
 Sad when he gangs away ;  
 'Tis Night when *Fockey* glooms,  
 And if he smiles 'tis Day,  
 When our Eyes meet I pant,  
 I colour, figh, or faint ;  
 What Lads that would be kind,  
 Can better tell her Mind.

*Fockey* and I did meet,  
 First in a shady Grove,  
 Humbly he did me greet,  
 And sweetly talk'd of Love :  
 You are the Lads said he,  
 That stole a Heart from me,  
 Then easeme of my Pain,  
 And do not me disdain.

He was a bonny Lad,  
 As ever I did see,  
 It made my Heart full glad,  
 When that he courted me ;

I could not well deny,  
 But soon I did comply,  
 And *Jockey* promis'd me,  
 That he would constant be.

*Jockey* did often swear,  
 That he would still be true,  
 But to my Grief I hear,  
 He has bid me adieu ;  
*Jockey* and I did play  
 And pass the time away,  
 But now this false forsworn,  
 Has left me here to mourn.

Now *Jockey* has a Love,  
 That is more-rich than I,  
 He does so cruel prove  
 To shun my Company ;

And if I chance to meet,  
 My *Jockey* in the Street,  
 He will not stop nor gay,  
 But proudly gangs away.

My Heart is like to break,  
 Since he is so unkind,  
 What Course now shall I take,  
 To ease my troubled Mind ?  
 I sigh, I sob, I mourn,  
 and daily rage and burn,  
 But yet this cruel he,  
 Laughs at my Misery.

Once in a Month he sends,  
 A Letter unto me,  
 Swearing he still intends,  
 To love me heartily ;  
 But when I come in Place,  
 And do behold his Face,  
 He does no Notice take,  
 Which makes my Heart to ake,

Sometimes

Sometimes when Jockey smiles,  
 I think he's true to me,  
 So much I am beguill'd,  
 By his false Flattery ;  
 But when he frowns on me,  
 No Comfort can I see,  
 Yet if he's false or kind,  
 He still is in my Mind.



The



## The *Scotch* Lads's Lamentation for the Loss of her Maidenhead.

**T**Here liv'd a Lads in our Toon,  
Her Name was *Moggy Lawder*,  
And She would fain have plaid the *Loon*,  
But durst not tell her Father ;  
Now She's forgot her Father's fear,  
And on the same did venture,  
And afterwards as you shall hear  
A Lad did oft frequent her.

Now *Moggy Lawder* on a Day,  
A Barber Lad did meet her,  
Both Joy and Heart to her did say,  
And kindly he did treat her :  
My dear let me get thee with Bearn,  
And I'll be it's Father,  
And you'll be Mother of the same,  
My bonny *Moggy Lawder*.

Sweet-heart to him she says indeed.  
And so did fall a weeping,  
I'm wearied with my Maidenhead,  
While I have it in keeping :  
But if thou'lt true and trusty be,  
As I am *Moggy Lawder*,  
I'll then will give it unto thee,  
But do not tell my Father.

For if my Father hear the same,  
Right sore he will abuse me.  
But I think long to try the Game,  
Therefore I'll not refuse thee :

But

But first protest to marry me,  
 To be my Baby's Father,  
 And be a Husband unto me,  
 Bonny *Moggy Lawder*.

My Dear says he indeed I am,  
 Unto my Trade a Shaver,  
 And there is not a living Man,  
 Can call me a Deceiver;  
 Yea surely I will marry thee,  
 And be thy Baby's Father,  
 And thou shalt be a Wife to me,  
 My bonny *Moggy Lawder*.

And then to her he gave a Kiss,  
 Saying, Dear, how shall I please thee,  
 Before I will do more than this,  
 And of thy Troubles ease thee:  
 And all along upon her Back,  
 He laid poor *Moggy Lawder*,  
 Gave her a Scope upon her dope,  
 She durst not tell her Father.

With Kisses and Embraces then,  
 In Peace and Love they parted,  
 And did appoint another time,  
 To meet there loving hearted:  
 And with a merry Heart's content,  
 With what the Lad had gave her,  
 Rejoycing homeward as she went,  
 She sung the jolly Shaver.

But now the Seed that late was sown,  
 Is become a springing,  
 And she is melancholly grown,  
 And has left off her singing:  
 And often in her Heart could wish,  
 That she had been at Calder,  
 For *Edinborough* is filled with,  
 The talk of *Moggy Lawder*.

And

And now the Word is spread abroad;  
 That she with Bearn has proved;  
 The Barber Lad has taken the Road;  
 And left the Lass he loved;  
 And to another Nation's gone,  
 And left his *Moggy Lawder*,  
 Right sad in heart not knowing where,  
 To find her Child a Father.

All you young Maids that marry would,  
 See that you be more coy,  
 Throw not your Maidenhead away,  
 Left it should you annoy;  
 And in the end you be beguiled,  
 As was *Moggy Lawder*,  
 First marry then you may be sure,  
 Your Child shall have a Father.



The bonny Grey-Ey'd Morn, Or *Fockey*  
*key* rous'd with Love.

**T**HE bonny Grey-ey'd Morn began to peep,  
 When *Fockey* rous'd with Love came blithly on,  
 And I who wishing lay depriv'd of Sleep,  
 Abhorr'd the lazy Hours that slow did run:  
 But muckle were my Joys when in my view,  
 I from the Window spy'd my only Dear,  
 I took the Wings of Love and to him flew,  
 For I had fancy'd all my Heaven was there.

Upon my Bosom *Fockey* laid his Head,  
 And sighing told me pretty Tales of Love,  
 My yielding Heart at every Word he said,  
 Did flutter up and down, and strangely move:  
 He sighing kiss'd my Hand, then vow'd and swore,  
 That I had o'er his Heart a Conquest gain'd,  
 Then blushing begg'd that I would grant him more  
 Which he alastoo soon, too soon obtain'd.

Not that I do repent I did comply,  
 But this I needs must own, my yielding Heart,  
 Was quickly overcome by *Fockey's* Eye,  
 Which gave a deeper Wound than Cupid's Dart;  
 His Cheeks were Cherry red, his Lips the same,  
 His Tongue so many Charms would still express,  
 That e'ry Word he spake did raise new Flame,  
 And kindled, kindled Fire in my Breast,

My *Fockey* does a Thousand Ways beside,  
 Express himself in tender Love to me,  
 With Arms about my Wast he sighing cry'd,  
 Or give me your Consent, or I'll mun dee:

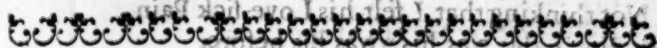
Then

Then with a gentle Kiss does beg again,  
 That his poor wounded Heart I would but cure,  
 Not thinking that I felt his Love-sick Pain,  
 For I alas was his, was his before.

But now I could no longer hide my Pain,  
 I let my dearest Jockey know my Heart,  
 Oh how he hugg'd me in his Arms again,  
 And e'ry Kiss he gave did ease my smart:  
 Then vowed o'er and o'er between each Kiss,  
 He constant would remain while Life did last,  
 Now tell me, Lovers, where's the Harm of this,  
 For to enjoy when thus the Knot's ty'd fast.



Bonny



## Bonny *Kate* of *Epsom-Wells*.

**R**ise bonny *Kate* the Sun's got up high,  
 The Fiddlers have plaid their last merry Tune,  
 Let's give 'em good b'w'y,  
 And gang to the Wells before 'tis Noon :  
 There to thy Health Ise drink my three Quarts,  
 Then ruffle among the Beauties divine,  
 Where tho' some young Fops may chance to lose Hearts  
 Assure thyself *Jockey's* shall still be thine.

When we come Home we'll kifs and we'll bill,  
 And feast on each other as well as our Meat,  
 Then saddle our Nags and away to Box Hill,  
 And there, there, there, consummate the Treat:  
 And when at Bowls I chance to be broke,  
 Smile thou, and for Losses I care not a Pin,  
 I'll push on my Fortune at Night at the Oak,  
 And quickly, quickly, quickly, recover all agin.

For thy Diversion could'st thou but think,  
 Why here all Degrees should Bumpers take off,  
 Or why all this Crowd come hirher to drink,  
 In spight of the Spleen 'twould make thee to laugh ;  
 Courtiers and Plowmen, and Statesmen and Cits,  
 The Men of the Sword, the Man of the Laws,  
 The Virgin, the Punk, the Fools and the Wits,  
 All tope off their Cups for a different Cause.



New marry'd Brides their Spouſes to pleaſe,  
 Each Morning quaff largely in hopes to conceive,  
 The Bully drinks to waſh off his Deſires,  
 Still fearing the fall of the Leaf:  
 Old muſty Wives take Nine in a Hand, (Greens  
 The Maiden takes Five too, that is vex'd with the  
 In hopes they have Power to prepare her for Man,  
 When ever She comes to her Teens.

Harming Jenny is fair and gay,  
 And blith as Nightingales in May;  
 And round her Eye-lid young Cupids play;  
 In her Face the Spring is ſeen,  
 The Violet, Roſe, and Lilly,  
 And the Daſydilly;  
 There are like young Billy's Queen;  
 And all the Swains do admire, and deſire,  
 And lay Garlands by her,  
 And each burns with pleaſing flame.



Balmey Kiſſes each Night  
 Young Jenny gives  
 And is a Laſt moſt  
 She has Eyes that  
 Black as any Berry  
 With a Hey down den  
 Brisk as any ſparkling wine;  
 And without meaſure we toy and take our Pleaſure,  
 And I ſearch her Treſure,  
 And I find her all o'er Divine.

He charmes a ſweet Beauty in Bed,  
 With Cheeks (like Crimſon) red  
 When on ſoft Pillows the lady her Head  
 Sweat muſt think or Ten thouſand Joys  
 Of ſweet Maiden-Kiſſes,  
 And of Virgin Billes,  
 Of ſoft Baſting-boxes.

The

The Happy Shepherd, Or, The Charming Virgins.

**C**harming *Fenny* is fair and gay,  
 And blith as Nightingales in *May*;  
 And round her Eye-lid young *Cupids* play;  
 In her Face the Spring is seen,  
 The Violet, Rose, and Lilly,  
 And the Daffadilly;  
 These are like young *Billy's* Queen:  
 And all the Swains do admire, and desire,  
 And lay Garlands by her,  
 And each burns with pleasing Flame.

Balmy Kisses each Night,  
 Young *Fenny* gives me with Delight,  
 And is a Lass most bonny, a Beauty bright:  
 She has Eyes that are quick and fine,  
 Black as any Perry,  
 With a Hey down derry,  
 Brisk as any sparkling Wine;  
 And without measure we toy and take our Pleasure,  
 And I search her Treasure,  
 And I find her all o'er Divine.

He that sees a Sweet Beauty in Bed,  
 With Cheeks (like Crimson) red  
 When on soft Pillows she lays her Head;  
 Strait must think on Ten thousand Joys,  
 Of sweet Maiden-Kisses,  
 And of Virgin Blissess,  
 And of little Bantling-boys;  
 'Tis so, for no Man, but loves a pretty Woman  
 (If she be not common)  
 Thus 'tis Beauty that all decoys.

In cool Bowers we'll sport and play,  
And pass the Time away,  
For Youth is sweet as the Sun-shine Day :

Love's a Banquer that all doth please ;  
The old Dads in the City,  
When they get a pretty

Wench, will give her golden Fees ;  
O how they smug her and tug her,  
And will kiss and hug her,  
And bestir their stumps till the Lads agrees.

Beauty none need fear,  
Tis as tender as the Dove and Deer,  
And tis a Park for Lovers to range in here ;

Here we feed on the Hill or Dale,  
Gaze upon the Cheek

Till rosy Morning break,

And stray all round the pleasant Vale :

For Maids, like wild Beasts, are tam'd with handling,  
And pleasant dandling,

Thus the Youth does at length prevail.

Let us Fenny, now, by thy Brow,

Thy tempting bonny Brow,

Let us Fenny, to Cupid Vow,

That as long as our Youth shall last,

All our Joys we'll double ;

Kisses are no Trouble,

But are Sweet-meats to the Taste :

We will discover, before we give it over,

To each fainting Lover,

How our Days have in Pleasure past.



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